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BOSTON UNIVERSITY

GRADUATE SCHOOL

Thesis

THE WRITINGS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

AND

THE INFLUENCE OF OTHER WRITERS ON HER WORK

by

Estelle Lottie Katz

(A.B., Boston University, 1933)

submitted in partial fulfilment of the

requirements for the degree of

Master of Arts

1934

52075

HOW THE FOWLER TRAPPED ME

" I was flying through a wood

A green wood,

A Spring wood,

It was early, early morning "

NOT FOR PUBLICATION

I am happy to say a word

to you now,

a happy word,

to you only, my dear friend

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OUTLINE

THE WRITINGS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD AND THE INFLUENCE OF OTHER

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AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

I think it is safe enough for me to write a paper on Katherine Mansfield now. Two years ago it would not have been, for I was in love with her. I loved Katherine Mansfield as deeply and fully as I have ever loved living person--and this for some three years. That is, I thought of her constantly--as I rose and set out for school in the morning, or as I slept and dreamed in my bed at night. This love, now more normally but less successfully bestowed upon living persons of my acquaintance, has been superseded by a calmer and I hope an unprejudiced feeling toward her work. I like her work very much.

The first time I read K.M. was during the summer preceding my junior year in high school. I was fifteen. At the public library I found a heavily rebound and speckled copy of short stories by some woman (I never noticed writers' names in those days--the story was the thing--which is, perhaps, as it should be); but long after I had returned the book I could not forget three of those stories: How Pearl Button Was Kidnapped, The Little Girl, The Tiredness of Rosabel. They faintly haunted me.

In the fall when school opened we were asked to prepare for our English class a list of our favorite writers. I wanted to write this woman's name, but I had no inkling of what it might be. Raising my hand I hopefully asked my English teacher who herself was of a literary turn: "Do you know--could you tell me who wrote a --a book I read this summer--short stories by a lady and her name was something like Margaret, or Alice, or Helen..?" Nothing was forthcoming, my description being inadequate.

I think it is safe enough for me to write a paper on Catherine Mansfield now. Two years ago it would not have been for I was in love with her. I loved Catherine Mansfield as deeply and truly as I have ever loved living person--and this for some three years. That is, I thought of her constantly--as I now and then out for school in the morning, or as I slept and dreamed in my bed at night. This love, now more normally but less agonistically bestowed upon living persons of my acquaintance, has been superseded by a calmer and I hope an unperjured feeling toward her work. I like her work very much.

The first time I read K.K. was during the summer preceding my junior year in high school. I was fifteen. At the public library I found a heavily rebound and speckled copy of short stories by some woman (I never noticed writers' names in those days--the story was the thing--which is, perhaps, as it should be). But long after I had returned the book I could not forget three of those stories: New Pearl Button, The Little Girl, The Tides of the Moon. They faintly haunted me.

In the fall when school opened we were asked to prepare for our English class a list of our favorite writers. I wanted to write this woman's name, but I had no feeling of what it might be. So I asked my class I hopelessly asked my English teacher who himself was of a literary turn: "Do you know--could you tell me who wrote a--a book I read this summer--short stories by a lady and her name was something like Margaret, or Alice, or Helen?" Nothing was forthcoming, my description being inadequate.

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I did not forget the short stories by a lady, but neither did I make any attempts at investigation. Somehow, high school was not scholarly. And then one snowy lamplit evening during my freshman college year--four years ago--I think in the February Golden Book, I saw again The Little Girl. So I was lost and saved and done for. My bills at the campus bookshop alarmed my parents, but I bought them all; her stories were coming to be considered admirable and her Journal and Letters had just been published in America.

I was young; for once I was forced to read carefully, and I marvelled.

In some ways I am sorry I selected K.M. for my thesis, for requirements of any sort do rub against the secrecy and the glow. And one must be wooden-Indian-impartial. No, I shall not rave, nor shall I curse for fear of raving. Impersonality is very hard to achieve, especially about a well-loved thing.

E.L.K.

Boston Public Library

February 12, 1934

PERSONAL APPEARANCE

Katherine Mansfield had dark hair and dark eyes and she wrote wonderfully well. All those who saw her say she was beautiful. From her well photographs she seems small, very slender, with a round face, large deep eyes, straight brows, and a little, fine, straight mouth. Like a child--like her stories. She is like her stories. The picture I like best is the one taken in 1913--her hair is still long, with a deep bang--a plaid blouse, a jacket, and a black-eyed susan.

They all said she was beautiful.

One of them¹ speaks of her photograph on the jacket of her books: "a dark, delicate face, bent ever so slightly forward, a face sharpened as if by long inquiry, more than humanly fragile, more than humanly alert..."

"Her face ...a treasury of secrets...made something of the same impression on people who knew her. Tomlinson days of her scrutiny: 'direct but not challenging, it seemed to have no purpose, but to rest, a little tired, with impartial and impassive interest on your secrets while you talked of something else.'"

Olgivanna² tells, a trifle dramatically, of K.M.'s last days, spent at the Guirdjeff Institute:

"She stood in the doorway of our main dining-room³ and looked at all and at each with sharp, intense dark eyes. They burned with the desire and hunger for impressions. She wanted to sit down and eat with all the students but someone called her to a different dining-room; I asked whose that wonderful face was-- I did not notice her body. 'She is a writer, an Englishwoman, her

1. New Republic Feb. 28, 1923 Robert Lynd: Katherine Mansfield

2. Bookman March, 1931 Mrs. F. L. Wright: Last Days of K.M.

name is Katherine Mansfield.' I wanted to know her. A very white face, dark hair cut short; bangs over the forehead, fine nose and mouth, a delicate chin. But the eyes! Just as intense as when I saw her looking into the dining room; avid for life, for impressions. And this is what called to me. I did not notice that she had a body. For the first time in my life I saw one who was near death, one with such living eyes, one so young and beautiful.

...
She always dressed beautifully, simply, with some little touch of color. She used just enough rouge and lipstick to give glowing brightness to her face. Her hair neatly outlined her head. She lately combed the bang straight back from her forehead."

And another woman¹ who loved her from her works studied her pictures; "Her published photographs reflect a face which has an intermingling of beauty and intelligence; one remembers best the eyes, which mirror humor, understanding, and a shadowy suggestion of suffering; and senses that a disquieting aloofness was the essence of her fascination."

This woman, Grace Brown, went touring to the places in England where K.M. had lived. One landlady told her: "She had a lithe and graceful figure. Her dark hair was bobbed with a straight bang which emphasized the whiteness of her skin and the darkness of her eyes. She was bewitchingly lovely. And her eyes! Black ones, lustrous with wisdom. Oh she had an exquisite personality. And it is singular how you felt her divine flare or psychic quality which is perhaps a better name."

Tomlinson, the writer², was one of her good friends. He describes

1. Bookman Aug., 1925 Grace Brown K.M.'s Guest
2. The Nation and Athenaeum Jan. 20, 1923 H.M. Tomlinson: K.M.

name is Katherine Mansfield. I wanted to know her. A very white
face, dark hair and eyes; bangs over the forehead, fine nose and
mouth, a delicate chin. But the eyes! Just as intense as when I
saw her looking into the dining room; eyes for life, for imper-
manence. And this is what called to me. I did not notice that she
had a gift. From the first time in my life I saw one who was
near death, one with living eyes, one so young and beautiful.

...

The things passed beautifully, elegantly, with some little touch of
color. She was that kind of person and I began to give glowing
evidence to her face. Her hair really outlined her head. She
herself looked the same straight back from her forehead."

And another woman who lived her first few years in the
country; who painted photographs of a face which had an
interesting of beauty and intellect; one somewhere near the
edge, under minor power, understanding, and a shadowy suggestion
of suffering; and genius that a disquieting aliveness was the
essence of her fascination."

This woman, Emily, was, when coming to the class in Eng-
land, when K. C. had lived. One lady told me "She had a
little and graceful figure. Her dark hair was bobbed with a straight
bang which emphasized the whiteness of her skin and the darkness
of her eyes. She was beautifully lovely. And her eyes! Black
eyes, looking with wisdom. Or she had an exquisite personality.
And it is wonderful how you felt her living. There or perhaps
perhaps which is perhaps a better name."

For instance, the writer, was one of her good friends. He described

I have seen her in the past. I have seen her in the past. I have seen her in the past.

her carefully. The magazines are fond of quoting the bit about the Alpine snow. "She was hardly corporeal. She was in this world but she gave the uncanny impression of being a visitor who might make up her mind to go at any moment, and certainly you would never know why she went. One look at her eyes was sufficient to convince you that her reason for going, if she gave it, would only confuse you the more. She would speak in perfect gravity, of course, and with evident anxiety not to grieve you; and yet you would be expecting her all the time to smile in faint and enigmatic mockery. . . . Her beauty was attractive, but it was also unwarthly and a little chilling like the remoteness of Alpine snow. The sun is on it and it is lovely in a world of its own but that world is not ours. Her pallor was of ivory and there was something of exquisite Chinese refinement in the delicacy of her features, her broad face, her dark eyes, the straight black fringe and her air of quiet solitude. And her figure was so fragile that a man beside her felt his own breathing to be too evident and coarse for proximity to the still light of that wax taper, a pale star sacramental to what was unknown. You saw that she was half phantom, likely to go out, to depart. And the suggested power--an illusion possibly created by her luminous pallor and her look of penetrating intelligence of that divination which is supposed to belong to those not quite of this world. One is not surprised to hear .. that she was the ineffably cool recipient of confidences (cool she would have been, but she must have been surprised nevertheless and sometimes alarmed) of fellow creatures who judged that it was no good hiding anything from her, and that she was

her carefully. The magazines are found of gathering the bit above
the Alpine snow. "She was hardly corporeal. She was in this world
but she gave the uncanny impression of being a visitor who
might make no her mind to go at any moment, and certainly you would
never know why she went. One look at her eyes was sufficient to
convince you that her reason for coming, if she came at all, would only
concern you the more. She would speak in perfect privacy, of
things, and with evident anxiety not to arouse you; and you
would be surprised that all the time she talks of things and things
which nobody... Her beauty was absolute, but it was also un-
wary, and a little chilling like the remoteness of Alpine
snow. She was in on it and it is lovely in a world of its own
but that world is not ours. Her pallor was of ivory and there was
something of exquisite Chinese refinement in the delicacy of her
features, her broad nose, her hair a sea, the elegant black fringe
and her air of quiet solitude. And her figure was so like that
a man beside her felt his own breathing as he too watched and
waited for something in the still light of that vast space, a pale
star monumental in what was unknown. You saw that she was left
alone, likely to be out, to breathe. And the suggested power and
illusion possibly created by her handsome mirror and her look
of penetrating intelligence at that distance which is supposed
to belong to those not quite of this world. One is not surprised
to hear... that one was the lastingly cool testimony of confid-
ence (and she would have been, but she must have been surprised
nevertheless and sometimes almost) of fellow-sufferers who under-
stand that it was no good thing to expect from her, and that she was

a providential being who would give subtle and ghostly counsel. They knew she would not be shocked. She would not condemn. She would not applaud. She would not congratulate. She would not advise for one's material good. She would listen without comment and then tell the truth from her place above good and evil. The regard of her eyes was distinctly uncanny. She did not seem to see your face but the back of your mind."

At the very end of her Journal, John Middleton Murry tells how she looked on her death-day:

"I arrived early in the afternoon of January 9. I have never seen, nor shall I ever see, anyone so beautiful as she was on that day. It was as though the exquisite perfection which was always hers had taken possession of her completely."

And that was how she looked.

a presidential being who would give advice and assist in the

They knew she would not be elected. She would not condemn. She

would not explain. She would not sympathize. She would not ad-

vice. She would not counsel. She would listen without comment

and then tell the truth. This was her place above the evil, this

triumph of her soul was eternally winning. The day was over in

and that was not the end of your story.

At the very end of her journey, when she felt that she

was not needed in her death-day:

"I arrived early in the afternoon of January 9. I have never

been, not since I ever saw, anyone so beautiful as she was on that

day. It was as though the exquisite perfection which was always

there had been possession of her completely."

And that was not the end.

HER LIFE

Her life was short. Of misery she had double, treble her share, but she loved to live. She wanted to look long and long at the beautiful stars.

There were in Katherine Mansfield's, as there are in every man's life, certain poets' phrases that signified much to her, that became keywords of her being, that became her answers. These she used as writers often use such phrases,--as epigrams in the dedications of her books.

Quoting them all in a cluster detracts from the importance of each of them, I know. Read them slowly.

Neither Ida German Pension nor the posthumously published Journal and novels and novelists bear dedications. Her Letters were dedicated by Murry to ^{I.}Ida Baker, her Poems to Elizabeth of the German Garden.

The Little Girl was given by K.M. to H.M. Tomlinson with a birdsimile (she clung to the bird simile) from Daudet, one that Tchekhov had liked and copied into his Journal :
"A little bird was asked: "why are your songs so short? And he replied: I have many songs to sing and I should like to sing them all." The motif of the wounded bird runs through all of her writings and it is apt, certainly.

The Doves' Nest for Walter De la Mare, says: "Reverence, that angel of the world."

The Garden Party and Bliss are for Murry her husband. The Garden Party: "Montaigne dit que les hommes vont beant aux choses futures; j'ai la manie de beer aux choses passees." This

1. Ida Constanta Baker, whom K.M. called "Leahy Moore" and referred to in her letters as "I.M." was her friend from college days. She often accompanied & cared for K.M. on K's desperate trips to warm climates. The daughter of Col. Baker, she is supposed to have inspired The Daughters of the Late Colonel in which she is Cora, "the flowerlike one."

is from Chateaubriand's Memories d'Outre-Tombe. She did indeed dwell upon things past; but then people are either those who dwell in the future and feast on things-to-be or those who browse in forgotten pastures, since life is ill and it was pleasanter there. And how can one be a writing person and not feed upon what has been?

Finally in Bliss is the sentence she referred to most often. It is from Shakespeare's Henry IV, Act II, Scene III. Hotspur is he who says: "But I tell you, my Lord fool, out of this nettle danger we pluck this flower, safety."

When she was safe they carved it on her tomb.

Kathleen Beauchamp, this being her name, was born in Wellington, New Zealand, on the fourteenth day of October, 1888. Her older sisters were Vera and Charlotte Mary. Later came Gwen, who died, then Jeanne, and the boy, Leslie Heron. Their stories are K.M.'s New Zealand stories--Prelude, At the Bay, The Doll's House, The Aloe, The Little Girl. Their grandmother lived with them as she lives in the stories.

As a little girl, Katherine lived at Karori, ten miles from Wellington and went to the village school. When she was nine, all biographical records repeat, she won a prize for composition. She wanted to be a writer.

In 1903 Vera, Charlotte, and "Kass" were sent to Queen's College, Harley Street, London. Katherine edited her school paper, grew enthusiastic over Oscar Wilde, studied violincello (her first love, Arnold Trowell, was a musical prodigy) and began to write sketches. She says she was not attentive to her classwork

in the "Kriegsgefangenen" (Prisoners of War) section. The first section
usually, when talking about the war, is about the people who were in
the front and I was a little bit of those who were in
the front section, since I was in it and it was pleasant there.
The day was not a winter person and not cold upon what was

next

Finally in 1914, in the summer, she returned to her home
in the "Kriegsgefangenen" (Prisoners of War) section. I was
and says: "I was a little bit of those who were in
the front section, since I was in it and it was pleasant there."

From the time they arrived in her home.

After the war, this being her home, she was in the front
section, in the "Kriegsgefangenen" (Prisoners of War) section. Her sister
sister was born and married her. Later on, when she died,
she was born, and she was a little bit of those who were in
the front section, since I was in it and it was pleasant there.
The "Kriegsgefangenen" (Prisoners of War) section, in the front section, since I was in it and it was pleasant there.
Also, the "Kriegsgefangenen" (Prisoners of War) section, in the front section, since I was in it and it was pleasant there.
Finally the section.

As a little girl, Katherine lived at home, and when she
went to the village school, then she was nine, all
the "Kriegsgefangenen" (Prisoners of War) section, in the front section, since I was in it and it was pleasant there.
The "Kriegsgefangenen" (Prisoners of War) section, in the front section, since I was in it and it was pleasant there.

In 1902, Katherine, and "Kriegs" were sent to the "Kriegsgefangenen" (Prisoners of War) section, in the front section, since I was in it and it was pleasant there.
The "Kriegsgefangenen" (Prisoners of War) section, in the front section, since I was in it and it was pleasant there.
The "Kriegsgefangenen" (Prisoners of War) section, in the front section, since I was in it and it was pleasant there.
The "Kriegsgefangenen" (Prisoners of War) section, in the front section, since I was in it and it was pleasant there.

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(see Carnation) but that her mind was busy imagining the lives of the professors and the girls, busy storing away. After five years, at the quite natural insistence of her father and mother--Sir Harold and Annie Dyer Beauchamp--she returned home, fretted for two years, went roughing it in the New Zealand bush, (see The Woman at the Store) and determined to return to England with some friends who were going there. Her father gave her and continued to give her a small but adequate allowance.

She saw no more of New Zealand. It grew dearer to her every year. But the fledgling at leaving did not dream of what would happen and surely New Zealand would have been her hated cage had she stayed.

In London she began to write but not to sell. She accepted "extra" jobs in the cinema and opera while she wrote and wrote. Disappointed in Arthur Trowell she rashly married another man with whom she remained five days. Then, finding she was to bear a child fathered by another man (the child was born prematurely and dead) she went to Bavaria where she stayed nearly one year.

The New Age, a quarterly, first recognized the unusualness of her writing and printed a series of sketches written by her during her Bavarian convalescence. These were in 1911 published as a book, In a German Pension. The publisher went bankrupt, unfortunately.

In that year John Middleton Murry, an Oxford undergraduate and editor of Rhythm, intrigued by her story The Woman at the Store asked to meet her. They were married in 1912 or 13.

In 1913 Rhythm died and K.M. had no place wherein to write.

last (January) but that her mind was very busy during the lives of
the grandmothers and the girls, and during the five years, at
the close of the interval of her father and mother--Sir
George and Lady George--she returned home, treated for
two years, and was living in the New Zealand home, then the
woman at the store, and determined to return to England with
some friends who were going there. Her father kept her and con-
tinued to give her a small but adequate allowance.

She saw the state of her country, it grew darker, to her every
year. But the time of her leaving is not broken of a moment
except and early the morning would have been her father's day
she stayed.

In London she began to write but not to sell. She accepted
"writing" jobs in the papers and opera halls and wrote
unpublished in London herself the weekly magazine, another man
with whom she had lived five years. In London she was to learn a
little followed by another magazine which was both practically and
dead, she went to America where she stayed nearly one year.

The first, a tragedy, first recognized the seriousness of
her writing and wanted a series of stories written by her for
the first American novel. These were in 1811 published as a
book, in a German translation. The publisher was Benjamin, and
remained.

In 1812, Mrs. John Middleton Murray, an Oxford undergraduate
and editor of Argyll, introduced by her story The Women at the Store
which he met her. They were married in 1812 or 13.
In 1813, Argyll and J. M. had no place wherein to write.

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Two years later her brother Chummie visited her before entering the army. He was killed that October, being 21 years of age. This was the severest blow of her life and it was for Chummie's sake she wanted to write of their childhood together.

Murry, D.H. Lawrence, and Katherine now edited a magazine, Signature, in which the three wrote. In autumn, 1916, she and Murry went to live at the Villa Pauline in Bandol, France, where The Aloe was begun and poems were written. In the Spring they moved to a cottage in Cornwall to be neighbors of Frieda Lawrence and D.H.

In the fall of 1917 Murry and Richard, his brother, had Prelude and Je Ne Parle Pas published in a little blue book for private circulation. In 1917 K.M. was seriously ill with pleurisy and the physical suffering and mental anguish she endured when she was marooned in France during the last year of the war killed her.

She was never well again. Her life after this was a tortured shuttling back and forth between London and Paris, Hampstead and Mentone, Cornwall and Switzerland in search of the sun.

In 1919 Murry was given the editorship of the Athenaeum and for this magazine K.^M. wrote her very clever book reviews. Her initials began to be recognized and publishers asked for her stories!

Her illness galloped on. A doctor with rare intelligence who saw that she would certainly die in a sanatorium where she would never be permitted to write spoke hopefully to her and urged her not to enter an institution. Murry says that the letters of December 1920 are "too painful for publication". At any rate when

9.
in
in 1920 the book Bliss appeared, the author was undergoing
torment quite opposed to her book's title.

she was dying, really, though she refused to accept any such
sentence. Her finest stories were written at this time. In 1921
The Garden Party appeared and after that she wrote the stories
and fragments that became after her death in 1923 The Doves' Nest.
In October 1922 she, who had all her life been seeking to tell the
truth in her stories, entered the Guirdjeff Institute, an in-
stitution of rather mystical people who called themselves "Seek-
ers after Truth". The Canary, July 1922, was her last story. She
ceased to write in order to achieve a truer inward purity. She did
not expect to die--she refused to admit the nearness of her death
--and spoke of writing "different" stories when she was better.

Really. I suppose, she was very tired and resigned. Her
Journal ends "All is well" proving that she had not quite attain-
ed the truth she was after. On January 9, 1923, in the evening, she
died.

Her friends had been Virginia Woolf, Dorothy Brett, and
Anne Estelle Rice among women; and D.H. Lawrence, Samuel Kotelian-
sky, William Gerhardt, and Walter de la Mare among men.

Murry says she was a simple person. "Most of her contacts with
with those who were nominally of her own kind were a sort of
play-acting... It was for her an elaborate and necessary pro-
tection against the grown-up world. But in the reality of the
grown-up world she never really believed. You obeyed the rules
because there was nothing else to do when you were once inside;
and you played the game to the utmost of your skill because it

In 1933 the book Wings appeared, and another was underwriting

for some time appeared in her book's title.

She was flying, really, and seemed to herself any other

...and other stories were written as this time, in 1931

The Wings story appeared and after that she wrote the stories

and Wings that appeared after her death in 1933. The Wings story

In October 1933 she, who had all her life been working to tell the

truth in her stories, entered the Wings Institute, an in-

stitution of rather mystical people who called themselves "Wings"

and after that, The Wings, July 1933, was her last story. She

seemed to write in order to achieve a final inner purity. She had

not expected to die--she returned to admit the necessity of her death

--and spoke of writing "Wings" as a final act of her life.

Wings, I suppose, was very tired and resigned. Her

personal motto "All is well" proving that she had not quite given

up the fight was not after all. On January 7, 1933, in the morning, she

died.

Her friends had been Virginia Woolf, Dorothy West, and

Anna Gurney, also many women; and E.H. Lawrence, Samuel Beckett,

W.G. Sebald, Gertrude, and Walter de la Mare among men.

Wings says she was a simple person. Most of her contacts

with those who were nominally of her own kind were a sort of

play-acting... It was for her an elaborate and necessary pro-

tection against the grown-up world. But in the reality of the

grown-up world she never really believed. She played the roles

because there was nothing else to do when you were once inside;

and you played the game to the utmost of your skill because it

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would never do to let those people know how vulnerable you were. She had the amazing courage of one who is really afraid".

I think she must have been like that. Her stories are.

He says the real world to her was a simple one wherein people loved one another and were kind and true; that she was old-fashioned enough to stick to her dream despite the suffering it brought her and that it amazed her to have her stories so often called cruel.

Murry tells, though he should not have told, a dream he had: "K.M. raised herself wearily out of the shallow turfy grave. With her fingertips she took back the hair from her still closed eyes. She opened them at last and looked up at the garden and the house and smiled. Then, as though weary, she sank back to sleep again. It was peace; it was good; and what she had seen was also good."

I cannot believe it. Must we force her to prove all is well? It was kind enough of her to tell us so.

would never do to let these people know how much I love
you. The fact that I am writing this to you is really
strange.

I think you will have been like that. For many years.

We were the same. I was a single and when I was
loved one another and was like that; that was the situation
and I was to stay in her house and I was to stay in her house.

But I was to stay in her house and I was to stay in her house.

That's all.

Very truly, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am.

W. M. I am, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am.

With very best wishes to you and to all your family and
to all your friends and to all your friends and to all your friends.

Yours and yours, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am.

Yours, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am.

Yours.

I am, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am.

It was like that. I am, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am, I am.

THE WORKS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

In a German Pension 1911

Bliss and Other Stories 1920

The Garden Party and Other Stories 1922

The Doves' Nest and Other Stories 1923

Something Childish and Other Stories 1924

The Journal of Katherine Mansfield 1927

The Letters of Katherine Mansfield 1929

Novels and Novelists 1930

Poems 1929

The Aloe 1930

Reminiscences of Leonid Andreyev 1928--translated from the
Russian with S.S. Koteliansky

UNCOLLECTED POEMS

Love Cycle--New Age October 19, 1911

The Butterfly --Forum August 1925

Winter Bird--New Republic April 30, 1924

Mother--New Republic, September 9, 1925

Sunset--New Republic, September 16, 1925

Secret Flowers--Athenaeum, August 22, 1919

Oldfashioned Widow's Song--New Republic, September 16, 1925

UNCOLLECTED ESSAYS

A Paper Chase--New Age, August 11, 1910

Seriousness in Art--Rhythm, July 1912

Meaning of Rhythm--Rhythm, June, 1912

Perambulations--Athenaeum, May 2, 1919

Cherry Orchard--Adelphi August, 1925

THE WORKS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

In a German Edition 1911

Miles and Other Stories 1920

The Garden Party and Other Stories 1922

The Doves' Nest and Other Stories 1923

Something Childish and Other Stories 1924

The Journal of Katherine Mansfield 1927

The Letters of Katherine Mansfield 1929

Novels and Novellas 1930

Poems 1932

The Aloe 1933

Translations of Soviet Authors 1925--translated from the

Russian with E. G. Kozlovsky

TRANSLATED POEMS

Love Cycle--New Age October 12, 1911

The Butterfly--Form August 1925

Winter Bird--New Republic April 3, 1924

Mother--New Republic, September 9, 1925

Ernest--New Republic, September 16, 1925

Secret Winters--Athens, August 22, 1919

Elizabeth and William's Song--New Republic, September 16, 1925

TRANSLATED ESSAYS

A Paper Chase--New Age, August 11, 1910

Germanism in Art--Epoch, July 1912

Meaning of Rhythm--Epoch, June, 1912

Translations--Athens, May 2, 1919

Sherry Orchard--Adelphi August, 1925

Extracts from a Notebook--Adelphi, January 1931

UNCOLLECTED STORIES

Vignettes --The Native Companion October, 1907

Silhouettes--The Native Companion November 1907

In a Cafe--The Native Companion, December 1907

A Fairy Story--The Open Window December 1910

A Marriage of Passion--New Age March 7, 1912

At the Club--New Age March 7, 1912

Tales of a Courtyard--Rhythm August 1912

Spring in a Dream-- Rhythm, September 1912

Autumn--Signature, October 1915

The Apple Tree Story--Woman's Home Companion August 1926

Mary-- Harper's , August 1928

The Festival of the Coronation--New Age June 29, 1911

Three Children--New Adelphi December 1927

COLLEGE STORIES --in the Queen's College Magazine

The Pine Tree, the Sparrow, and You and I--December 1903

Die Einsame--March, 1904

Your Birthday--December, 1904

One Day--July 1905

About Pat--December 1905

Extracts from a Notebook--Abelard, January 1931

WOMANLY STORIES

Widow's--The Active Companion October, 1907

Widow's--The Active Companion November 1907

In a Day--The Active Companion, December 1907

A Very Short--The Open Window December 1910

A Marriage of Convenience--New A's March 7, 1912

At the Time--New A's March 7, 1912

Tales of a Courtship--Mythos August 1912

Spring in a Street--Mythos, September 1912

Autumn--Mythos, October 1912

The Apple Tree Story--Woman's Home Companion August 1926

Story--Barker's, August 1928

The Festival of the Cornucopia--New A's June 22, 1911

Three Children--New A's August December 1927

WOMANLY STORIES --in the Queen's College Magazine

The Five Trees, the Sparrow, and the I--December 1902

My Name--March, 1904

Your Birthday--December, 1904

One Day--July 1905

About the--December 1906

General Characteristics

For readers unfamiliar with the works of Katherine Mansfield it seems wisest to discuss for a moment the general characteristics of her workmanship instead of plunging directly into a minute study of each particular story.

First, there is her memory. It is not phenomenal or freakish in any sense. But upon the delicate camera of her brain nearly everything she ever saw and everybody she knew from the time she was a little girl lay quietly until she needed them. And when she summoned her past, it came. As she says of the African laundress in Je Ne Parle, she had a "bone" of her people; upon this bone her fancy develops flesh; the skeleton becomes living and warm.

The places she remembers become crystallized in a slender shell of romantic beauty. Especially the flowers. What a lot of flower-names she knew! She loves color, too, and opulence of food and houses. The richness is a delicate sort, however. Her women, generally wealthy, are voluptuous only in their minds. Their bodies are straight and spare.

From the time she was an infant she was extraordinarily sensitive to impressions. Sensitiveness plus memory and the ability to write produced her stories. Outwardly silent, almost dreamy, she was fully awake within to a remarkable degree.

Her cynicism is not hardness. She is nothing if not tender. She condemned fiercely all writers lacking tenderness. There is much mockery in her but it is gentle.

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First, there is her memory. It is not phenomenal or training in any sense. But when the delicate camera of her brain clearly everything she ever saw and everybody she knew from the time she was a little girl lay perfectly ready at her disposal. And when she returned her past, it came. As she says of the African landscape in La Belle Dame, she had a "home" of her own; when this home was fairly developed, the landscape becomes living and warm.

The places she remembered became crystallized in a slender trail of romantic beauty. It was really the picture. What a lot of flower-gems she found! The loveliest color, the most delicate of food and aroma. The richness of a delicate soil, however, her words, generally reality, the volubility only in their minds. Their bodies are radiant and spare.

From the time she was an infant she was extraordinarily sensitive to impressions. Sensitiveness gave memory and the ability to write produced her stories. Outwardly silent, almost dumb, she was fully awake within to a sensitive being.

Her cynicism is not harshness. She is gentle. It is not her. She condensed fiercely all without lacking tenderness. There is much mockery in her but it is gentle.

Her work has often been called static or purely pictorial. This is not so. She uses her five senses all the time but not merely for pictures. The movement in her stories results from her unique ability--no other has it--of shifting the point of view and not ruining the story. Her longer works illustrate this best. She always claimed that she became the person she was writing about. But many authors personify themselves with their characters. How then account for her success? I suppose by her deep knowledge of human nature, its motives, its reactions, to circumstance, and by her almost childlike ability to transport herself from the actual scene. This accounts, too, for her children, who are neither too infantile nor too mature.

Harper asks us to compare her to a bright, clearsighted, curious honest child of eight or nine "keeping all her laughing childish ways but also enriched with the experience of a grown woman who has read and traveled and conversed with interesting people and suffered deeply." To this add "a genius for the use of language and you have Katherine Mansfield."

I wish to stress her ability for portraying points of view because I think it has never been emphasized enough and that much of her originality lies therein. Collins² comes close to it in saying:

"She could enter into the soul of a charwoman or the cat as well as she could paint a picture that gives the very atmosphere of children at play or of dawn at the seashore or night in a quiet house." That is just it. She says herself, often,

1. *Quarterly* Oct. 1929 G. Harper: K.M.

2. J. Collins: *The Doctor Looks at Literature*

that she became these things--that she was her Grandma or Fenella or the canary or the piece of seaweed or the foam. Eddy writes: "Life in all its phases interested her and with a very exquisite sense of the value of words for evoking vision she lets us look into her lovely mind and see what wonderful things her vision of life had conjured there."

Her art was certainly sane. She worshipped health--after (I suppose through recklessness) having lost her own. It was precious hard to regain, she saw. So having lost her bodily health she wrote sane stories. There are no obsessions, no crazes, no sermons in her work. She is supremely normal as a writer.

Of the mass of things in life she selected only the significant details--only the things absolutely necessary for a true picture and characterization. Nothing superfluous. A "partnership of economy and richness" someone calls it, or an "uncanny sureness for piercing to just the right depth below the obvious"; or she was "an Indian who could read all the little myriad signposts and tell the weather by the bend of a blade of grass."

And this very thing was that of which her "Truth" consisted--to tell just enough and no word more, in order that true meanings may be revealed. It was a refining, a purifying process of rubbing away all excess and leaving the splendid kernel.

Robert Littell¹ puts it into good words: "Out of the hard raw earth she was cutting her small polished precious stones."

1. New Republic Feb. 28, 1923 Robert Littell: K.M.

that she began these things--that she was her ordinary or herself
to the easily on the floor of covered by the door. Her mother
"This is all the things interested her and with a very simple
sense of the value of words for evoking vision she lets us look
into her lovely mind and see what wonderful things her vision
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writer.

Of the rest of things in life she selected only the sig-
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"distillation of economy and rhythm" someone calls it, or in
"language sentences for starting to just the right level below
the surface"; or she was "an Indian who could read all the lit-
tle printed signs and tell the weather by the bend of a
blade of grass."

And this very thing was that of which her "writing" consists--
to--to call that enough and no word more, in order that some
meanings may be revealed. It was a technique, a guiding pro-
cess of pushing away all excess and leaving the splendid kernel.
Robert Lowell puts it into good words:

"Out of the hard raw earth she was cutting her small polished
visions of life."

1. The first part of the book is a collection of poems.

The Letters and The Journal

Try an experiment. Heap up all of K.M.'s books, shut eyes fast, pick one book, poke finger on any place, open eyes, read sentence.

It will be lovely. It will be amusing. It will be a little bit sad. It will have point and color and will be at once and forever of the individual, K.

....

Question: Should private journals be published?

Answer: Yes, if they are fine literature and not over intimate.

Yes, if not merely for money's sake or for the exploitation of the writer.

Question: Are unpublished private documents to be considered as information unjustly withheld from the public eye?

Answer: The public eye has enough things to look at.

Question: Should not a Journal-Keeper, if he doesn't want it published, leave emphatic directions as to its destruction in his will?

Answer: And that makes it fair to publish undestroyed diaries of significant people.

Question: Well, then, should people keep private journals?

Answer: Ah, there's the rub!

....

The Journal is brief, since the very early postcollege entries were thrown away or concealed. It is as impersonal as possible, with no more than hints of her feelings and with much

critical comment upon her stories. In Journal and Letters little of the actual life she lived, little of her daily relationships with people is noted down. In spite of all K.M. was too wary to give herself away. There is a great deal omitted in these autobiographia.

She loved to dwell upon weather, Tcheclov, objects, incidents along the way. Her letters contain no atom of gossip. Those to D. H. Lawrence may have been of a different nature. They are not available and one is not that curious.

She had a good mind. Her observations, generalizations, and dogmas drawn from experience are anything but childish.

Were the Letters and Journal intended for publication? I think not--not the letters, at any rate. She simply wrote beautifully whatever she wrote. Did Murry, then, betray her by publishing them? No, I suppose not, for the intensest personal agony is not there except in that final letter to her husband and in some of the terribly weary photographs.

Then is she to blame? Is loquacity to the extent of perennial notebooks wrong? Surely not if used as literary memorandum books, too. She herself objected strenuously to the rash publication of young men's journals. No, the case is pretty well justified.

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THE POETRY OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

In the introductory note to the small volume called Poems-- by Katherine Mansfield, J. M. Murry writes: "What might, in another writer of genius, have become poetry, Katherine Mansfield put into her stories." I think this is not quite so. The simple truth of the matter is that K. M. was a far better prose writer than poet. Prose was her "medium"; she knew that. But of her poems, each one contains some touch at least of the exquisite specialness that is in all her writings. Mr. Murry continues: "Nevertheless she had written and at long intervals continued to write poetry. Perhaps her poetry is not quite poetry, just as her prose is not quite prose. Certainly, whatever they are, they belong to the same order. They have the same simple and mysterious beauty and they are above all the expression of the same exquisite spirit. To my sense they are unique."

In the introduction to the Journal Murry again stresses the poetic quality of K.M.'s prose, saying that her affinities are with the English poets rather than with the English prose-writers. "There is no English prose writer to whom she can be related. Her secret died with her." He goes on to tell of the difficulty she had in placing her verses and of an editor's desiring her to write nothing but satirical prose. "This treatment made her very reserved about her verses. Those she published in Rhythm appeared as translations from an imaginary Russian called Boris Petrovsky; those she published in The Athenaeum appeared under the pseudonym of Elizabeth Stanley." Only Elizabeth of the German Garden, the well-loved cousin to whom

THE POETRY OF LATERALITY

is the introductory note to the small volume called Poems--

by Katherine Mansfield, J. E. Hardy, and "some others," 1914.

Another writer of poems, more modern poetry, Katherine Mansfield

has also written. "I think this is not quite so. The other

side of the matter is that it was a far better poem

written than the other. "Poems and the 'medium'; the other that. But

of her poems, each one contains some touch of the ex-

quisite quality which is in all her writings. Mr. Hardy con-

tinues: "I have believed and written and so long intervals not-

written in the poetry. Perhaps her poetry is not quite poetry,

but it has those to the other poems, something, we have they

are, they belong to the same order. They have the same classic

and poetic quality and they are above all the expression of

the same essential truth. To my mind they are right."

is the introduction to the Journal Hardy again answers

the poetic quality of E. E. Hardy, saying that her criticism

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critic. "There is no English poem which is so good as the

poet; the other is not with her." The poem of the fall of the

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the book of poems is dedicated saw through this nom-de-plume.

K.M. herself has but few comments on her poems. She talks to her brother who had died a few months before in the War:

"Then I want to write poetry. I feel always trembling on the brink of poetry. The almond tree, the birds, the little wood where you are, the flowers you do not see, the open window out of which I lean and dream that you are against my shoulder, and the times that your photograph 'looks sad'--But especially I want to write a kind of long elegy to you...perhaps not in poetry. Nor perhaps in prose. Almost certainly in a kind of special prose."

And to Virginia Woolf: ^{2.} "(Alas my dear woman, I have no poem. I am not a poet.)"

....

None of the collected poems was written later than 1919.

....

The earliest of the collected poems, written while K.M. was still a young girl at Queen's College, are called Child Verses 1907 and are composed of 22 short, simple poems, mostly about children. Already her themes are those she loved to dwell upon in her stories that come years later--childhood in New Zealand, little boys (presumably Chummie), gardens, fairy tales, letters and letterboxes. The first poem, A Fairy Tale - "Now this is the story of Olaf" is not very good. The only K.M. line (but there is at least one, you see) is

"I have brought you a valuable present
A little brown fiddle and bow."

1. Journal Jan. 22, 1916
2. Letters May, 1919

The book of poems is dedicated and through this new-age-thing.
 E.E. Cummings has not too much to say on her poems. She seems
 to be a person who has died - the number before in the year:
 "Then I want to write poetry. I feel always trembling on the
 brink of poetry. The almost free, the birds, the little wood
 where, for me, the flowers you do not see, the open window out
 of which I learn and know that you are against my knowledge, and
 the time that your photograph 'looks out' - but especially I
 want to write a kind of long elegy to you... perhaps not in
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And so Virginia Woolf: "Alas my dear woman, I have no
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 read over in her stories that came from her mother's library in
 New Zealand, little boys (presumably Oswald), garden, fairy
 tales, letters and letterboxes. The first poem, a Little Tale
 "How this is the story of what" is not very good. The only E.E.
 line (but there is at least one, you see) is

"I have brought you a valuable present
 A little brown ribbon and bow."

1. 1907-1919
 2. 1919-1929

20

The rest is a typical child's poem in rhythm and phrasing. Opposites is better, especially when one remembers it was written in a time when most verse was still stilted and weighted down. The-Half-Soled-Boots-with Toecaps-Child is probably the gay little girl K. M. was--like Matilda in The Wind Blows. Song of Karen the Dancing Child shows the influence of fairy tales K. M. had been reading. There is a good line in this one, too. "Red, red boots the colour of wine."

A Joyful Song of Five, The Candle Fairy, Song by the Window, Before Bed, A Little Boy's Dream, Winter Song--these are not especially noteworthy. But what does one want of schoolgirl verses in a school magazine?

On a Young Lady's Sixth Anniversary has a good closing couplet (nobody is fond of growing up--K. M. wasn't!):

"Babbles, Babbles, have a care
You will soon put up your hair."

A good title, though not a good poem, is A Few Rules for Beginners. A Day in Bed is almost a foreboding of what was to come. It was the sort of life she had to learn very early:

"Somehow the day is very long
Just keeping here alone.
I do not like the wind's song
He's growling for a bone."

This poem was first published in Lone Hand, a New Zealand magazine, that is often but incorrectly named as the journal that published her first story.

The Lonesome Child expresses an Alice-through-the looking-glass idea; A Fine Day, her joy in the world: "Thank you, Sun, for everything"; Evening Song of the Thoughtful Child is another

I. R. E. Mantz: Critical Bibliography

poem written in bed.

A bit better are Autumn Song, The Black Monkey, The Pillar Box. But the best are four talking about Half-Past-Six (Chummie, no doubt) as she remembered him when she left to come to England.

A New Hymn: "Sing a song of men's pyjamas
Half-past-six has got a pair
And he's wearing them this evening
And he's looking such a dear."

The Quarrel, ending: "If you think you're so grownup and clever
I'll run off and play with the Boys."

Grown-up Talk--a poem reminding one of her story See-Saw.

The Family--a poem about dolls left in the rainy garden.

On the whole, they are good enough poems for a child to have written. Unquestionably she just wrote along without a definite idea or necessity....the poems just came line after line. She rhymed easily. She was only in her teens and even her prose style was not yet extraordinary.

....

The next group of poems was written in 1909 and 1910--eleven poems in all. In The Rangitaki Valley is a New Zealand picture.

"O Valley of Waving Broom
O lovely, lovely light"...

are the loveliest lines in it. Spring Wind in London is a poor poem because it contains a diffusion of ideas and seems unfinished. Butterfly Laughter, however, is almost a bit of prose out of At the Bay. "Then the grandmother said: 'Do not

eat the poor butterfly!'
That made us laugh.
Always she said it, and always it
started us laughing."

100 100 100 100

That is like Kezia and her Granny laughing when they forget about death. From The Candle: "The grandmother...tucked me in just where I loved being tucked.." The opening entry in K.M.'s Journal, made the same year (1910) that The Candle was written contains this: "The only adorable thing I can imagine is for my Grandmother to put me to bed and bring me a bowl of hot bread and milk, and standing with her hands folded, the left thumb over the right, say in her adorable voice: 'There, darling, isn't that nice?' Oh, what a miracle of happiness that would be. To wake later to find her turning down the bedclothes to see if my feet were cold, and wrapping them up in a little pink singlet, softer than cat's fur...Alas!"

Anything K.M. wrote about her brother--even as early as this--is her best. For example, Little Brother's Secret. He tells her:

"I planted two lumps of sugar in your garden
Because you love it so frightfully.
I thought there would be a whole sugar tree
for your birthday,
And now it will be all melted.'
O, the darling!"

By this time she had abandoned regular rhyme. Little Brother's Story, The Man with the Wooden Leg and When I was A Bird are all about K.M., the child, and Chummie, but not quite as good as Little Brother's Secret. The idea in the last line of the bird poem, "I felt just like a bird," is emphasized in her very last poem of all, The Wounded Bird (1919) and in the fragments in her letter: "A bird with one song: How the Fowler Trapped Me. Perhaps that's what all birds in cages sing. Next time you

1. Journal, 1910
2. Letter Dec. 7, 1919

pass me, listen and hear it:

I was flying through a wood
A green wood,
A Spring wood,
It was early, early morning..."

There is pathos in the figure. K.M. did not like being pathetic.

The last three poems in this group are different--about love and not about little brothers. She met Mr. Murry in 1910. The Arabian Shawl¹ has the title line too often repeated to be thoroughly pleasing, but Sleeping Together is better. "How the firelight spread"...she liked firelight.

"A thousand years--was it yesterday?
When we two children of far away..."

(This is reminiscent of Arnold's The Forsaken Merman.) The last line is good:

"Sleeping together?...How tired you were."

The Quarrel, though striking her favorite note of laughter, has no distinctive rhymes.

....

The next years (1911-1914) are the ones in which she wrote under the pseudonyms of Boris Petrovsky and Elizabeth Stanley. The reasons for her choice of names are probably first, her fondness for the Russian writers, and second her love for her writing cousin, Elizabeth. The critics were taken in, all right. Here is one of them, Thomas Moul²:

"Lately I have read somewhere a disclaimer that K.M. had been influenced by the Russian masters, an attempt being made at the same time to show that Jane Austen was her ancestress.

1. The Arabian Shawl and Sleeping Together were printed in The New Republic as Two Nocturnes

2. London Roadman Feb. 1923 Thomas Moul²: K.M.

Apart from the fact that there's no discredit in acknowledging indebtedness during one's formative period...even a casual study of In a German Pension will reveal the extent to which K.M. worked under the spell of those Far Eastern giants. It is apparent also in the nature of her other Rhythm contributions. She made translations of the poetry of Boris Petrovsky: 'Heaven's above, here's an old tie of yours'. She wrote bizarre poems of her own and more short stories with curiously Russian settings. Her initials began to appear in the critical section of the magazine and there she eventually spoke with authority."

The poems actually published under pseudonyms are:¹
In Rhythm 1912

Very Early Spring--"Translated by K.M. from the Russian of Boris Petrovsky"

Earth-Child in the Grass, Jangling Memory, There Was a Child Once--as "by Boris Petrovsky".

To God the Father--as "translated from Boris Petrovsky."
In the Athenaeum, 1919:

Fairy Tale, Covering Wings, Sorrowing Love, A Little Girl's Prayer. In the letters to J.M.M. we find: "Elizabeth Stanley is sending two poems on Monday; she wants to hold them over till then. One longs to write poems here." Undoubtedly these two were Sunset and Old-Fashioned Widow's Song, both published as by Elizabeth Stanley, but through oversight not included in the collected poems. The first American printing of them was in²

1. R.E. Marty: Critical Bibliography
2. Sept. 16, 1925

25.
the New Republic with the note: "This lyric and Sunset, both 1919, left among MS at death." This posthumous American printing was under her own initials.

Why should people have believed the 5 poems under the name of Boris Petrovsky by a Russian man? Was there cause for this or was it merely that they believed they were not being fooled? Or were they simply dull readers with little perception, who didn't bother to think about it? Let us see: Very Early Spring (1911) is a rather beautiful poem describing the bright blue and white of a cold sunny spring sky--it might well have been written by a man, and since it is unrhymed and in no stated form, might be a translation--though indeed it lacks the melancholy of Slavic writing:

"The fields are snowbound no longer
There are little blue lakes and flags of
tenderest green.
Now the sun walks in the forest...

...

Over the barren branches he shakes his
yellow curls."

The second one, The Earth-Child in the Grass (1911) -

"Your lover will lie in the paddock
Between his fingers the green blades
And the green blades pressed against his body...
My song shall not sound cold to him
In my deep wave he will find the wave of your hair
In my strong sweet perfume the perfume of your
kisses
Long and long he will lie there...
Laughing--not weeping."

No man could have written that. It would be rare indeed to find a poem in which a man makes himself out a woman. But the readers of Rhythm probably didn't puzzle their heads about it all.

The same thing happens in Jangling Memory (1911). Again it is the woman speaking: "long before the Earl

"Heavens above! Here's an old tie of yours--
Seagreen dragons stamped on a golden ground
Ha! Ha! Ha! What children we were in those days!"

The first stanza is best. The last line is good, too: "Ha! Ha! Ha! We laughed and laughed till the tears came!" K.M. is such an English writer one wonders how these poems ever came to be thought Russian. I suppose the unusual forms made the idea of translation plausible. It was the day of new forms, free verse and foreign translations--the Imagists were just getting into the world's eye.

The fourth "translation" is There Was a Child Once (1912).

It ends: "There was a child once
He came white alone--to play in my garden,
He was pale and silent.
When we met we kissed each other
But when he went away we did not even wave."

There is a good line in it too, "Only when he smiled I knew everything about him"...But it is the story of a girl when she was a little girl. Two little boys don't kiss at parting. No man could have written this.

And finally, To God the Father (1911):

"It is centuries since I believe in you,
But today my need of you has come back.

....
I am sick of this ugly scramble
I am tired of being pulled about--
Oh God, I want to sit on your knees
On the all-too-big throne of Heaven
And fall asleep with my hands tangled
in your grey beard."

An obviously Anglican (or American) poem--about 20 years ahead of its time. People were just losing faith and beginning to be,

The same thing happened in Laughing Henry (1911). Again

it is the woman speaking:

"I never showed Henry as old as I am--
I never showed him as old as I am--
But that day when we were in those days!"

The first stanza is best. The last line is good, too. But that
day we laughed and laughed till the tears came! It is such

an English writer and sometimes his poems were even to be
thought of. I suppose the English poems made the best of
translation possible. It was the day of new forms, new verse
and foreign translations--the English were just getting into

the world's eye.

The fourth "translation" is There was a Child Once (1912).

It ends:

"There was a child once
He came white like--to play in my garden.
He was pale and silent.
When we had we heard each other
But when he went away he did not even wave."

There is a good line in it too. "Only when he walked I knew
everything about him." But it is the story of a girl who the
was a little girl. Two little boys don't like at playing. No
one could have written this.

And finally, To God the Father (1911):

"It is wonderful since I believe in you,
But today we need of you have come back."

I am sick of this very world
I am tired of being pulled about--
Oh God, I want to sit on your knees
On the hill-top high above the world
And tell myself with my hands clasped
In your great world."

An obviously English (or American) poem--about 25 years ahead
of its time. People were just feeling faith and longing to be

as they are still, amazingly bewildered. It is curious to see that this poem was written long before the War!

Besides the 5 Boris Petrovsky poems the years 1911-1913 saw the creation of 14 under her name, K.M. One, Loneliness (1911) is a lovely and quiet sonnet. The sea is there--the sea creeps into nearly all of K.M.'s poems. The ending is:

"Till the barren land
Fills with the dreadful monotone of rain."

The Meeting, while expressing what K.M. must have felt often enough, is not really poetry. It is almost a short-story--one hears the clock tick in a vast silence and feels the heart-beats. "If it stops, I shall die."

The Gulf is "A gulf of silence separates us from each other
Once I thought we might fill it quite up with tears.
Now I want to shatter it with our laughter."

This poem, too, except for the lines quoted, is scarcely poetry. It is interesting to note that a great many of K.M.'s verses end on the word laughter--and frequently there is juxtaposition of the words laughter and tears.

The choice of words in The Storm is in the perfect manner of her stories. Here is the ending:

".....I alone--
Smaller than the smallest fly--was alive and terrified.
Then for what reason I knew not, I became triumphant.
'Well, kill me!' I cried and ran out into the open.
But the storm ceased: the sun spread his wings
And floated serene in the silver pool of the sky.
I put my hands over my face: I was blushing.
And the trees swung together and delicately laughed."

Across the Red Sky (1911) is almost a Japanese print. There is little motion in it. "Across the red sky two birds flying..."

as they are still, meaningfully hesitated. It is a matter of fact
that this poem was written long before the war.

Between the 2nd and 3rd of January 1915, the
the question of it was put to me, J. K. Coe, (London 1915)
in a letter and quite simply. The answer is: "The poem is
into nearly all of J. K.'s poems. The ending is:

"With the dawn light
Still with the golden moments of rain."

The feeling, which is repeated in J. K. Coe's letter, is that

enough, is not really poetry. It is almost a short-story--
and seems the choice that is a vast relief and I feel the heart-
beat. "It is a poem, I tell you."

The last is "A Ball of Silence" published in 1915. It is a poem
and I thought we might like it with you with some
You I want to suggest it with our readers."

This poem, too, seemed for the time being, as nearly poetry.

It is interesting to note that a great many of J. K.'s verses
and on the word language--and frequently there is juxtaposition
of the words language and poetry.

The choice of words in the poem is in the greatest measure

of her choice. Here is the ending:

".....I alone--
Earlier than the sunrise, I--was alive and terrified,
Then for that reason I knew not, I became a language.
'Well, well, well,' I cried and ran into the room,
But the storm passed: the sun shined and the wind
and I stood alone in the river, god of the city.
I put my hands over my face: I was of nothing.
And the storm came again and I was of nothing."

Across the Red Sea (1915) is almost a Japanese poem. It is in

little notice in it. "Across the Red Sea (1915)..."

The last three lines seem to me to mar it--especially the part about the "sightless eyes" of the earth. The Awakening River (1911) is not very good as a poem but shows that the sea, the water, birds and the sun are what K.M. loves in the world.

The Seachild (1911) is probably a companion piece of Earth-Child in the Grass. Too singsongy--for K.M. does least well with regular rhyme though her sense of rhythm is excellent. The jarring note of trite words creeps in, and the feeling of manufactured rhyme. The thought in the poem is faintly reminiscent of Matthew Arnold's The Forsaken Merman. Moonkin, which K.M. uses, is a winsome word.

The Opal Dream Cave (1911) is lovely but the inverted last line "Empty now is my opal dream-cave" is too unconsciously Hiawatha-flavored. Sea (1911) and Sea Song (1913) show her sea-love again.

"I will think no more of the sea
Of the big green waves
And the hollowed shore
Of the brown rock caves
No more, no more
Of the swell and the weed
And the bubbling foam...."

But she thought of it always.

The last three in this group are--well--"flippant" poems but they have always delighted me more than any of the numerous preceding ones. Countrywomen (1914) is my especial favorite. It is K.M. the story-writer who wrote 'em.

"These be two
Countrywomen
What a size!
Grand big arms

The last three lines seem to me to mean it--especially the last
about the "righteousness" of the earth. The Amelanchier River
(1911) is not very good at a poem but shows that the sea, the
water, birds and the sun are what N.Y. loves in the world.
The Amelanchier (1911) is probably a descriptive piece of Amelanchier
which is the same. For strength--for N.Y. does love well
which really shows through her sense of rhythm is excellent.
The jarring note of white words keeps in, and the feeling of
unintended rhyme. The thought in this poem is fairly new-
element of Amelanchier's Amelanchier between. Amelanchier,
which I. I. does, is a strange word.

The Amelanchier (1911) is lovely but the inverted last
line "I wish you were my own" is too unexpectedly
pleasant. Amelanchier (1911) and Amelanchier (1911) show her sea
love again.

"I wish you were my own of the sea
Of the big green waves
And the white foam
Of the green rock caves
To love, to love
Of the well and the weed
And the tossing foam..."

The last three lines of the poem
The last three in this poem are well--"Amelanchier" seems
but they have always delighted me more than any of the new ones
preceding ones. Amelanchier (1911) is my special favorite.
It is I. I. the very-very and some 'em.

"These be two
Comelanchier
That a sign
Stand big and

And round, red faces;
 Big substantial
 Sit-down places.
 Great big bosoms firm as cheese
 Bursting through their country jackets."

Can't you see 'em and smell 'em?

Stars (1914) is another delightful thing:

"Most merciful God
 Look kindly upon
 An impudent child
 Who wants sitting on"...

and she goes out in the evening and sees more stars than she
 expected!

"In a word, I was floored!
 God of Hosts--Lord!"

Deaf House Agent (1914) lapses into prose in a very Shakes-
 pearean way:

"Said Jack: 'What the Hell!'

But the deaf old man took a pin from his desk, picked a piece
 of wool the size of a hen's egg from his ear, had a good look
 at it, decided in its favor and replaced it in the aforemen-
 tioned organ."

....

The next group of poems in the collection is called Poems
at the Villa Pauline: 1916. Mr. Murry says of these: "Katherine
 Mansfield's practice was suddenly to spend several days in
 writing poetry and then to abandon poetry wholly for months and
 years together. Poems at the Villa Pauline, with the exception
 of the sonnet to L.H.B. were written in curious circumstances.
 Villa Pauline was a four-roomed cottage on the shore of the
 Mediterranean where we lived in 1916. For the whole of one
 week we made a practice of sitting together after supper at a
 very small table in the kitchen and writing verses on a single
 theme which we had chosen. It seems to me now almost miraculous

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that so exquisite a poem as, for instance, Voices of the Air should have been thus composed."

The poems at the Villa Pauline, then, are seven in number. To L.H.B. (1894-1915) written in 1916, is a poem to her brother, Leslie Heron Beauchamp. He was six years her junior and apparently she loved him best of all. The poem is 15 lines long, iambic pentameter, and seems to have been intended for an Italian-form sonnet. The poem tells that, for the first time since his death, she has dreamed of him. They were at home, near poisonous berry-bushes. She tells him not to touch them, but he does.

".....I saw a beam
Of strange bright laughter flying round your head
And as you stooped I saw the berries gleam.
'Don't you remember? We called them Dead Man's Bread!'"

Then she wakes and wants to find the shore, the berry-bush, and the boy.

"By the remembered stream my brother stands
Waiting for me with berries in his hands....
'These are my body, Sister, take and eat!'"

The first of the Pauline poems is called Villa Pauline, 1916. The last 3 lines are excellent and once again touch the note of laughter--strange, bright laughter, though:

"Lying close in the dark
He says to me: 'Hark,
Isn't that laughter?'"

Camomile Tea, like a good many of her poems, seems unfinished. That is, she just left off writing at the end for no reason at all. Its value is purely personal--as is the value of most of K.M.'s poems. They are chiefly for people interested in her and familiar with the story of her life.

Waves is the story of a baby sitting at the edge of the sea. Tears and laughter again. It ends this way:

"But thy kingdom is small
Said the God of the sea
...
With a loud
Peeling of laughter
He rose and covered
The tiny god's land
With the tip of his hand
With the curl of his fingers;
And after--
...
The tiny god
Began to cry."

I wish there were more rhymes for laughter.

The Town between the Hills I find interesting because the words in it are such as she used in her stories. A little girl runs into a wood and sees an old man sitting near a hedge roasting two eggs over a fire. She wants to help.

"'Bravo,' he said
'You may dine with me
I've two old eggs
From two white hens
And a loaf from a kind ladie.
Some fresh nutmegs,
Some cutlet ends
In pink and white paper frills.
And--I've--got
A little hot pot
From the town between the hills.'"

The little girl sits down and says Grace and the little old man (who is the devil or a disciple of the devil, but good fun nevertheless) and his two eggs and his loaf, cutlets and nutmegs and

"The little hot-pot
So much too hot"

flash away in smoke.

waves is the story of a baby sitting at the edge of the

see. Tears and laughter again. It ends this way:

"But the children in small
said the God of the sea

With a loud
Feeling of laughter
He rose and covered
The tiny God's hand
With the tip of his hand
With the curl of his finger;
and after--

...
The tiny God
Began to cry."

I wish there were more poems for children.

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peeling two eggs over a fire. She comes to help.

"Bravo," he said
"You may dine with me
I've two old eggs
From two white hens
and a loaf from a kind ladie.
Come fresh butter,
Some salt and
In drink and white paper fillie.
and--live--
A little hot pot
from the town between the hills."

The little girl sits down and says Grace and the little old
man (who is the devil or a disciple of the devil, but good for
nevertheless) and his two eggs and his loaf, eatlets and nut-
megs and

"The little hot-pot
So much too hot"

flash away in smoke.

Voices of the Air is the one Mr. Murry likes. It is a "nature poem" in four quiet stanzas, the first and last of which are quite good. It is in praise of the little sounds made by bees, flies, tapping leaves, breaking pods, shrilling insects.

"The little voices of the air
Sound above all the sea and wind
The sea and wind do then obey,
And sighing, sighing double notes
Of double basses, content to play
A droning chord for the little throats..."

In all her work we find musical metaphors simply and naturally used. Sanary describes what most of her life was:

"Her little hot room looked over the bay
Through a stiff palisade of glinting palms
And there she would lie in the heat of the day
Her dark head resting upon her arms,
So quiet, so still, she did not seem
To think, to feel, or even to dream."

It is strange that she is much more conscious and less master of words in her poems. She seems to have such vaster knowledge in her prose!

....

The final group of poems--10 of them, dated 1917-19-- includes the 4 Elizabeth Stanley poems: Fairy Tale, Covering Wings, Sorrowing Love, A Little Girl's Prayer. Fairy Tale (1919) is a poem about the close of day--a "romantic" poem with castles and shadow ships and the Queen of Night. Covering Wings (1919) contains beautiful lines. It is intensely personal:

"Love! Love! Your tenderness,
Your beautiful, watchful ways
Grasp me, fold me, cover me;"

The next line is not so beautiful: "I lie in a kind of daze"

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Then: "Love! Love! You pity me so!
 Chide me, scold me--cry
 'Submit--submit! You must not fight!'
 What may I do then? Die?
 But oh, my horror of quiet beds!
 How can I longer stay!
 'One to be ready,
 Two to be steady,
 Three to be off and away!'"

It ends with her great desire and longing:

"Run! Run!
 Into the sun!
 Let us be children again."

Sorrowing Love (1919) uses again some of the figures in Voices of the Air. It follows directly upon Covering Wings. A dying woman and her lover walk in the woods or in the garden. The last stanza is very sad:

"Here's moss. How the smell of it lingers
 On my cold fingers!
 You shall have no moss. Here's a frail
 Hyacinth, deathly pale!
 Not for you, not for you!
 And the place where they grew
 You must promise me not to discover,
 My sorrowful lover!
 Shall we never be happy again?"

....

A Little Girl's Prayer is not quite as good. There is a faint touch of triteness about the phrasing.

"That I may take into my bosom
 The breeze that is like his brother
 But stiller, lighter whose faint laughter
 Echoes the joy of the other."

Those are the Elizabeth Stanley poems.

Six poems remain. There is a footnote by J. M. Murry to a letter written by K.M. to Lady Ottoline Morrell that explains the origin of the poem Night-Scented Stock. The letter says:

1. Letter August, 1921

"Your glimpse of the garden, all flying green and gold made me wonder again who is going to write about that flower garden. It might be so wonderful, do you know how I mean? There would be people walking in the garden--several pairs of people--their conversation--their slow pacing--their glances as they pass one another--the pauses as the flowers "come in" as it were--as a bright dazzle, an exquisite haunting scent, a shape so formal and fine, so much a 'flower of the mind' that he who looks at it really is tempted for one bewildering moment to stoop and touch and make sure. The 'pairs' of people must be very different and there must be a slight touch of enchantment--some of them seeming so extraordinarily 'odd' and separate from the flowers, but others quite related and at ease. A kind of, musically speaking, conversation set to flowers. Do you like the idea? I see the Pig of the Party--rooting in her little dark mind. And I see B--hasn't the remotest idea of getting them into harmony. Perhaps that's not fair, but it's full of possibilities--I must have a fling at it as soon as I have time."

The fling would have been wonderful in prose, though there is a very complete story in the poem. The story is that of a moonlight party of directly postwar young people--talking strangely. The best line:

"His white feet flicked in the grass like fishes."

Laughter again: "Like a lady laughing behind her fan
Laughing, mocking, and running away."

Now I Am a Plant, a Weed is a poem in which the writer identifies herself with any object in nature upon which her glance

"Your glimpse of the garden, all flying green and gold made me
wonder again why it pains to write about that flower garden. It
might be so wonderful, do you know and I want. There would be
people walking in the garden--several pairs of people--their
conversations--their slow walking--their glances at each other--as
another--the garden as the flowers "come in" as it were--as a
bright garden, an exquisite beautiful scene, a scene so formal
and fine, as even a 'flower of the field' that in the looks of
it really is touched for the swelling heart to stand and
look and take care. The 'flower' of people must be very different
and their that of a slight touch of excitement--one of
them seeming so extraordinarily 'odd' and separate from the
flowers. But there's quite a lot of it. A kind of, un-
usually speaking, conversation as to flowers. Do you like the
idea? I like the idea of the garden--looking in the little garden
also. And I see 3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1303-1304-1305-1306-1307-1308-1309-1310-1311-1312-1313-1314-1315-1316-1317-1318-1319-1320-1321-1322-1323-1324-1325-1326-1327-1328-1329-1330-1331-1332-1333-1334-1335-1336-1337-1338-1339-1340-1341-1342-1343-1344-1345-1346-1347-1348-1349-1350-1351-1352-1353-1354-1355-1356-1357-1358-1359-1360-1361-1362-1363-1364-1365-1366-1367-1368-1369-1370-1371-1372-1373-1374-1375-1376-1377-1378-1379-1380-1381-1382-1383-1384-1385-1386-1387-1388-1389-1390-1391-1392-1393-1394-1395-1396-1397-1398-1399-1400-1401-1402-1403-1404-1405-1406-1407-1408-1409-1410-1411-1412-1413-1414-1415-1416-1417-1418-1419-1420-1421-1422-1423-1424-1425-1426-1427-1428-1429-1430-1431-1432-1433-1434-1435-1436-1437-1438-1439-1440-1441-1442-1443-1444-1445-1446-1447-1448-1449-1450-1451-1452-1453-1454-1455-1456-1457-1458-1459-1460-1461-1462-1463-1464-1465-1466-1467-1468-1469-1470-1471-1472-1473-1474-1475-1476-1477-1478-1479-1480-1481-1482-1483-1484-1485-1486-1487-1488-1489-1490-1491-1492-1493-1494-1495-1496-1497-1498-1499-1500-1501-1502-1503-1504-1505-1506-1507-1508-1509-1510-1511-1512-1513-1514-1515-1516-1517-1518-1519-1520-1521-1522-1523-1524-1525-1526-1527-1528-1529-1530-1531-1532-1533-1534-1535-1536-1537-1538-1539-1540-1541-1542-1543-1544-1545-1546-1547-1548-1549-1550-1551-1552-1553-1554-1555-1556-1557-1558-1559-1560-1561-1562-1563-1564-1565-1566-1567-1568-1569-1570-1571-1572-1573-1574-1575-1576-1577-1578-1579-1580-1581-1582-1583-1584-1585-1586-1587-1588-1589-1590-1591-1592-1593-1594-1595-1596-1597-1598-1599-1600-1601-1602-1603-1604-1605-1606-1607-1608-1609-1610-1611-1612-1613-1614-1615-1616-1617-1618-1619-1620-1621-1622-1623-1624-1625-1626-1627-1628-1629-1630-1631-1632-1633-1634-1635-1636-1637-1638-1639-1640-1641-1642-1643-1644-1645-1646-1647-1648-1649-1650-1651-1652-1653-1654-1655-1656-1657-1658-1659-1660-1661-1662-1663-1664-1665-1666-1667-1668-1669-1670-1671-1672-1673-1674-1675-1676-1677-1678-1679-1680-1681-1682-1683-1684-1685-1686-1687-1688-1689-1690-1691-1692-1693-1694-1695-1696-1697-1698-1699-1700-1701-1702-1703-1704-1705-1706-1707-1708-1709-1710-1711-1712-1713-1714-1715-1716-1717-1718-1719-1720-1721-1722-1723-1724-1725-1726-1727-1728-1729-1730-1731-1732-1733-1734-1735-1736-1737-1738-1739-1740-1741-1742-1743-1744-1745-1746-1747-1748-1749-1750-1751-1752-1753-1754-1755-1756-1757-1758-1759-1760-1761-1762-1763-1764-1765-1766-1767-1768-1769-1770-1771-1772-1773-1774-1775-1776-1777-1778-1779-1780-1781-1782-1783-1784-1785-1786-1787-1788-1789-1790-1791-1792-1793-1794-1795-1796-1797-1798-1799-1800-1801-1802-1803-1804-1805-1806-1807-1808-1809-1810-1811-1812-1813-1814-1815-1816-1817-1818-1819-1820-1821-1822-1823-1824-1825-1826-1827-1828-1829-1830-1831-1832-1833-1834-1835-1836-1837-1838-1839-1840-1841-1842-1843-1844-1845-1846-1847-1848-1849-1850-1851-1852-1853-1854-1855-1856-1857-1858-1859-1860-1861-1862-1863-1864-1865-1866-1867-1868-1869-1870-1871-1872-1873-1874-1875-1876-1877-1878-1879-1880-1881-1882-1883-1884-1885-1886-1887-1888-1889-1890-1891-1892-1893-1894-1895-1896-1897-1898-1899-1900-1901-1902-1903-1904-1905-1906-1907-1908-1909-1910-1911-1912-1913-1914-1915-1916-1917-1918-1919-1920-1921-1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927-1928-1929-1930-1931-1932-1933-1934-1935-1936-1937-1938-1939-1940-1941-1942-1943-1944-1945-1946-1947-1948-1949-1950-1951-1952-1953-1954-1955-1956-1957-1958-1959-1960-1961-1962-1963-1964-1965-1966-1967-1968-1969-1970-1971-1972-1973-1974-1975-1976-1977-1978-1979-1980-1981-1982-1983-1984-1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-2012-2013-2014-2015-2016-2017-2018-2019-2020-2021-2022-2023-2024-2025-2026-2027-2028-2029-2030-2031-2032-2033-2034-2035-2036-2037-2038-2039-2040-2041-2042-2043-2044-2045-2046-2047-2048-2049-2050-2051-2052-2053-2054-2055-2056-2057-2058-2059-2060-2061-2062-2063-2064-2065-2066-2067-2068-2069-2070-2071-2072-2073-2074-2075-2076-2077-2078-2079-2080-2081-2082-2083-2084-2085-2086-2087-2088-2089-2090-2091-2092-2093-2094-2095-2096-2097-2098-2099-2100-2101-2102-2103-2104-2105-2106-2107-2108-2109-2110-2111-2112-2113-2114-2115-2116-2117-2118-2119-2120-2121-2122-2123-2124-2125-2126-2127-2128-2129-2130-2131-2132-2133-2134-2135-2136-2137-2138-2139-2140-2141-2142-2143-2144-2145-2146-2147-2148-2149-2150-2151-2152-2153-2154-2155-2156-2157-2158-2159-2160-2161-2162-2163-2164-2165-2166-2167-2168-2169-2170-2171-2172-2173-2174-2175-2176-2177-2178-2179-2180-2181-2182-2183-2184-2185-2186-2187-2188-2189-2190-2191-2192-2193-2194-2195-2196-2197-2198-2199-2200-2201-2202-2203-2204-2205-2206-2207-2208-2209-2210-2211-2212-2213-2214-2215-2216-2217-2218-2219-2220-2221-2222-2223-2224-2225-2226-2227-2228-2229-2230-2231-2232-2233-2234-2235-2236-2237-2238-2239-2240-2241-2242-2243-2244-2245-2246-2247-2248-2249-2250-2251-2252-2253-2254-2255-2256-2257-2258-2259-2260-2261-2262-2263-2264-2265-2266-2267-2268-2269-2270-2271-2272-2273-2274-2275-2276-2277-2278-2279-2280-2281-2282-2283-2284-2285-2286-2287-2288-2289-2290-2291-2292-2293-2294-2295-2296-2297-2298-2299-2300-2301-2302-2303-2304-2305-2306-2307-2308-2309-2310-2311-2312-2313-2314-2315-2316-2317-2318-2319-2320-2321-2322-2323-2324-2325-2326-2327-2328-2329-2330-2331-2332-2333-2334-2335-2336-2337-2338-2339-2340-2341-2342-2343-2344-2345-2346-2347-2348-2349-2350-2351-2352-2353-2354-2355-2356-2357-2358-2359-2360-2361-2362-2363-2364-2365-2366-2367-2368-2369-2370-2371-2372-2373-2374-2375-2376-2377-2378-2379-2380-2381-2382-2383-2384-2385-2386-2387-2388-2389-2390-2391-2392-2393-2394-2395-2396-2397-2398-2399-2400-2401-2402-2403-2404-2405-2406-2407-2408-2409-2410-2411-2412-2413-2414-2415-2416-2417-2418-2419-2420-2421-2422-2423-2424-2425-2426-2427-2428-2429-2430-2431-2432-2433-2434-2435-2436-2437-2438-2439-2440-2441-2442-2443-2444-2445-2446-2447-2448-2449-2450-2451-2452-2453-2454-2455-2456-2457-2458-2459-2460-2461-2462-2463-2464-2465-2466-2467-2468-2469-2470-2471-2472-2473-2474-2475-2476-2477-2478-2479-2480-2481-2482-2483-2484-2485-2486-2487-2488-2489-2490-2491-2492-2493-2494-2495-2496-2497-2498-2499-2500-2501-2502-2503-2504-2505-2506-2507-2508-2509-2510-2511-2512-2513-2514-2515-2516-2517-2518-2519-2520-2521-2522-2523-2524-2525-2526-2527-2528-2529-2530-2531-2532-2533-2534-2535-2536-2537-2538-2539-2540-2541-2542-2543-2544-2545-2546-2547-2548-2549-2550-2551-2552-2553-2554-2555-2556-2557-2558-2559-2560-2561-2562-2563-2564-2565-2566-2567-2568-2569-2570-2571-2572-2573-2574-2575-2576-2577-2578-2579-2580-2581-2582-2583-2584-2585-2586-2587-2588-2589-2590-2591-2592-2593-2594-2595-2596-2597-2598-2599-2600-2601-2602-2603-2604-2605-2606-2607-2608-2609-2610-2611-2612-2613-2614-2615-2616-2617-2618-2619-2620-2621-2622-2623-2624-2625-2626-2627-2628-2629-2630-2631-2632-2633-2634-2635-2636-2637-2638-2639-2640-2641-2642-2643-2644-264

rests. This line "while the strange ships did pass" is further evidence of the strange touch of triteness and constraint in K.M. as a poet. There is A Solemn Wind Tonight is metrical, short, rhymed, good:

"And every tiniest blade of grass
Shakes on the quiet ground."

She noticed these things quite as if she were a delicate instrument attuned to them. And she was.

Out in the Garden, a short irregular scrap of a poem, is one of the best. It might be read to a child, but it is scary, mysterious: "Out in the windy, swinging dark
Someone is secretly putting in order,
Someone is creeping, creeping."

In Ruth Elvish Mantz's bibliography we are given 3 references to consult regarding K.M.'s Firelight--2 letters, 1 Journal entry. A letter to Murry: "Last night, under the inspiration of a fever attack, I wrote these verses. Keep them for me, will you? I feel a longing to write poetry."

Another:² "The sound of the wind is very loud in this house. The curtains fly--there are strange pointed shadows--full of meaning--and a glittering light upon the mirrors. Now it is dark--and one feels so pale--and even one's hands feel pale--and now a wandering broken light is over everything. It is so exciting--so tiring too--one is waiting for something to happen."

The Journal:³ "'Any children?' he said, taking his stethoscope as I struggled with my nightgown.

'No, no children.'

1. Letter Dec. 3, 1919
2. Letter June 1919
3. Journal: Dec. 1919

...this life "while the strange wind did pass" is further
evidence of the strange form of evidence and consisting in
I.E. as a poet. There is a solemn wind tonight is metrical,
short, rhythmic, good;

"and every slight blade of grass
Shakes on the quiet ground."

She noticed these things quite as if she were a delicate in-
strument attuned to them. And she was.

Out in the garden, a short fragmentary scene of a scene, is
one of the best. It might be read to a child, but it is really,

systematic: "Out in the windy, swinging dark
Someone is nervously putting in order,
Someone is sneezing, sneezing."

In such Edwin Lantieri's bibliography we are given 3 references

to poems regarding I.E.'s literary--2 letters, 1 journal

entry. A letter to Henry: "Best night, under the inspiration

of a fever attack, I wrote these verses. Keep them for me,

will you? I feel a longing to write poetry."

Another: "The sound of the wind is very loud in this

house. The curtains fly--there are strange pointed shadows--

all of morning--and a glittering light upon the mirrors. Now

it is dark--and one feels so alone--and even one's hands feel

alone--now a wandering broken light is over everything. It

is so exciting--so stirring too--one is waiting for something to

appear."

The Journal: "My children," he said, taking his station-

coach as I struggled with my nightmare.

"No, no children."

4-10-1917
4-10-1917
4-10-1917

But what would he have said if I'd told him that until a few days ago I had had a little child, aged 5 and 3 quarters, of indeterminate sex? Some days it was a boy. For two years now it had very often been a little girl..." The poem is very short:

"Playing in the fire and twilight together
My little son and I,
Suddenly--woefully--I stoop to catch him.
'Try, Mother, try!'

Old Nurse Silence lifts a silent finger.
'Hush! Cease your play!'
What happened? What in that tiny moment
Flew away?"

Last of all comes The Wounded Bird (1919). In my copy of the poems bought and read nearly 3 years ago I find scrawled in the margin by my younger self: "This is the best one." It is the story of her own tragedy. She was the bird who, flying through the green wood in her Spring, was pierced by the fowler's arrow and was hurt and had to die.

"In the past, you know, you were always so flyaway...

.....
O waters--do not cover me!
I would look long and long at those beautiful stars!
O my wings--lif+ me--lif+ me!
I am not so dreadfully hurt....."

But what would he have said if I'd told him that until a few
days ago I had had a little child, aged 5 and 3 quarters, or
thereabouts, next door to me? For two years now
it had very often been a little girl... "The poem is very

short:
"Playing in the fire and twilight together
My little son and I,
Suddenly--suddenly--I stoop to catch him.
'Tut, tut, tut!'"

Old Harry Silvers likes a silent finger.
'Hush, hush, out play!'
That momentary flash in that tiny moment
Flies away."

Just of all comes The Wounded Bird (1918). In my copy of the
poems complete and read nearly 5 years ago I find scrawled in the
margin by my younger self: "This is the best one." It is the
story of her own tragedy. She was the bird who, flying through
the green wood in her spring, was pierced by the hunter's arrow
and was hurt and had to die.

"In the past, you know, you were always so flyaway..."

.....
O weaver--do not cover me!
I would lose long and long of those beautiful aerial
O my wings--ill, or--ill, but
I am not so dreadfully hurt...."

Fragmentary Verse in Letters and Journal

While K.M.'s serious poems do not on the whole equal her stories, she was natively a poet of sorts. Her letters and journal are full of perfectly charming bits of humorous verse made up on the spur of the moment. It is well to gather together in one place the available ones. Here is the first,^{1.} born upon reading Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal--"a calm, irresistible well-being--almost mystic in character, and yet doubtless connected with physical conditions. Writes Dorothy:

William (P.G.) is very well,
And gravely blithe--you know his way--
Talking with woodruff and harebell
And idling all the summer day
As he can well afford to do.
(P.G. for that again.) For who
Is more Divinely Entitled to?
He rises and breakfasts sharp at seven
Then pastes some fern-fronds in his book
Until his milk comes at eleven
With two fresh scones baked by the cook.
And then he paces in the sun
Until we dine at half-past one.
'God and the cook are very good,'
Laughs William, relishing his food.
(Sometimes the tears rush in my eyes
How kind he is, and oh, how wise!)
After, he sits and reads to me
Until at four we take our tea.
My dear, you hardly would believe
That William could so sigh and grieve
Over a simple childish tale
How 'Mary trod upon the Snail',
Or 'Little Ernie lost his pail'
And then perhaps a good half-mile
He walks to get an appetite
For supper, which we take at night
In the substantial country style.
By nine he's in bed and fast asleep,
Not snoring dears, but very deep,
Oh, very deep asleep indeed...

And so on ad lib. What a Pa man!"

The next one: ¹ "A Victorian Idyll" -

"Yesterday Matilda Mason
In the Parlour by herself
Broke a Handsome China Basin
Placed upon the Mantelshelf."

And these truly "Hard Lines" ².

"Verses Writ in a Foreign Bed"

"Almighty Father of All and Most Celestial Giver
Who has granted to us thy children a heart and lungs
and a liver;
If upon me should descend thy beautiful gift of tongues
Incline not thine Omnipotent ear to my remarks on lungs."

In a letter to Murry: ³.

"And this is not a boon
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person..."

In a letter to her friend Anne Estelle Rice: ⁴.

"My darling Anne
After my Plan
For New Year's Day fell through,
I gave up hope
Of catching a rope
Which would land me down near you.
Since then I've been
(Pulse one-sixteen,
Temperature one-o-three)
Lying in bed
With a wandering head
And a weak, weak cup of tea.
Injections, chere
In my derriere
Driven into a muscular wad
With a needle thick
As a walking stick--
How can one believe in God!
Plus--pleurisy
And je vous dis
A head that went off on its own
Rode a circular race
That embraced every place
I ever shall know or have known.
I landed in Spain
Went to China by train,

1. Journal: 1917

2. Journal: 1918

3. letters: January 23, 1918

4. letters: January 13, 1919

And rounded Cape Horn in a gale,
Ate an ice in New York,
Caught the boat for Majourke,
And went up the Nile for a sail..."

There are these clever limericks in her Journal:

"Tedious Brief Adventure of K.M."

A Doctor who came from Jamaica
Said: 'This time I'll mend her or break her.
I'll plug her with serum
And if she can't bear 'em
I'll call in the next undertaker.

His locum tenens, Doctor Byam,
Said: 'Right Oh old fellow, we'll try 'em,
For I'm an adept-o
At pumping in strepto,
Since I was a surgeon in Siam.

The patient, who hailed from New Zealing,
Said: 'Pray don't consider my feeling,
Provided you're certain
'Twill not go on hurtin',
I'll lie here and smile at the ceiling!"

These two very bloodthirsty men
Injected five million, then ten,
But found that the strepto
Had suddenly crept to
Her feet--and the worst happened then!

Any day you may happen to meet
Her alone in the Hampstead High Street,
In a box on four wheels,
With a whistle that squeals
And her hands do the job of her feet."

Two fragments remain--2-

"Oh why, why
Did the Lord make the Fly?
And when we die
Shall we find them spry
In eternity?"

And this,^{3.} which Murry says was in the middle of the MS of
Her First Ball.

"Be not afraid, the house is full of blankets,
Red ones and white ones, lovely beyond dreaming,

1. Journal: July, 1919
2. Letters: October 23, 1919
3. Letters: July 18, 1921

And I thought of you when in a state,
And as I lay in bed,
I thought of you and how you were,
And went up to the top of the hill...

There are these other things in my mind...

"Telling me of the things of the world"

A person who was from the world,
Said: "I'll be with you in the world,
I'll be with you in the world,
And I'll be with you in the world,
I'll be with you in the world..."

And I thought of you, I thought of you,
And I thought of you, I thought of you,
And I thought of you, I thought of you,
And I thought of you, I thought of you,
And I thought of you, I thought of you...

And I thought of you, I thought of you,
And I thought of you, I thought of you,
And I thought of you, I thought of you,
And I thought of you, I thought of you,
And I thought of you, I thought of you...

And I thought of you, I thought of you,
And I thought of you, I thought of you,
And I thought of you, I thought of you,
And I thought of you, I thought of you,
And I thought of you, I thought of you...

And I thought of you, I thought of you,
And I thought of you, I thought of you,
And I thought of you, I thought of you,
And I thought of you, I thought of you,
And I thought of you, I thought of you...

Two things remain...

"On my way,
And I thought of you, I thought of you,
And I thought of you, I thought of you,
And I thought of you, I thought of you,
And I thought of you, I thought of you..."

And this, which I thought of you, was in the mind of the world,
And this, which I thought of you, was in the mind of the world...

"Be not afraid, the world is full of things,
Red ones and white ones, lovely beyond dreaming..."

1. I thought of you, I thought of you,
2. I thought of you, I thought of you,
3. I thought of you, I thought of you...

Key-pattern, tasselled, camel-hair and woolly,
Softer than sheep or the bosom of a swan."

.....

UNCOLLECTED POEMS

There is a slight service that may be done K.M. --namely, the bringing together of such of her poems as have been printed in papers and magazines but which, for some reason, were not included among her collected poems. I shall quote in full all of these poems that this part of my paper may serve as a reference book for anyone desiring to read the uncollected verses.

In a letter to her husband K.M. wrote: "I hope to see Anne today, for last night after I came in I wrote four of those 'poems' for our book. I rediscovered the form and the style, I think. They are not in verse nor in vers libre. I can't do these things. They are in prose.

1. To a Butterfly
2. Foils
3. Le Regard
4. Paddlers

You would like them. They're very light. Like Heron feathers, so to say."

What has become of these I cannot say. There is a clue nowhere. But there exists a poem called The Butterfly² by K.M. which may be identical with To a Butterfly. Here it is:

The Butterfly

"What a day to be born!
And what a place!/
Cried the flowers.

'Mais tu as de la chance, ma chere!"
Said the wild geranium,
Who was very traveled.

1. ~~Letter~~ 1 May, 1918
2. The Forum: August 1925

Key-... ..
... ..

THE BATTLE

There is a slight surprise that may be done in a... ..
the... ..
is... ..
... ..
of... ..
... ..
in a letter to her husband... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

- 1. To a Battle
- 2. To a Battle
- 3. To a Battle
- 4. To a Battle

You would like to see the very light like... ..
so to say."

What has become of these I... ..
... ..
which may be identical with the... ..

The Battle

... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..
... ..

The champions, the bluebells,
The daisies and buttercups,
The bright little eyebright and the
white nettle flower,

And a thousand others,
All were there to greet her--
Growing so high--so high
(Right up to the sky, thought the butterfly)
On either side of a little lane.

'Only, my dear, breathed an old snail
Who was hugging the underside of a dark leaf,
'Don't attempt to cross over.
Keep to this side.
The other side is just the same as this
Believe me--just the same flowers--just the
same greenness.
Stay where you are and have your little
flutter in Peace.

That was enough for the butterfly.
What an idea! Never to go out into the open?
Never to venture forth?

To live, creeping up and down this side!
Her wings quivered with scorn.
'Really,' said she, 'I am not a snail.'

And away she flew
But just at that moment a dirty-looking dog
Its mean tail between its legs,
Came loping down the lane.
It just glanced aside at the butterfly-- did not
bite,
Just gave a feeble snap and ran farther,
But she was dead.
Little fleck of cerise and black
She lay in the dust.
Everybody was sorry except the Bracken,
Which never cares about anything, one way or
another."

Although the phrase "dirty-looking dog" is not for a poem, and although it is not clear just why the words Peace and Bracken are capitalized, there is something lovely about the whole poem as there is something lovely in all her writings. One feels the sun, and the heat of the little lane, and the thick sweet smell

1. "Underside of a leaf" — K.M.'s frequently employed and expressive phrase indicating the unpleasant, the dark, the stinky.

The complex, the phallos,
The daisies and buttercups,
The bright little daisy-like
White little flower,

and a thousand others,
All were there to meet me--
growing as high--so high
(Right up to the sky, through the butterfly)
On either side of a little lane.

'Only, my dear, brushed me the small
Who was hanging the underside of a dark leaf,
'Don't expect to cross over.

Keep to the side.
The other side is just the same as this
Believe me--just the same flowers--just the
same greenness.
Stay where you are and have your little
flower in hand.

That was enough for me butterfly.
That an ideal never to go out into the open?
Never to venture further

To live, creeping up and down this side!
The wings gathered with sound.
'Really, really, I am not a small.'

And away she flew
But just at that moment a dirty-looking dog
His own tail between his legs,
Came looking down the lane,
I have noticed white at the butterfly-- did not
dile.

Just gave a little jump and ran away,
But she was dead.
Little black of her and black
The lay in the grass.
Everybody was sorry except the broken,
Which never comes about again, one way or
another."

Although the phrase "dirty-looking dog" is not for a poem, and
although it is not clear that the words fence and broken
are capitalized, there is something lovely about the whole poem
as there is something lovely in all her writings. The little dog
and the rest of the little fence, and the little fence small

1. "A line of a dog" - Not a frequently employed word
expressing a feeling of the imagination, the dog, the
dog.

of the tall flowers, and one almost is the proud small butterfly.
Another uncollected poem is called: Winter Bird¹.

"My bird, my darling
Calling through the cold afternoon!
Those round bright notes,
Each one so perfect
Shaken from the other and yet
Hanging together in flashing clusters!
The small soft flowers and the ripe fruit,
All are gathered.
It is the season now of nuts and berries
On the frozen grass."

All of K.M.'s poems convey exactly the weather and the time of the year.

.....
It is strange that the poems Mother and Sunset were not included in the book for they are to be found in a great many magazines.

Mother².

"So that mysterious mother, faint with sleep,
And given in her arms her newborn son
And felt upon her bosom the cherished one
Breathe, and stiffen his tiny limbs and weep.
Her arms became as wings folding him over
Into that lovely pleasaunce, and her heart
Beat like a tiny bell: 'He is my lover,
He is my son, and we shall never part--
Never, never, never, never-- But why?'
And she suddenly bowed her head and began to cry."

The construction of the first three lines and of the next-to-last one is peculiar and vague. One notices also the twice-repeated use of one of her favorite poem-words--tiny; and of her love of a son; and of her turning once again to the bird simile.

The next poem contains beautiful words and lines. Once more there is the use of light and shadow, of the sea, of birds and wings. The opening part is K.M. sitting on the shore before the water. The marring note is the "knees" of the waves.

1. New Republic: April 30, 1924
2. New Republic: September 9, 1925

of the tall flowers, and one almost in the crowd small butterfly.
Another unobtrusive one is called: Winter Bird

"My bird, my darling
Call me through the cold at sunset
Those warm bright notes,
Back and so sweet
Shaken from the open and yet
Inching to show in flashing glances
The small soft flower and the ripe fruit,
All are gathered.
It is the speech of birds and berries
On the frozen grass."

All of E.K.'s poems convey exactly the weather and the time of
the year.

It is strange that the poems Winter and Spring were not
included in the book for they are so found in a great many
magazines.

Winter

"So that mysterious morning, faint with snow,
And given in the first few hours of dawn
And left you here the dawn of dawn
Breathes, and whispers his tiny little and weak
But ever known as winter telling his story
Into that lovely landscape, and the heart
Beats like a tiny bell: 'He is my lover,
He is my son, and he will never leave--
Never, never, never--but stay!
And the suddenly dawned day and began to sing."

The connection of the first three lines and of the next two
last one is beautiful and vague. One notices also the winter-

repeated use of one of the favorite poem-words--day; and of the
love of a son; and of her waiting once again to the bird's call.

The next poem contains beautiful words and lines. Once
more there is the use of light and shadow, of the sea, of birds
and wings. The opening part is E.K. sitting on the shore be-
hind the water. The meaning here is the "house" of the water.

the first line: "The first line"
the second line: "The second line"

Sunset

"A beam of light was shaken out of the sky
Onto the brimming tide and there it lay,
Palely tossing like a creature condemned to die
Who has loved the bright day.

'Ah, who are these that wing through the shadowy air?'
She cried, in agony. 'Are they coming for me?'
The big waves croon to her: 'Hush now! There--now--there!
There is nothing to see.'

But her white arms lift to cover her shining head
And she presses close to the waves to make herself small...
On their listless knees the beam of light lies dead,
And the birds of shadow fall."

In the mood of Sorrowing Love is another love poem printed
as by Elizabeth Stanley. It is called Secret Flowers².

"Is love a light for me? A steady light,
A lamp within whose pallid pool I dream
Over old love-books? Or is it a gleam,
A lantern coming towards me from afar
Down a dark mountain? Is my love a star?
Ah me'. So high above--so coldly bright!

The fire dances. Is my love a fire
Leaping down the twilight ruddy and bold?
Nay, I'd be frightened of him. I'm too cold
For quick and eager loving. There's a gold
Sheen on these flower petals as they fold
More truly mine, more like to my desire.

The flower petals fold. They are by the sun
Forgotten. In a shadowy wood they grow
Where the dark trees keep up a to-and-fro
Shadowy waving. Who will watch them shine
When I have dreamed a dream? Ah, darling mine!
Find them, gather them for me one by one."

³
Old-Fashioned Widow's Song is about roses and rain and
sorrow. It is curious that K.M. in her poems uses expressions
like "heal my pain", "crisp and curled" "flag unfurled" "brimming
sea"-- while in the stories the words are perfect.

As Ruth Elvish Mantz, K.M.'s bibliographer, says; "The Old-
Fashioned Widow's Song is rapidly becoming the greatest

1. New Republic: September 16, 1925
2. Athenaeum: August 22, 1919
3. New Republic: September 16, 1925

Chapter

"A beam of light was sent out of the sky
To the bottom of the sea,
And the waves were lit up as if
They had been lit by the light of day."

"And the waves were lit up as if
They had been lit by the light of day,
And the waves were lit up as if
They had been lit by the light of day,
And the waves were lit up as if
They had been lit by the light of day."

"And the waves were lit up as if
They had been lit by the light of day,
And the waves were lit up as if
They had been lit by the light of day,
And the waves were lit up as if
They had been lit by the light of day."

In the room at Northampton is another love poem printed
as of Elizabethan times. It is called Sister's Flower.

"I have a light for you, a steady light,
A light which will not fail and dim,
A light which will not fail and dim,
A light which will not fail and dim,
A light which will not fail and dim,
A light which will not fail and dim."

The light is a light for you, a steady light,
A light which will not fail and dim,
A light which will not fail and dim,
A light which will not fail and dim,
A light which will not fail and dim,
A light which will not fail and dim."

The flower is a light for you, a steady light,
A light which will not fail and dim,
A light which will not fail and dim,
A light which will not fail and dim,
A light which will not fail and dim,
A light which will not fail and dim."

Elizabethan times is a book of poems and ballads

some. It is a book of poems and ballads
some. It is a book of poems and ballads
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"The Old" is a book of poems and ballads

some. It is a book of poems and ballads

1. The Old
2. The New
3. The Old
4. The New
5. The Old
6. The New
7. The Old
8. The New
9. The Old
10. The New

unconsciously perpetrated modern literary hoax through its nine 'first' printings." The genuine first printing was in the Athenaeum for August 22, 1919 as by Elizabeth Stanley. Mr. Murry said: "I had not the faintest recollection of its having been published before." Evidently it failed to impress him.

Old-Fashioned Widow's Song

"She handed me a gay bouquet
Of roses pulled in the rain,
Delicate branches, frail and cold---
Could roses heal my pain?

She smiled: 'Ah, c'est un triste temps!'
I laughed and answered 'Yes',
Pressing the roses in my palms.
How could the roses guess?

She sang, 'Madame est seule?' Her eye
Snapped like a rain-washed berry.
How could the solemn roses tell
Which of us was more merry?

She turned to go; she stopped to chat;
'Adieu', at last she cried.
'Mille mercis pour ces jolies fleurs!'. . .
At that the roses died.

The petals drooped, the petals fell
The leaves hung crisp and curled,
And I stood holding my dead bouquet
In a dead world."

repeatedly repeated Robert's name through the air
'first' 'second'. The name first was in the
repeatedly repeated Robert's name through the air
first 'second'. The name first was in the
repeatedly repeated Robert's name through the air
first 'second'. The name first was in the

Miss Watson's Room

"She looked at a girl's face
It was called in the night,
But she was not, well and good,
And she was not, well and good,

She looked at a girl's face
It was called in the night,
But she was not, well and good,
And she was not, well and good,

She looked at a girl's face
It was called in the night,
But she was not, well and good,
And she was not, well and good,

She looked at a girl's face
It was called in the night,
But she was not, well and good,
And she was not, well and good,

She looked at a girl's face
It was called in the night,
But she was not, well and good,
And she was not, well and good,

KATHERINE MANSFIELD AND SHAKESPEARE

From the time in 1915^{1.} when she wrote in a letter "then I woke up, switched on the light and began to read Venus and Adonis" until the time in 1922^{2.} when she said "I cherish embedded in Twelfth Night a sprig of mignonette from the bush that ran wild", K.M.'s chief reading was William Shakespeare. Nor did she read him "idly". Scarcely a month passes in which she does not mention a play or a poem that she is studying. I shall quote the most interesting comments among these:

"If I hadn't got William Shakespeare, I should be in the ultimate cart, but he reads well to a touch of fever."^{3.}

At a London hotel one evening she found in the library a copy of Martin Eden, but she could not read it. "No, a little Shakespeare makes one's nose too fine for such a rank smeller as Jack London."^{4.}

Her first hemorrhage came as she was quoting Shakespeare--1918; "I woke up early this morning and when I opened the shutters the full round sun was just risen. I began to repeat that verse of Shakespeare's 'Lo, here the gentle lark weary of rest?' and bounded back into bed. The bound made me cough-- I spat--it tasted strange--and it was bright red blood."^{5.}

But next day she was at Shakespeare again, undaunted, merrily quoting Lear's Fool: "'Twas her brother who in pure kindness buttered his horse's hay" and telling Murry that finances didn't make buttering hay admirable just then.^{6.} And after another quotation she writes: "You can't beat that. I adore the English language and that's a fact."^{7.}

1. Letter December 1, 1915
2. Ibid March 24, 1922
3. Ibid December 12, 1915
4. Ibid January 24, 1918
5. Ibid February 19, 1918

6. Ibid February 20, 1918
7. Ibid February 27, 1918

From the year 1793 when she wrote in a letter "I am a

woman, and, therefore, on the right side of the paper, and

as such, I will be the first to say that I have not

in my life been a subject of conversation from the time that

she was a girl, and that she was a woman of letters, and

she read the "Daily Post" and was a member of the club

and was a great deal of company to her in the evening.

And she was a great deal of company to her in the evening.

"In a letter to Mr. Johnson, I should be in the night-

time, but she was well to a point of view."

At a London party one evening she found in the library a

copy of the book, but she could not read it. "No, a little

she had read, and she had read it for some time, and

as such, London."

And she was a great deal of company to her in the evening.

1793: "I was up early this morning and then I opened the

curtains, and the light came in, and I was in the room.

And she was a great deal of company to her in the evening.

And she was a great deal of company to her in the evening.

And she was a great deal of company to her in the evening.

And she was a great deal of company to her in the evening.

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And she was a great deal of company to her in the evening.

And she was a great deal of company to her in the evening.

language and that's a fact."

She feels that the Romantic poets are looped by a "golden loop" to Shakespeare's time. And so linked to Shakespeare's day is she that she cannot think of jam without a proper quotation.^{1.} And she says of herself laughing (yet not wholly laughing): "Pity her--Alas--pour soul! Katherine's curst!"^{2.}

The Winter's Tale was one of her best beloved: "With my meals I am drinking The Winter's Tale -- It's again one of my favorites. It's simply marvellous."^{3.} She was ravished (her word) by it. She studied Shakespeare, every word, "finding what are inkles and caddises" and knowing the sheepshearing scene completely and the rest of the play "almost by heart". Twelfth Night she loved also. The Taming of the Shrew^{4.} she called "deadly" and not by "Bill".

And when Murry sends her The Tempest:
"I do think the Tempest is the most radiant, delicate, exquisite play-- Oh my divine Shakespeare! Oh most blessed genius!"^{5.}
And a little later: "By the way, I do love Sir Toby's saying to Viola 'Come taste your legs, Sir. Put them in motion' when he wanted her to leap and fly. I wish I had a little tiny boy to say that to."^{6.}

^{7.}
In her Journal for 1921 K.M. has eight pages of notes on Shakespearian plays--All's Well That Ends Well, Hamlet, Romeo, and Juliet, Twelfth Night, Anthony and Cleopatra. Her critical comment here is sharp and full of lovely humour. She picks a very weighty sentence to quote: "'When you have spoken it, it lies dead and I am the grave of it.'" She says: "But I could

1. Letter March 4, 1918
2. Jbid March, 1918
3. Jbid } November 22, 1919
January 18, 1920
February 1, 1920
April 7, 1920

4. Letter April 26, 1920
5. Jbid October, 1920
6. Jbid October 30, 1920
7. Journal 1921 pp 202-210

language and style is a law."

She tells that the American people are looking for a "new"

idea to replace the old one. And she refers to the American's

idea to replace the old one. And she refers to the American's

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idea to replace the old one. And she refers to the American's

idea to replace the old one. And she refers to the American's

write a thousand pages about Hamlet." And of the Mad Scene: "If one looks at it with a cold eye, it's really very poor. It depends entirely for its effect upon wispy Ophelia. The cardboard King and Queen are of course only lookers-on. They don't care a halfpenny. I think the queen is privately rather surprised at a verse or two of her songs...And who can believe that a solitary violet withered when that fussy old pomposity died? And who can believe that Ophelia really loved him, and wasn't thankful to think how peaceful breakfast would be without his preaching?"

She says: "The people whom we read as we read Shakespeare are part of our daily lives". That is, the Song of Songs or the Death of Cleopatra have so become part of her that she will never be as she was before she heard them. "One has willingly given one's self to all these things"¹....

In 1921 she writes "I have been reading Shakespeare as usual." She has re-read again A Winter's Tale and it does not seem quite so fine to her. She hates "gentle Hermione". Measure for Measure is newer to her and pleases her immensely.

"M. reads aloud in the evenings and we make notes. There are moments when our life is rather like a school for two.² Even Wingley, the cat, was enthusiastic: "He is now quite settled down, reads Shakespeare with us every night and marks the place in his copy with a dead fly."³

In a letter to Murry in 1922 K.M. quotes a fragment which she had the year before quoted in her Journal and on the theme of which she desired to write a story:⁴

1. Letter May, 1921
2. Letter July 24, 1921
3. Letter August, 1921
4. Letter September 22, 1921
- October 1921
- February 7, 1922

"Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide
To rot itself with motion."

"That is terrible and contains such a deep psychological truth...
the idea of returning and returning, never swept out to sea
finally...I understand that better than I care to. I mean--
alas!--I have proof of it in my own being."

She rereads The Tempest and it astonishes her. "When one
reads the same play again it is never the same play."

And in February of that last year: "Wrote at my story,
read Shakespeare. Read Goethe, thought, prayed." It was as
if she did everything there is to do, that day.

1. Journal January 3, 1922
January 6, 1922
January 13, 1922
2. Journal February 5, 1922

K.M. and the Other Poets

"But the more poetry one reads the more one longs to read!"¹
cried Katherine Mansfield. And read on.

The Oxford Book of English Verse was often beside her.²
Sometimes it pleased her, especially by the earliest poems in it. But on the whole she was dismayed by it. "Except for Shakespeare and Marvell and just a handful of others it seems to me to be a mass of falsity. Musically speaking hardly anyone seems to even understand what the middle of the note it." But once, when a cousin picked up the book and said: "'There are some quite pretty things here, dear. Who are they by?" K.M. pretended not to hear.

She was fond of Thomas Wyatt, mentioning particularly "They flee from me who sometimes me did seek" and "Vis puellis nuper idoneus". "My strike!" wrote K.M. of that, "It's a rare good 'un."³

Her letters are full of bits and snatches of quotations as they are suggested to her by things outside her window pane or things inside her mind.

In 1921 Chaucer captivated her. Before that year she mentioned him once only: "I was worrying madly over a nice name for a cow in bed last night. I wanted first to call it Chaucer; then I thought Edmund Spenser and only after I had ranged up and down for a long time did I remember that a cow was feminine." But when she took him seriously and read him carefully it was different. "But the personality--the reality of the man! How

- 1. Letters October, 1921
- 2. Letters December 9, 1915
December 30, 1919
November 13, 1919
- 3. Letters March 8, 1918
March 16, 1918

his impatience, his pleasure, the very tone rings through. It's a deep delight to read. Chaucer and Marlowe are my two at present." ¹ She adds quickly that the two are not to be compared. She has just read Hero and Leander. "That's incredibly lovely. But how extremely amusing Chapman's finish is! Taking that magical poem and putting it into a bodice and skirt." And later she says "I find that if I stick to men like Chaucer and Shakespeare and Marlowe and even Tolstoi I keep much nearer what I want to do than if I confuse things with reading a lot of lesser men." ²

One other mention of the Canterbury pilgrim: "Have you read his Troilus and Cressid lately? It is simply perfect. I have a passion for Chaucer just now."

The other early poets mentioned by her are "old Father Abraham Cowley (The Wish) ³ and Thomas Randolph whose Ode to one Anthony Stafford delighted her." ⁴

.....

Wordsworth was one of her special ones. "But I understand Wordsworth and his sister and Coleridge. They're fixed, they're true, they're calm." ⁵ Great Men Have Been Among Us was the sonnet she agreed with. She and Murry correspond about poets: ⁶ "Well, well! The heap of dead ones that we have thrown over. But ah, the ones that remain! All the English poets. I see Wordsworth, par exemple, so honest and living and pure."

Dorothy Wordsworth's Journal was something she read often. It comforted her, perhaps, the brother and sister living so

1. Letter May 1921
June, 1921
2. Letter June 20, 1921
3. Letter March 1, 1918
4. Letter March 5, 1918

5. Letter May 21, 1918
Letter Journal, 1914
January 16, 1918
January 26, 1918
6. Letter March 10, 1918

his imagination, his vision, the very tone of his thought.
It's a deep delight to read. The power and beauty are not at
present. The reader knows that the two are not to be separated.
The two last years have been a delight. "That's incredibly lovely."
But how extremely sensitive Chaucer's English is! Feeling that
artistic power and feeling it into a body and a life. And
later the same "I find that if I stick to the Chaucer and
Shakespeare and Milton and even Coleridge I shall have a very
I want to do that if I continue to read with a lot of
interest."

One other mention of the Canterbury pilgrims: "Have you
read the Travels and Travels lately? It is simply perfect. I
have a feeling for Chaucer just now."
The other early book mentioned in the "old letter"
Arthur's Travels (the Travels) and Travels under the to one
Anthony Griffiths delighted me.

.....
Chaucer was one of the great ones. "But I understand
Chaucer and his sister and his father. They're fixed.
They're true, they're calm." Great too have been known to be
the great and the great. She and her husband and her
sister. Well, well! The day of the day that we know
over. But all the more that we know! All the more that we know.
I see Chaucer, the example, so honest and simple and true.
How the Chaucer's journal was something she read often.
It comforted her. Perhaps, the brother and sister living so

1. Chaucer's Travels 1711
2. Chaucer's Travels 1711
3. Chaucer's Travels 1711
4. Chaucer's Travels 1711
5. Chaucer's Travels 1711
6. Chaucer's Travels 1711
7. Chaucer's Travels 1711
8. Chaucer's Travels 1711
9. Chaucer's Travels 1711
10. Chaucer's Travels 1711

quietly and being quite well. "Oh they did have a good life!"

.....

Shelley is mentioned in her letters five times. Four of these comments come in 1918 and these four all include reference to his poem The Question or to the lovely phrase from it, "moonlight coloured May". She excitedly begs Murry to read the poem: "Oh do read it--this moment" and has learned it by heart. "It is very exquisite, I think. Shelley and Keats I get more and more attached to."²

The Question is a five stanza poem beginning:

"I dreamed that as I wandered by the way
Ere winter suddenly was changed to Spring"....

All spring flowers blossom, the poet makes a nosegay of these "visionary flowers", holds it tightly, joyfully:

"And then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it!--Oh! to whom?"

.....

Of Keats she writes four times.³ Once this, in her Journal (I wonder why): "Keats to Fanny Brawne: 'To be happy with you seems such an impossibility! It requires a luckier star than mine! It will never be...The world is too brutal for me.'"

Another time, disappointed in the Keats Memorial volume: "But there's a letter by Keats in it--so full of power, gaiety, 'fun', that it mocks the book as he would have mocked it."

.....

In a letter⁴ there is a quotation of a poem by Emily Bronte.

1. letters May 1918

June 16, 1918

2. letters February 16, 21, 1918

March, 1918

May 17, 1918

3. letters January 4, 1921

February 20, 23 1918

March 14, 1921

4. letters June 27, 1919

entirely and quite calm. "Oh they did have a good time!"

.....

Barber is mentioned in her letters five times. Four of these comments come in 1918 and those four all concern her. One to his son The Question on the forty-second from it, "What a beautiful day". The "excellent" day "very to read the news: "Oh for me it is a dream" and as I heard it by heart. It is very beautiful, I think. Barber and I are not now and never shall be."

The Question is a fine piece of writing:

"I understand as I was told by the way
and what exactly was written to Barber".....

All other things Barber, the best writer & possibly of those

"excellent" things, holds it tightly, joyfully:

"Now then, dear and my
I wanted to the spot where I had come
That I should be so near it! - Oh! so happy!"

.....

On these are written four times. Once this, in her journal
"I wonder why: 'dear to my father' to be happy with you
seems such an impossibility! It seems a foolish idea then
that it is never so... The world is too cruel for me."
Another time, it is written in the same beautiful manner:
"Oh there's a letter to Barber in it - so full of love, really,
that it makes me wish the book had no words at all."

.....

In a letter there is a quotation of a poem by Emily

3. Barber from the 1918
Barber from the 1918
Barber from the 1918
Barber from the 1918

1. Barber from the 1918
Barber from the 1918
Barber from the 1918
Barber from the 1918

"Forgive me if I've shunned so long
Your gentle greeting, earth and air..."

K.M. loved it because the writer is not "Emily disguised" but the real Emily. K.M. says that one of the chief reasons for one's dissatisfaction with modern poetry is our doubt whether the man writing believes what he writes or no. "It is so tiring, isn't it, never to leave the Masked Ball--never never."

.....

At one time Murry read Swinburne and Hardy aloud to her.
She preferred Hardy--infinitely.

Of Swinburne: "I suspect those green buds of sin and those grey fruits of shame."

Of Hardy: "How exquisite, how marvellous some of those poems are! They are almost intolerably near to one."

.....

Of the modern poets,^{2.} Lawrence, and De la Mare were her very good friends. Her letters to Lawrence which would have been important have never been published. Nor are there many comments on him. She thought a tremendous deal of Walter De la Mare. Sometimes she named him with Tchekhov in her Journal. He was one "who shares my joy in the silent word."^{3.} The adjective she associates with him and his poems is "haunting". She mentions expressly two poems of his--one in his book The Veil and Other Poems (K.M. was at the time writing her own story Taking the Veil) beginning:

"Why has the rose faded and fallen
And these eyes have not seen..."

"It haunts me. But it is a state of mind I know so terribly

- 1. Letters October 1921
- 2. Letters - see letter to Blunden, p. 455
- 3. Letters October, 1920
February 2, 1921

"I'm glad to hear
you're getting on all right."

"I'm glad to hear it because the other is not 'really' finished," but
the real thing. I'm glad to hear of the other because the
other is a 'real' thing with a 'real' heart. It is not just
the one which is 'finished' but the one which is 'real' and 'true'.
Yes, I'm glad to hear of the other because it is 'real' and 'true'."

.....

At the time when the other was 'real' and 'true' it was

the 'real' thing which was 'real' and 'true'.

Of course, I suspect that some of the other things which
were 'real' and 'true' were 'real' and 'true'.

Of course, I suspect that some of the other things which
were 'real' and 'true' were 'real' and 'true'.

.....

Of the other things, I suspect that some of the other things which

were 'real' and 'true' were 'real' and 'true'.

Yes, I'm glad to hear of the other because it is 'real' and 'true'.

Of course, I suspect that some of the other things which

were 'real' and 'true' were 'real' and 'true'.

Yes, I'm glad to hear of the other because it is 'real' and 'true'.

Of course, I suspect that some of the other things which

were 'real' and 'true' were 'real' and 'true'.

Yes, I'm glad to hear of the other because it is 'real' and 'true'.

Of course, I suspect that some of the other things which

were 'real' and 'true' were 'real' and 'true'.

Yes, I'm glad to hear of the other because it is 'real' and 'true'.

Of course, I suspect that some of the other things which

1. I'm glad to hear of the other because it is 'real' and 'true'.
2. I'm glad to hear of the other because it is 'real' and 'true'.
3. I'm glad to hear of the other because it is 'real' and 'true'.
4. I'm glad to hear of the other because it is 'real' and 'true'.

well--that regret for what one has not seen and felt--for what has passed by unheeded. Life is only given one and then I waste it." ¹

The other is the child's poem The Three Mulla-Mulgars. She writes to Murry: "Do get it and read it to any infants you know." ²

....

There remains T. S. Eliot. Her critical opinion of him in 1919 is that he is finding himself in his "analysis of caricature". ³ In 1922 ⁴ "I think Prufrock by far and away the most interesting and the best modern poem."

Thus K.M. and the other poets.

1. Letter: January 1922
 2. Ibid July 24, 1921
 3. Ibid November 19, 1919
 4. Ibid August 24, 1922

Analysis of Early Stories

In A German Pension

In 1911 there appeared this book, In a German Pension, Katherine Mansfield's first. She was then twenty-three years old. The stories had been written between 1909-11 and had appeared in The New Age. She was very young when she wrote the pieces comprising the book--and alone--and ill in Germany; these things must be taken into consideration when one passes judgment on her "cynicism". The book was quite successful but the publisher became bankrupt and no royalties were forthcoming. Murry says^{1.} she was not terribly disappointed and became even hostile to her first book. "It represented to her a phase of youthful bitterness and crude cynicism which she desired to disown forever. How alien to herself she considered it may be judged from the fact that at the outbreak of the war with Germany, when one or two publishers made her attractive offers for the right of republishing it, she steadily refused, although she badly needed money...but nothing would induce her to make 500 lbs. by republishing In a German Pension, partly because she thought the book itself unworthy but even more as I remember, because she thought it unworthy of herself to take advantage of the odium into which Germany had fallen."

In 1920 when Bliss appeared successfully she was urged to republish her first book. She wrote:^{2.} "I cannot have The German Pension reprinted under any circumstance. It is far too immature and I don't even acknowledge it today. I mean I don't hold by

1. J.M. Murry: Introduction to In a German Pension
2. letter 1920

In A German Journal

In 1911 there appeared this book, In A German Journal,
Katherine Berlinski's first. The two thin leather-bound
vols. The book was first written between 1909-11 and had
appeared in the year 1911. The two very young and the book
was placed containing the book-ends-also-also in Germany;
these things that he taken into consideration when he passed
the point on his "analysis". The book was quite successful but
the publisher's name omitted and no royalties were forthcoming.
Every day she was not heavily disappointed and became even
hostile to her first book. "It is presented to me a chance of
getting a historical and whole analysis which she desired to dis-
cuss however. The editor to be left the considered it not as
large from the first but at the request of the editor it was
and was at the publisher's made but a tentative offer for the
right of republication it, was finally refused, although she
could afford money... but not for such a large sum as she had
for by republication in a German Journal, early because she
thought the book itself worthy but even more as a reminder,
because she thought it worthy of itself to the advantage of
the editor who was called "The Editor".

In 1910 also Early Studies appeared successfully and was given to
Berlinski her first book. The words: "I cannot have the German
legal authorities under my circumstances. It is for too long
and I don't even understand it today. I want I don't hold it

1. Early Studies
2. In A German Journal

it. I can't go foisting that kind of stuff on the public. It's not good enough... It's positively juvenile and besides that, it's not what I mean; it's a lie. Oh no, never!"

And later, when Mr. Murry told her she could not deliberately disown her own work, she said: "But I must write an introduction saying it is early, early work, or just that it was written between certain years because you know, Betsy, it's nothing to be proud of. If you didn't advise me I should drop it overboard. But of course I'll do the other thing and certainly it airs one's name. But why isn't it better? It makes me simply hang my head. I'll have to forge ahead and get another one written, that's all."

But she died too soon, and it was not till 1926 that In a German Pension without her introduction, was republished.

There are 13 stories. Nearly all deal with the aloof little English girl recuperating at the German watering-place and making dainty, sarcastic fun of the food, the baths, the quantities of babies.

In Germans at Meat the guests at the hotel are at dinner, the Germans talking of their health, their babies, and their baths to the disgust of the fastidious K. who fails to prick 'em with her little daggers. Gems from it: "He tucked his napkin into his collar and blew upon his soup as he spoke: 'No at nine o'clock I make myself an English breakfast, but not much. Four slices of bread, two eggs, two slices of cold ham, one plate of soup, two cups of tea,-- that is nothing to you!' He asserted the fact so vehemently that I had not the courage to refute it."

1. The new life of K.M. (Maudy & Murry) discloses the hitherto concealed facts of K.M.'s baby, born prematurely and dead, in Bavaria. K.M. was very ill at times and during her recovery wrote In a German Pension. We now understand her attitude at this time toward childhood.

Or this. The widow has been picking her teeth with her hair-pin and replacing it in her pug she talks of babies: "'A friend of mine had four at the same time. Her husband was so pleased he gave a supper party and had them placed on the table.'"

The next story is called The Baron. "'Who is he?' I said. 'And why does he sit always alone, with his back to us, too?'

'Ah!' whispered the Frau Oberregierungsrat, 'he is a Baron!' ...The members of the Pension are terribly proud of the little man. He gives the place tone. He comes every year! He always carries a little black bag and one knows nothing about him. One rainy evening the English girl meets him at the postoffice and he invites her to share his umbrella. She longs to know why he carries the black bag. Voluntarily he tells her: "'I fear,' he said, 'that my luggage will be damp. I invariably carry it with me in this bag--one requires so little--for servants are untrustworthy.'

He tells her he eats alone so he may eat more. 'And what do you do all day?' 'I imbibe nourishment in my room.'...

The guests are all friendly to the English girl that evening.

The Baron, however, departs next day."

The Sister of the Baroness shows the Pension in ecstasies over the news of the intended arrival of the dumb daughter of Baroness von Gall. The talk for days is of nothing but royalty. The little girl (an unattractive one with unwashed ears) and a young lady who says she is the Baroness' sister come. All are charmed. The young poet-boarder goes so far as to write 10

to this. The widow has been playing her hand well since
his and is thinking in her own mind of her future.
of which had been at the same time. The husband was so pleased
he gave a proper party and had them placed on the table."

The next story is called The Widow. "Who is that I tell
and why does he sit always alone, with his back to us, poor?

'And' answered the first doctor, 'he is a widow.
...The widow of the doctor who was killed in the battle

and. He gives her place now. He comes every year. He always
carries a little black dog and one brown dog. About him. One

thing strikes me. The little girl looks at the portrait and
he looks at her. He looks at her. He looks at her. He looks at her.

is called 'The Widow'. Voluntarily he tells me: "I tell,
he said, 'that my husband will be dead. I inevitably carry it

with me in this bag--the widow's little--the widow's
little--the widow's little--the widow's little--the widow's little--

he tells me he will come to my aid. 'And what do you
do all day?' 'I look at the picture and in my room.'...

The widow and the doctor are the only people who are
the doctor, however, 'the widow' day."

The story of the widow is the widow in each of
over the years of the intended arrival of the doctor's daughter.

between the two. The little girl is of noble and noble
the little girl has been brought up with the widow's care and

young lady who sits in the doctor's study now. All the
there. The young girl's mother was so kind to her in

stanzas to the sister:

"Ah, will you to a convent fly,
So young, so fresh, so fair?
Spring like a doe upon the fields
And find your beauty there."

Even Katherine is inspired:

"They sway and languish dreamily
And we, close-pressed, are kissing there.."

"Close-pressed did not sound at all fascinating. Savoured of wardrobes." But alas, the Baroness pays a surprise visit to her child and the "sister" turns out to be the Baroness's dress-maker's daughter.

.....
Frau Fischer is a widow who comes to the Pension Muller each July for a treat. There she flirts with the Herr Rat who is 67. This year when she arrives, Frau Fischer greets the Pension owner and her 5 daughters who stand on the steps. "'Bertha,' turning to the youngest of the 5, 'how changed! What a bust! Frau Hartmann I congratulate you.'" All the inmates of the Pension are discussed. Finally, curious about the English girl, the Frau comes to her room to "squeeze her dry like a sponge"-- she admits it. The English girl pretends her husband is a seacaptain and receives the widow's sympathy: "'Handfuls of babies, that is what you are really in need of,' mused Frau Fischer.. 'Think of his delight and excitement when he saw you!'" She decides to "wreck her virgin conception and send him down somewhere off Cape Horn." The ending is in the style of K.M.'s stories-to-be: "She squeezed my hand, but I did not squeeze back."

Next comes Frau Brechenmacher Attends a Wedding. Frau and

Herr Brechenmacher (the postman) married 10 years and parents of 5, are off to a wedding at the Gasthaus. In the Festsaal the Butcher's wife nudges her: 'My dear your skirt is open at the back. We could not help laughing as you walked up the room with the white tape of your petticoat showing!' ..Theresa, the bride, has her freeborn child along with her. The father was a traveling salesman who disappeared, and Theresa is said to hate the intended.

'Nice time she'll have with him,' Frau Rupp exclaimed. 'He was lodging with me last summer and I had to get rid of him. He never changed his clothes once in two months and when I spoke to him of the smell in his room he told me he was sure it floated up from the shop.'" ... At home again, the Frau remembers her own wedding-night. So does her husband--he begins to joke, but she stops him. "'Always the same,' she said-- 'All over the world the same; but God in heaven--how stupid.'"

At the start of The Modern Soul the Herr Professor eats cherries and talks to the English girl. He spits the stones into the flower-bed, proud of his feat. 'One day the garden bed will become an orchard grove and I shall allow you to pick as much as you please.' Then the Godowskas--mother and daughter- come from Vienna. Sonia, the daughter, is an actress and a modern soul. Both Sonia and her mama speak very disparagingly of England. That evening in the Alon Sonia, the Professor and others take part in a benefit concert for Catholic infants. Sonia recites; the Professor praises her extravagantly,

last Wednesday (the morning) hurried to your and friends of
it, and all were wedding at the same time. In the morning the
father's wife came out: "My dear son, what is going on?
back. We cannot help anything as you wait up the road with
the white flag of your religion!" .. The next day
the bride, and the father, which is the same. The father is
a travelling salesman and is married, and the son is said to
be the intended.

"This time I'll have a son," the father exclaimed. "I
am looking for a last chance and I had to get rid of him.
He never changed his choice once in his life and when I spoke
to him of the small in his room he told me he was sure it fitted
up from the top." ... He now again, the first time, the
wedding night. He does not understand the father's plan, but
the same day. "Always the same," the wife said, "all over the
world the same; but God in heaven--how stupid!"

At the start of the father's son, the father's son
married and lived in the English girl. He was the first
into the flower-bed, and of his last. "Look up the father
and will become an ordinary person and I shall allow you to pick
as much as you please." The father's son and
daughter came from Vienna. Son's, the daughter, is an actress
and a modern soul. Son's son and his wife speak very distinct
English of England. That evening in the first son's, the father
son and daughter were in a private concert for Catholic in-
tended. Son's father; the father's son was extremely

calling her the flower in the heart of a lily. Sonia asks the English girl to promenade with her after Mama retires. Her mother, she says, is her Tragedy. The English girl tactlessly suggests Sonia marry the professor to her mama and Sonia, outraged at the cruelty of the suggestion, faints. The professor rushes to her and next day takes her on an excursion.

At Lehmann's is the story of young Sabrina, servant at Lehmann's Cafe. It is the busy season and Mrs. Lehmann is going to have a baby, so Sabrina is kept running. A young man comes in for a drink, shows her the picture of a naked girl who looks like her, asks her how she'd like to have her picture taken so. He promises to come back next day. He does--- and catches hold of her hand into the bargain. 'Look here!', he said roughly. 'Are you a child or are you playing at being one?' But she is really a child. He places his hands on her breast when she suddenly hears the screams of Mrs. Lehmann having her baby. 'Ach!'. shrieked Sabrina, rushing from the room."

The Luft Bad is a short sketch describing a few of the queer ducks at the bath. It opens and closes on the unifying note of umbrellas. 'When I was admitted into the enclosure for the first time I saw my fellow bathers walking about very nearly in the naked, it struck me that umbrellas gave a distinctly Little Black Sambo touch.' At the end: "The umbrellas are the saving grace of the Luft Bad...Now, when I go, I take my husband's storm gamp and sit in a corner, hiding behind it."

Andreas Binzer in A Birthday is a sort of earlier Reginald

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Peacock. 'I'm too sensitive for a man--that's what's the matter with me.' He is lazy, cross, inconsiderate. His wife is in process of having a third baby. Andreas feels aggrieved and "suffers" for her. He thinks his wife dying. But when the doctor cries: "Well, she's hooked a boy this time," he glows all over as if it were he who had done it all.

Almost a fairy tale and better than the blunter, broader German stories is The-Child-Who-Was-Tired. It is about a little half-witted slavey child tired unto death of caring for the Frau's many, wet, crying babies. She dreams of a little white road with tall black trees. But they never let her sleep. The baby cries, cries, and the Frau is soon to have another. And suddenly the little girl "had a beautiful marvellous idea". "You'll not cry any more or wake up in the night. Funny, little ugly baby." And then gently smiling, on tiptoe, she brought the pink bolster from the Frau's bed and covered the baby's face with it, pressed with all her might as he struggled like a duck with its head off, wriggling."

There is beauty and great pity in this short tale. It reminds of her later writing, especially At the Bay.

.....

The pensioners are going on a picnic and Frau Kellermann has invited The Advanced Lady. Elsa and Fritz, lovers, are going. Herr Langen the bitter young man is going, and little Karl Kellermann, and the English girl, and all the others. As in each of the stories someone belittles the English as K.M. belittles the Germans-- e.g. The Advanced Lady, speaking of the

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English Wells of Thought, says: "From what I have read I do not think they are very deep wells." She is writing a novel on the Modern Woman. Women, she believes, should give to all, should sacrifice themselves. "And there you have the idea of my book--that woman is nothing but a gift."

They stop at an Inn, eat sourmilk and bread and ride back in the Landlord's cart.

The Swing of the Pendulum, and The Blaze which follows, need not have been written with a German setting. In this they are unlike the other stories in the book and are precursors of her later stories.

Viola hasn't the rent for the cruel landlady who brings her a note from her lover, Casimir, who will come at 3 to spend the afternoon with her. Viola is half-angry at him. She washes her head in a basin and experiments with drowning herself in the basin,--when a stranger comes to the door seeking a lady who doesn't live there. The man looks happy, wellfed, dependable. He goes at once. Viola thinks of him--thinks her affair with Casimir all a mistake. But she won't go to Casimir. Where should she go? 'There was Nowhere' (cf Ma Parker). She puts on a white gown and goes to the door. The stranger is still in the passage and wants to finish his cigarette in her room. The room suddenly seems full of the scent of hyacinths.

But suddenly she thinks he looks silly and stupid; she wants him to go. He offers her 200 marks to kiss her, but she cries for him to clear out and when he tries to pull her to the bed she bites his hand and he flees. ~~Now she wishes it were~~

3 o'clock and feels terribly well disposed toward Casimir.

.....

A Blaze is the story of a triangle. Max and Victor are good friends. Elsa, Victor's wife, has caused Max to fall in love with her. Victor sends Max to tell Elsa he won't be in till later. She won't allow Max to touch her; he really loves her and calls her more ungenerous than a prostitute because she gives him nothing. "Do you suppose that now you've finally lighted your bonfire you are going to find it a peaceful and pleasant thing--you are going to prevent the whole house from burning?" She admits the truth of his argument. He asks, "Well, what will happen now?" "I haven't the slightest idea. I never have--I just let things occur..."

And when her husband comes she embraces him, says Max bored her, and is entrancing in her white velvet gown. "God! What a woman you are!" cries Victor. 'You make me so infernally proud, dearest that I... I tell you.'

.....

The trouble with the book is that in all but 3 stories--A Blaze, The-Child-Who-Was-Tired, The-Swing-of-the-Pendulum--the author's personality intrudes itself, a bit too cocky and very young.

SOMETHING CHILDISH BUT VERY NATURAL

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Written in Germany 1798-9

If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear.
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids:
So I love to wake ere break of day;
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet while tis dark one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.

REVEREND CHURCHES! BUT THEY HAVE

BEEN TAKEN TO THE

WINDS OF THE

If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathered bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear,
But I'm not like those who fly,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly;
I'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own,
But then one wakes, and there we lie
All alone.

Sleep stays not, though a narrow bed;
So I love to wake and break of day;
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet while the dark and quiet night
And still dreams on.

The Little Girl and other Stories (English edition called Something Childish but Very Natural).

The Little Girl is a collection of 25 stories published in 1924, the year after K.M.'s death. The collection contains a number of very early pieces and two late ones. Murry says: "Sixpence was excluded from The Garden Party and Other Stories by Katherine Mansfield because she thought it 'sentimental': Poison was excluded because I thought it was not wholly successful. I have since changed my mind; it now seems to me a little masterpiece." In other words, the book is now composed of nearly all the stories that were deemed not quite good enough to go into the earlier volumes. But some of them are good. And they show the beginnings of what became K.M.'s own remarkable style.

The Tiredness of Rosabel (1908) was written when she was 19. It is extremely well done. It is the story of a little millinery-shop girl who comes home one rainy night, tired and dragged, to her dingy room and dreams herself in the place of the wealthy young lady on whom she waited that day. Rosabel's desire for love is like Beryl's later -- or like any girl's. Only in the concluding sentence, because of its philosophy, do we become aware of the writer's extreme youth. "And because her heritage was that tragic optimism which is all too often the only inheritance of youth, still half asleep, she smiled with a little nervous tremor round her mouth."

The wonderful choice of descriptive detail, the ability to

tell the significance of very little things, the power of making fun of people kindly, and the touch of faery already belonged to K. M.

How Pearl Button Was Kidnapped (1910) is also evidently by a young one. Pearl Button has a lovely name. Katherine Mansfield dealt lovingly with her people's names, as writers should. Pearl Button is a little girl who is delighted with her kidnappers, two fat, soft, gaily dressed gipsies. Pearl is pleased as punch to go barefoot, eat fruit, sleep on soft bosoms, and have no fuss at all. When the policemen come she hates going back to civilization's captivity. But Pearl is too obviously wise for her years. She has not yet become Kezia. The thought is very nice here, for example, but Pearl wouldn't have said it:

"'Haven't you got any Houses of Boxes' she said. 'Don't you all live in a row? Don't the men go to offices? Aren't there are nasty things?'"

A Journey to Bruges and A Truthful Adventure, both 1910, are really descriptions of the journey and of her adventures -- that of meeting unenthusiastically an old classmate-- at Bruges. These two stories are unimportant save as they show her growing mastery of satire and of noting the ironical things occurring. All the people, glimpsed by her once but unforgotten, are beautifully described. Young Katherine is still a bit fond of stating philosophies in a slightly dogmatic way. Once she conquers this her writing becomes what it later is. The stories

1. The houses in New Zealand were square, wooden -- like boxes.

...the significance of very little things, the power of making
...of people kindly, and the touch of heavy things belonged
to it.

How Pearl Harbor was discovered (1941) is also obviously
... Pearl Harbor was a lovely name. ...
... Pearl Harbor is a little girl who is delighted with
... Pearl Harbor, too late, early dressed ...
... as given to the harbor, and ...
... and have no loss at all. ...
... going back to civilization's captivity. ...
... obviously wise for her ...
... the thought is very nice here, for example, but Pearl Harbor's
have said it:

"...you got the Harbor of ..."
... live in a way ...
... and many others."

A Journey to Europe and a Personal Adventure, both 1940,
... the really descriptive of the journey and of the adventures --
... that of meeting ...
... These two stories are ...
... mastery of ...
... All the people, ...
... ...
... ...
... ...

... the ...

are a snapshot of what she had later to cope with-- hotels and bedrooms and flight and hotels and hotels.

New Dresses (1910) has always seemed to me the one printed story of K.M.'s that fails. Why? It is hard to say. Perhaps because there is an attempt at plot. The children, Helen and Rose, are far less real than any of her other children. Rose is the bossy Isabel type. Helen lacks charm. The boy-baby is perhaps an earlier Burnell boy and the grandma an earlier but exceedingly ineffectual Mrs. Fairfield. As for Mrs. Carsfield, she is a horrid mother. She likes her daughter Rose but not Helen and this dislike is made manifest in every way-- even to the omission of lace on Helen's cuffs so that the dresses may be told apart. Helen tears her new green cashmere on the swing and fearfully hides it at the bottom of Dr. Malcolm's satchel. The Doctor brings it to the grandmother while the rest of the family is out, his sister having mended it to save Helen a beating. The old woman is sorry he returned it, for "Helen would have forgotten the whipping by tomorrow morning and I'd promised her a new doll..." So everyone is thwarted.

I suppose that The Woman At the Store resulted from K.M.'s trip in the Australian brush. It is a strange, rather terrible thing for a girl to have written. It is exceedingly well done-- and full of much horrid description.

The writer and two men--Jo and Jim-- are travelling on horse through the bush. It is very hot and dry, the horse is sick, the three travellers parched and wan. They make for a

are a snapshot of what the had later to come with-- hotels and
bedrooms and light and hotels.

New business (1910) has always seemed to me the one printed

story of M. M.'s time in life. Why? It is hard to say. Per-
haps because there is an attempt at style. The children, Helen

and Rose, are far less real than any of her other children.

Rose is the best-looking type. Helen is a rather

baby is perhaps an earlier beautiful boy and the grandpa an

earlier but exceedingly intelligent man. Fairfield. As for

Mr. Fairfield, she is a horrible woman. She likes her daughter

more but not Helen and this dislike is made manifest in every

way-- even to the omission of lace on Helen's cuffs so that the

dress may be sold when. Helen wears her new green cashmere

on the same and fearfully hides it at the bottom of her girl-

color's basket. The doctor brings it to the grandmother while

the rest of the family is out, his sister having handed it to

her Helen's basket. The old woman is sorry he returned it.

for "Helen would have forgotten the keyring by tomorrow morn-

ing and I'd promised her a new doll..." So everyone is thwarted.

I suppose that the woman As the story resulted from M. M.'s

trip in the Australian bush. It is a strange, rather terri-

ble thing for a girl to have written. It is exceedingly well

done-- and full of such horrible description.

The writer and two men--Jo and Jim-- are travelling on

horse through the bush. It is very hot and dry, the horse is

sick, the three travellers parched and dead. What more for a

store owned by a woman once young and fair but who now looks like a half crazed scarecrow, still young; her child, six years old with mangy, fleabitten dog for a playfellow, is a "mean undersized brat with whitish hair and weak eyes." Like the younger Kelvey she is named Else. The child spends her days in art, drawing with a pencil stub on bits of butter paper. The woman says her husband has gone away shearing. When everyone is in bed-- Jo with the woman, the little girl "Ter spite Mumma for shutting me up 'ere with you two" draws "the one she'd shoot me if I did. Don't care!" She draws a picture of her mother shooting her father and then burying him.

This story brought Murry to K.M.

Ole Underwood (1912) is another grim and gruesome thing. This and The Woman at the Store and Millie are queer stories to have been written by one whose later things are full of young girls and peaceful children and flowers. The vigor of youth, possibly...

Ole Underwood, mad, with a hammer beating in his breast and in his head--beating more furiously because of a high wind--was a sailor once and killed a man for harming his woman. He was imprisoned for 20 years. "Cracked!" says a man, spitting. "'E's 'armless enough.'" There's a touch of Pat in him too for "gold rings gleamed in his ears." As he roams a little grey cat tread delicately to him and rubs against his sleeve. He picks it up and when he reaches the sewer opening at the wharves tosses the kitten in. He comes to a ship, enters a

1. The new Life (Marko Murry) discloses the fact that Ole was a madman who chased the children of K.M.'s district to school. The father had him imprisoned.

— and also that they are not (as I have said) just in the
 hands of the people of the world of the future —

cabin where a man is sleeping with Ole's woman's picture smiling down at the sleeping man. Ole is mad, all right. I suppose he kills the man. Only--30 years...would he have remembered his woman so long?

The Little Girl has been called by a critic 'the story of her relations with her father'. I don't think so. I think it is just a story. Kezia, all unknowing, tears up some of Father's papers to stuff a pincushion with for his birthday surprise. He slaps her palms with a ruler. 'What did Jesus make Fathers for?' she sobs and only the Mansfield Granma can comfort her. Queries: Is Alice the same Alice of At the Bay? Are the McDonalds an Irish version of the Samuel Josephs?

One day Mother is ill and Grandmother takes her to town. Kezia has a nightmare and father takes her to his bed. In his sleep he seems less formidable. And Kezia, who talks beautifully but too philosophically, nor yet quite like a little girl, says: "My head's on your heart; I can hear it going. What a big heart you've got, Father dear."

It is a very effective ending.

One critic asks: "But I just wondered if what she heard was not at least in part the still accelerated beating of her own frightened heart. And I wonder if the love and care which she so generously credited to it were not also by pathetic fallacy a mere reflection of her own feelings as they might have been under similar circumstances."

Millie (1913) is a story of joy in the chase, glee in

1. G. Hubbard *Seventeen* 1913 July, 1927 - K.M. and Kezia

...with a man is identical with Olo's woman's picture
...down at the ... Olo is dead, all right. I
...the little girl ... would to have
...woman to ...

The little girl has been called by a critic 'the story of
her relations with her father'. I don't think so. I think
it is just a story. ... seems to come of
... for his birthday
... He says her ...
... the ...
... Is Alice the same Alice of 'At the Bay'?
... the ...

One day ...
... in his
... and ...
... like a little girl
... what a
... heart ...

It is a very effective ending.
... But I just wondered if what she heard
was not at least in part the still accelerated beating of her
own frightened heart. ...
... she so generously credited to it were not also by pathetic
... as they might
... have been under similar circumstances."
... is a story of joy in the chase, given in

capturing and hunting down. Millie saves and shelters the hunted young man but when the community is hot on his trail she changes sides. "And at the sight of Harrison in the distance and the three men hot after, a strange, mad joy smothered everything else. She rushed into the road--she laughed and shrieked and danced in the dust, jiggling the lantern. "A-ah! Arter 'im, Sid! A-a-a-h (Ketch him, Willie. Go it! Go it! A-ah Sid! Shoot 'im down. Shoot 'im!'"

Much later, in A Married Man's Story, K.M. has the hero voice this creed that explains Millie's act: "For there is-- I swear there is-- in the very best of us--something that leaps up and cries "A-ah-h!" for joy at the thought of destroying".

Pension Seguin (1913) is like the Bruges stories a description of K.M. roomhunting in a foreign country. She takes a room at the Pension Seguin because it seems to her that a place in which the mistress will take time to cover everything with crocheted white mats like snowflakes must be quiet and restful. But the place is Babel. It is full of people-- musicians studying at the conservatory, singing and practising all day, Madame's lively children, the mad baby... "He is nervous. Only think of it! He passes the whole day banging his little head against the floor and walls. The doctor cannot understand it at all." The story is a little like K's adventures in the German Pension. She is right in theory--about the mats, that is, they designate quiet. But it is not Madame Seguin who made them. They are made by her friend Madame Kummer who has the

capturing and hunting down. Willie waves and shouts the

hunted young man but when the community is not on his trail

she changes sides. "And at the sight of William in the

distance and the three men not after, a strange, mad joy

anothered everything else. She rushed into the room--she

leaped and swirled and danced in the dust, flinging the

leaves. "A-ah! After him, after him, after him, after him,

Go! Go! Go! A-ah! Shoot him down. Shoot him!"

Much later, in a letter to her mother, E. A. has the words

voice and cried that explains Willie's role: "For there is--

I swear there is-- in the very best of us--something that leaves

us and cries "A-ah!" for joy at the thought of destroying."

Paradise Lost (1913) is like the other stories a descrip-

tion of a. rooming in a foreign country. She takes a

room at the "Paradise" because it seems to her that a place

in which the mistress will take time to cover everything with

crocheted white lace like snowflakes must be quiet and restful.

But the place is not. It is full of people--miserable

struggling at the conservatory, singing and practicing all day,

Madame's lively children, the mad baby... "He is nervous. Only

think of it! He passes the whole day hanging the little head

against the floor and walls. The doctor cannot understand it

at all. The story is a little like the adventures in the

German version. She is right in the very--about the matter, that

is, they disagree with. But it is not Madame Seguin who wants

them. They are made by her friend Madame Hunter who has the

pension on the first floor."

Violet (1913), a tragic bit beginning with a quotation:

"I met a young virgin
Who sadly did moan".

is the account of K's first day at Pension Seguin. It is rambling in style like a letter or familiar essay. K meets her romantic English friend Violet Burton who longs to tell her something. She has come to forget. K tries to turn Violet from her confession, but no. Violet met Arthur at a dance and let him kiss her; and he was engaged, so she ran away. "Is that all?" cries K. "What else could there be? What on earth did you expect? How extraordinary you are--staring at me like that!" And K thinks the sly fountain laughs at her, not at innocent Violet.

We begin to see K's use of certain little things she clung to-- the words simply, frightfully, the phrase "but it was no use" and "extraordinary". There are little things like these which she used over and over.

Bains Turcs (1913) is a German Pension sort of description of a Turkish bath and one of K's experiences there. The frustrated dumpling of a German Hausfrau with a good husband and four children "railing against the two fresh beauties who never peeled potatoes nor chose the right eat." Pretending to despise them, the German woman really "stared after them, her sallow face all mouth and eyes, like the face of a hungry child before a forbidden table." This is slightly overdramatized.

70
person on the first floor.
Victor (1913), a typical old bachelor with a collection:

"I was a young man
and really did mean."

is the account of his first day as bachelor. It is
tempting to style him a bachelor or bachelor party. I wrote
the romantic English friend Victor Burton who longed to tell her
something. The man came to Victor. He tried to turn Victor
from her collection, but for Victor was Arthur as a dance
and his first love and he was engaged, so she ran away.
"Is that all?" she said. "What else could there be? What on
earth did you expect? How extraordinarily you are--starting at
the first sight!" And I think the old bachelor laughs at her.
But at Victor's Victor.

to begin to see his use of certain little things and things
too--the words simply, truthfully, the course "but it was no
use" and "extraordinary". There are little things like these
which are used over and over.

John Victor (1913) is a German person sort of description
of a Turkish bath and one of his experiences there. The first
treated description of a German bath with a good husband and
four children "telling about the two fresh beauties who never
needed potatoes nor shoes the night before." The meaning is obvious
then, the German woman really "stayed after them, her yellow
face all white and blue, like the face of a hungry child before
a forbidden table. This is slightly over-dramatized.

Something Childish but Very Natural (1914) is the best story in this book. It was inevitable that K.M. found and adapted Coleridge's poem. She was like the poem. Her stories are childish but natural. You may beat all day against the idea that her art is sophisticated and tricky and cunning, and I will not agree with you. Tricks there are, and cunning, and cleverness. But there is something simple and native, something which no cleverness alone would achieve-- a feeling we obtain on reading her. Implication does it, perhaps. The poem, curiously, contains even the bird-simile. The story itself is the love of Henry, nearly eighteen, for "over sixteen" year old Edna. He meets her on a train, for they are commuters, he to an office, she to business school. She has marigold colored hair and "eyebrows like two gold feathers". These are more of K.M.'s favorite figures of description. They are used more than once. Henry and Edna, too, are young philosophers, very serious. Henry loves Edna but for a long time she does not allow him to touch her. They meet Saturday afternoons in London and explore. "I'm sure I don't feel very young," sighs Edna. "I feel twenty at least." They find a darling cottage and one Saturday she is to meet him to spend the weekend there. He falls asleep to be wakened by a nice little girl in a pinafore who gives him a telegram.

And so Edna does not come, and darkness falls.

The final scene is written very beautifully, especially the part about the little girl.

Somebody's Darling but Very Natural (1914) is the best

story in this book. It was inevitable that H. M. found and

repeated Galsworthy's poem. She was like the poem. Her

stories are written out naturally. You may best all day

against the idea that her art is sophisticated and tricky and

conscious, and I will agree with you. Tricky there are,

and cunning, and cleverness. But there is something simple

and native, something which no cleverness alone would achieve-

a feeling we obtain on reading her. Inspiration does it.

perhaps. The poem, curiously, contains even the bird-simile.

The story itself is the love of Henry, nearly eighteen, for

"over sixteen" year old Edna. He meets her on a train. For

they are commuters, he to an office, she to business school.

She has marbled colored hair and "eyes like two gold

fishes". There are more of H. M.'s favorite figures of

description. They are used more than once. Henry and Edna,

too, are young philosophers, very serious. Henry loves Edna

but for a long time she does not allow him to touch her. They

meet Saturday afternoon in London, and Edna says, "I'm sure I

don't feel very young," after Edna. "I feel twenty at least."

They find a darling cottage and one Saturday she is to meet him

to spend the weekend there. He fails, asked to be warned by

a nice little girl in a blue dress who gives him a telegram.

And so Edna does not come, and business fails.

The final scene is written very beautifully, especially

the part about the little girl.

An Indiscreet Journey (1915) is a wartime story, the successful attempt of a woman to get through the lines to a certain place. It is an unusual picture of the life of soldiers. Where she got it I do not know.

Spring Pictures (1915), four short pages long, is, like her later Bank Holiday, entirely descriptive. She always catches and conveys the season of the year exactly. The second picture--there are three--is of K. waiting, always waiting for that letter. "Hope, you misery, you sentimental faded female! Break your last string and have done with it." The letter doesn't come.

Three tiny plays follow--Late at Night, Two two-penny Ones, Please, and The Black Cap--all 1917, all doubtless written in quick succession. One gets these sudden passions for being a novelist, a playwright, a poet--and at the time all forms but the chosen one seem impossible. Virginia, in the first, is Woman- and What-Man-Does-to-Her. The second is a game of punctuation with the 3 little dots for counters. The third, or All-Illusion-lost-because-he-wears-a-cap, is longer. She could do conversation of course, but the beauty of description, of detail, of color, all this there is no room for.

A Suburban Fairy Tale (1917) skillful and charming, is a bird-simile. Mr. and Mrs. B. (K.M. liked B for an initial, by the way -- nearly every story has a B for a character) are a plump and foodloving pair. "Alas! little B was not at all the child that such parents had every right to expect. He was no

At Indiscreet Journey (1913) is a wartime story, the
unsuccessful attempt of a woman to get through the lines to a
certain place. It is an unusual picture of the life of
soldiers. Where are you? I do not know.

Seven Minutes (1918), four short pieces long, is, like

her later Back Hobbies, entirely descriptive. She always
catches and conveys the essence of the year exactly. The second
picture--there are three--is of a waiting, always waiting for
that letter. "None, you misery, you sentimentally faded female!"
Break your last string and have done with it. The letter
couldn't come.

Three tiny plays follow--Late at Night, Two Two-Cent ones.

Please, and The Black Cap--all 1917, all doubtless written in
rapid succession. The first these random passages for being a
novelist, a playwright, a poet--and at the time all forms but
the chosen one seem impossible. Virginia, in the first, is
woman--and what--her--her--her. The second is a game of
concentration with the 5 little dots for counters. The third,
on Alf-Ilusion-foes-becomes-be-wants-a-cap, is longer. She
could be conversational or comical, but the beauty of description,
of detail, of color, all this there is no room for.

A Suburban Fairy Tale (1917) whimsical and charming, is a
bird-stale. Mr. and Mrs. E. (E. is liked E for an initial, by
the way -- nearly every story has E for a character) are a
stupid and food-loving pair. "A nice little E was not at all the
child that such parents had every right to expect. He was no

fat little tot, no dumpling, no firm little pudding. He was undersized for his age with legs like macaroni, tiny claws, soft, soft hair that felt like mouse fur and big wide open eyes". At breakfast one morning he longs to feed the sparrows chirping on the frozen grass. But his parents continue to talk of food and refuse to listen. So little B turns into a sparrow and off he flies.

Of Carnation (a Queen's College memory) K.M. wrote: "I want it to be 'delicate'-- just that." It is a breathlessly hot day at school. The French class is in session. M. Hugo is reading French poetry and the girls are overcome. Eve pops a carnation down the front of Katie's blouse. That is really all.

See-Saw is very artful. It is a series of contrasts of two young babies playing house in a park's caved hollow and of two old babies sitting on a park bench above. The little girl is terribly a woman-- a little tyrant, and the boy obeys. She asks him all sorts of things and then cries: "I'll never be done if you keep bothering me with these questions." The old babies talk of their stomachs and are vague.... Oh poor young babies if that is what they have to grow to.

A critic says:¹ "Sometimes K.M. seems to slip herself and her reader in among a group of children taking on the spirit of their thought without adapting the story to the mind of any particular child. A happy circumstance of this is the play of the two youngsters in See-Saw. Everything harmonizes so well

1. ~~Letter~~ May 29, 1918

2. ~~Sewanee Review~~ July, 1927 G.S. Hubbard: K.M. and Regina

the little boy, no doubt, he was little himself. He was
understand for his own sake like a mother, like a sister,
and he was not like the other boys and girls who were
at breakfast one morning he found he had the same
on the table. But his parents continue to talk at home
and he was not like. He little I found him a mother and
off he was.

Of Education (a woman's College essay) N. M. Brown: "I

was it to be a teacher? -- Just that." It is a profoundly
not only at school. The French class is in session. N. M. Brown
is reading French poetry and the girls are overjoyed. Five boys
a collection down the front of the table's place. That is really
all.

See-Saw is very early. It is a series of contrasts of two
young people playing house in a girl's garden hollow and of two
old people sitting on a bench above. The little girl is
entirely a woman -- a little tyrant, and the boy cooing. She asks
him all sorts of things and then cries: "I'll never be done if
you keep bothering me with these questions." The old ladies
talk of their husbands and the value... the poor young ladies
it that is what they have to grow to.

A critic says: "Sophtelore N. M. Brown is a little herself and
her reader is among a group of children talking on the subject of
their thoughts without realizing the story to the end of any
particular child. A happy circumstance of this is the play of
the two youngsters in See-Saw. Excessive harmonious so well

with their scale that we seem to be one of them. We fit in as the little lamp fitted the doll's house. The small boy and girl seem to have a common mind, social mind as it were, and we share it with them."

The theme of This Flower (1919) is K.M.'s favorite Shakesperian quotation: "Out of this nettle danger, we pluck this flower, safety." The story requires unusually meticulous reading. Skip a word and all is lost.

The woman has a shady doctor to see her because she fears she is bearing a child. He is to tell Roy, her husband or her lover, that it is merely her heart, that she should go away for a bit of a rest. Roy is told this. Kissing her he murmurs: "If you knew how frightened I've been! I thought we were in for it this time. I really did. And it would have been so--fatal--so fatal."

The agony of that woman is not pleasant to think on.

.....

Five little pages (1919) tell of the funeral cortege's stopping at The Wrong House. Old Mrs. Bean, all alone, opens the door and is horribly shaken. But like Grandma Fairfield she forgets death and whatever else she has been thinking of and reminds Dolliccas to remember the mace for supper's chicken. Dolliccas is like the servant Kate in the Daughters of the Late Colonel. The story illustrates how fortunate it is that little things have the power to fill the mind.

Sixpence (1921) is the tender but not as well done as her

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...the ... of ...

other things of this date. It reminds one of New Dresses. The idea of a child's going wild-Indian-mad-dog at an uncalled for moment is excellent and amusing. But the writer seems tired, seems to be forcing images and events.

Dicky's father whips him and never forgives himself.

The last story in the book is Poison, also 1921. It is one of her beautiful ones-- light, shining glasses, exquisite flowers, lovely women, love. The innocent young boy loves the experienced woman who is waiting for a letter from another man. Her philosophy is that each man poisons the thing he loves best. And the boy drinking his tea feels that it is poison. A writer says ^{1.} "Some of her best stories suggest movement, something that has happened before and will happen after-- e.g. that extraordinary little masterpiece of intellectual drama Poison."

She herself writes to her husband: ^{2.}

"The story is told by (evidently) a worldly rather cynical (not wholly cynical) man against himself (but not altogether) when he was so absurdly young. You know how young by his idea of what woman is... And here he has put all his passion into this Beatrice. It is promiscuous love, not understood as such by him, perfectly understood as such by her... She expects a letter from someone calling her away. Fully expects it. That accounts for her farewell and her declaration. And when it doesn't come her commonness peeps out..... She gives herself away.... He also regrets the self who would have been young

1. London Mercury Jan. 1928 E. Shanks: K.M.
2. Letters Nov. 1920
J. E. 1920

other things of this kind. It reminds one of New Treason. The
idea of a child's going wild-laden-dog as an unaltered for
moment is excellent and realistic. But the writer seems tired,
seems to be forcing images and events.

Mokey's letter which this and never forgives himself.
The last story in the book is Pelton, also 1921. It is
one of our beautiful ones--light, shining, exquisite
flowers, lovely women, love. The innocent young boy loves the
experienced woman who is waiting for a letter from another man.
Her philosophy is that each man believes the thing he loves best.
And the boy thinking his love that is in Pelton.
The writer says "Some of her best stories suggest movement, some-
thing that has happened before and will happen after--a
the extraordinary life masterpiece of intellectual drama

Pelton.

She herself writes in her introduction:
"The story is told by (evidently) a worldly rather cynical (not
wholly cynical) man against himself (but not altogether) when
he was so absurdly young. You know how young, by his love of
what women do... And here he has put all his passion into this
letter. It is unrealistic love, not understood as such by
him, perfectly understood as such by her... She expects a
letter from someone calling her away. Bill expects it. That
account for her farewell and her decision. And when it
doesn't come her unrealistic passion out... She gives herself
away... He also regrets the self who would have been young

1. Unrealistic love
2. Unrealistic love
3. Unrealistic love

enough to have actually wanted to marry such a woman. But I want it to be light--tossed off--and yet through it--oh subtly, the lament for youthful belief."

The book is a tremendous growth from the kind of writing she did in In a German Pension. Read chronologically it shows her learning steadily what she was to present ripely in Bliss.

Preface, the shortened form of The Alice, was to be the beginning of that mysterious New Zealand childhood novel which David is famous. It begins with the moving into the country of the Turnells and Fairfaxes. Alice has not yet borne "the boy" who she will soon and who is always Valentin. Ceryl, pretty, posing, dramatic, unsatisfied sister of Alice, has not yet found love. Isabel possesses her sisters, little plodder snubbing along, little laughs and wagers and dreams. Stanley Pinner, Alice talks to herself in the kitchen, and the grandmother takes care of all. Every word is hand-picked like a glowing berry. This and as the day and a glimpse of memory and observation. And she remembers things all the time of the day after a lapse of years and a voluntary punishment.

enough to have actually wanted to marry such a woman. But I
want it to be right--passed on--the best through it--on really,
the present for people's belief."

The book is a presentation grown from the kind of writing
she did in a German Journal. Read chronologically it shows
her learning steadily what she has to present nicely in lines.

Bliss and Other Stories

Bliss is her book that delights me most. There are fourteen stories, published in 1920; it is almost frightening to think of the work that must have gone into these versatile and varied little "tossed off" things. The work exhausted her but it also gave her vitality, some purpose. Really to get at the root of her "style" one must read and interpret her writings. That is as close as we can get. Her technique in shifting the point of view is one of her most original achievements. The point of view is always that of the character under consideration and in the long stories it glides from one member of the family to another without upsetting us or the story even a fraction. This is one of the most difficult things to do.

Prelude, the shortened form of The Aloe, was to be the beginning of that unwritten New Zealand childhood novel dedicated to Chummie. It begins with the moving into the country of the Burnells and Fairfields. Linda has not yet borne "the boy" but she will soon and she is always fatigued. Beryl, pretty, posing, dramatic, unsatisfied sister of Linda, has not yet found love. Isabel bosses her sisters, Lottie plods chubbily along, Kezia laughs and wanders and dreams. Stanley fusses, Alice talks to herself in the kitchen, and the grandmother takes care of all. Every word is hand-picked like a glowing berry. This and At the Bay are a miracle of memory and observation. Did she remember these things all the time or did they after a lapse of years and a voluntary summoning

From the new Life (Mantel & Munn) we learn the actual identities of the characters.

Linda = Annie Rumbold Hyde Beauchamp, K's mother	The little girls - her sisters
Beryl = Belle Hyde, K's aunt	Kezia = Katherine
Stanley = Sir Harold Beauchamp, K's father	Grandmother = Margaret Mansfield Hyde, her maternal grandmother
Jonathan Trout = Frederick Valentine Waters, K's uncle	Pat = Patrick Monaghan
Nancy Trout = Harriet Waters - K's mother's mother	Samuel Josephs - the Watsons, next-door neighbors
Pip & Bago = Barry & Eric Waters, her cousins	

gradually unfold again before her?

In the garden there is an aloe. Linda loves it best of all. Kezia, her daughter, asks her does it ever flower.

"'Yes, Kezia,' and Linda smiled down at her and half-shut her eyes. 'Once every hundred years.'"

It seems symbolic somehow. I suppose in the part that was never written it flowered on the day the boy was born...

"'And I am sure,' says Linda, 'I shall remember it long after I have forgotten all the other things.'"

The Aloe (1916) is a longer, earlier, less perfect form of Prelude and contains an account of Linda's nice father, of her courting by ginger-haired Stanley, and a picture of her sister Dora, wife of Jonathan (here called Richard.) As Murry says: "A comparison of The Aloe with Prelude gives the critically minded a unique opportunity for studying Katherine Mansfield's methods of work." Each word has been scrutinized, polished, perfected for the later story. And so much omitted! She was not so in love with her handiwork that she kept it all.

In The Aloe in the scene where the grandma creeps into bed beside Kezia, there is a bit from K.M.'s past that may be a clue to her constant use of the bird figure.

It is the last thing at night.

"Kezia thrust her hand under the Grandma's arm. 'Who am I,' she whispered. This was an old established ritual to be gone through between them.

'You are my little brown bird.'"

I. J. M. Murry: Introduction to The Aloe

gradually within again before her?

In the garden there is an apple. Linda loves it best of

all. Linda, her daughter, sees her does it every flower.

"Yes, Linda," and Linda smiled down at her and half-smiled

back again. "Once every hundred years."

It seems symbolic somehow. I suppose in the very first

was never written it flowered on the day the boy was born...

"And I am sure," says Linda, "I shall remember it long after

I have forgotten all the other things."

The apple (Linda) is a symbol, perhaps, of a gentle form of

freedom and perhaps an account of Linda's nice father, of her

counting by finger-nails and a picture of her sister

born, wife of Jonathan (here called Richard). Is Henry again?

"A connection of the Alice with Linda gives the originally

kind of a unique opportunity for studying historical knowledge

methods of work. Each word has been scrutinized, collected,

perfect for the later story. And so much omitted! She was

not so in love with her handwriting that she kept it all.

In the Alice in the scene where the strange change intro-duced

inside Linda, there is a bit from Alice's past that may be a clue

to her constant use of the bird figure.

It is the last thing at night.

"Linda thinks her hand under the bird's arm," Linda says I

the whispered. This was an old established ritual to be gone

through between them.

"You are my little brown bird."

In considering K.M.'s stories I shall, wherever possible, give her own criticism of them. After all it was she who knew what she was doing, what she intended.

"Leaning over the bridge I suddenly discovered that one of those boats was exactly what I want my novel to be. Not big, almost grotesque in shape, I mean perhaps heavy-- with people rather dark and seen strangely. They move in the sharp light and shadow; and I want bright, shiny lights in it, and the sound of water."

To her brother:^{2.} "I found the Aloe this morning. The Aloe is right. The Aloe is lovely. It simply fascinated me and I know that it is what you would wish me to write. And I know now what the last chapter is. It is your birth--your coming in autumn. You in your grandmother's arms under the tree, your solemnity, your wonderful beauty. Your hands--your head--your helplessness--lying on the earth and above all your tremendous solemnity. That chapter will end the book...And you must mean the world to Linda; and before ever you are born Kezia must play with you--her little Bogey. Oh Bogey, I must hurry."

To her friend Dorothy Brett^{3.} who asks her what form the story is in, she replies that the form is more or less her own invention. "If the truth were known I have a perfect passion for the island where I was born. Well, in the early morning there I always remember feeling that this little island was dipped back into the dark blue sea during the night only to rise again at gleam of day all hung with bright spangles and glittery drops..."

1. Letters March 25, 1915
Dec. 10, 1915
2. Journal Feb. 16, 1916: a Recollection of Childhood
Letters: May 12, 1918
Nov. 1, 1918
3. Letters: Oct 11, 1917
Collection: Ten Doctor Books at Literature

I tried to catch that moment--with something of its sparkle and its flavor...tried to lift that mist from my people, let them be seen and then to hide it again."

Je Ne Parle Pas Francais, called by critics "that diabolically clever character sketch of the little Frenchman", "that mysterious achievement", "that strange harmony of poignancy, sombre power and vivid beauty", "that implantation of geniesic instinct" is simply this:

Raoul Duquette is a plump and pretty young French fellow in whom, as a child, by bribing him with little sugar cakes to kiss her, a colored laundress aroused and developed passion-- the passion being certainly latent in him. Now, grown, he lives by it. He doesn't work much and when he does it is on little modern literary things. He has an English friend Dick, a serious charming man (modeled on K's friend Frederick Goodyear) who was slavishly and inhibitedly (if we must use psychological terms) devoted to an imperious mother-- the fragilely commanding, you know. Dick loves a sweet girl, Mouse, brings her to France without marriage, and on the night of their arrival there leaves a note and rushes back to England so that his mother will never know, will never be "hurt".

Poor Mouse, the ghastly fate of poor Mouse, stranded! She cannot talk French either, except Je Ne Parle Pas". Raoul rather loves Mouse but never goes back to see what is become of her. He dreams of her often, especially this evening when he sees Je ne parle pas scribbled on a bit of blotting-paper in the cafe.

1. Fairly good, March, 1923 M. Armstrong. The first of K.M.
J. Collins. The book looks at historical

I tried to catch last night--with something of its spirit and
the flavor... tried to lift that mist from my people, but then he
seen and then to hide it again."

Je ne parle pas français, called by critics "that discol-
ored never character sketch of the little Frenchman", "that
mysterious achievement", "that strange harmony of polyphony,
sonorous power and vivid beauty", "that illumination of genius
instinct" is simply this:

André Lacroix is a thin and slender young French fellow in
his, as a child, by bridging his with little sugar cakes to his
heart, a colored language enriched and developed passion-- the
passion being actually latent in him. Now, grown, he lives
by it. He doesn't work much and when he does it is on little
modern literary things. He has an English friend, a
section containing one (modeled on K's friend Frederick Douglass)
who was slightly and indistinctly (it is what was psychological
course) devoted to an important matter-- the French's commanding
you know. His love a sweet girl, whose, brings her to him as
without marriage, and on the night of their arrival there leaves
a note and rushes back to England so that his mother will never
know, will never be "hurt".

Poor house, the ghostly face of poor house, abandoned! The
cannot talk French either, except to the Parisian. He
rather loves house but never goes back to see what is become of
her. He dreams of her often, especially this evening when he
seen to be quite as scribbled on a bit of blotting-paper in the
case.

1. I thought, "I am not writing the story."
I am not writing the story.

It is exquisitely done and a good idea. Perhaps it came to her in a rambling sort of way, not born whole. Her later stories, mixed with the philosophy in the first person, would have been like this.

She was excited, "almost insane" while writing it. "It has been more or less in my mind ever since first I felt strangely about the French. But I hope you'll see... that I'm not writing with a sting. I read the fair copy just now and couldn't think where the devil I got the bloody thing from. There is so much less taken from life than anyone would credit. The African laundress I had a bone of, but only a bone....."

Murry sent his delighted approval.¹ "But, oh dear, oh dear," she wrote back. "You have lighted such a scandle! I don't want to exaggerate the importance of this story or to harp upon it...But what I felt so seriously as I wrote it was Ah! I am in a way grown up as a writer.."

"Please God I'll do much better--but I felt 'There, I can lay down my pen now I've made that.'"

The publisher wanted her to cut out parts of it! But she stuck to her guns:² "No, I certainly won't agree to these excisions if there were 500,000 copies in existence. They can keep their old 40 lbs. and be hanged to them. Shall I pick the eyes out of a story for 40 lbs?"

Bliss is full of beauty--Bertha's radiance, the yellow pears and the purple grapes and the blue bowl, and the silver peartree..and the baby..and the moonlight--it is all beauty.

- 1. Letters: Feb 3, 1918
Feb 4, 1918
- 2. Letters: Feb 9, 10, 11, 1918
March 10, 1918
- 3. Letters: April, 1920
April 17, 1920

...

82

Bertha is so happy it cannot last. Her dear friend entices Bertha's husband and the Bliss is shattered.

The supper-party is amusing--the guests are all "modern" in the modernity of 1920--their clothes their frightfully "artistic" and "quaint" conversation--a little exaggerated for the story's sake but very funny reading. The Norman Knights fit into any modern comedy, Mrs. Knight has a monkey on the hem of her coat and tells of asking some starrer on the train: "Haven't you ever seen a monkey before?" Isn't that the cream of it all, her husband asks. "Oh yes," Mrs. Knight laughs, "wasn't that too absolutely creamy?" "And a funnier thing still was that now her coat was off she did look like a very intelligent monkey.."

Collins says of it: "She was less concerned with the little ironies and fine points of her characters and more with great passions. Bliss shows the same method as do many of her other stories, but reversed. Instead of hunting out the one flower in a patch of weeds she painted a young married woman's Garden of Eden and then hunted down the snake."

He says: "She had a good eye, a deft hand, an understanding mind, a sense of humor and she loved her fellow-beings..." "K. M. knew so marvelously where to stop." That is precisely the point. Were it not a vandal stripping of blossoms in a fruit orchard or pulling of plums from a pudding, I should like to list in a column with plenty of white breathing space between each one the final sentences of all her stories. It would prove things.

1. J. Collins: The Nectar Look at Literature
2. Letters Feb 25, 1918

There is no way to know if it is true. But that is not the point.

There is no way to know if it is true. But that is not the point.

The question is not whether it is true. But that is not the point.

In the morning of 1914, the first of the two

"little" and "big" were born. The first of the two

the first of the two were born. The first of the two

The first of the two were born. The first of the two

of her first and last of her first and last of her first

"Haven't you ever seen a monkey before?" I asked her the first

of it all. Her husband asked. "Oh yes," she replied. "I have."

"Haven't you ever seen a monkey before?" I asked her the first

still was the same. Her first and last of her first and last

of her first and last of her first and last of her first

Collins says of it: "The first of the two were born with

little fingers and little toes. The first of the two were born

great questions. The first of the two were born with

other stories. The first of the two were born with

flower in a garden of seeds and plants. The first of the two

garden of seeds and plants. The first of the two

the first of the two were born with

the first of the two were born with

the first of the two were born with

"The first of the two were born with

the first of the two were born with

that is not a small thing. The first of the two were born

to that is a small thing. The first of the two were born

between each one of the first of the two were born

the first of the two were born with

the first of the two were born with

the first of the two were born with

Another critic:^{1.} "The story begins by rousing the sense of coziness so dear to the incurious and glozing temper of those who need not consider anything they do not like..." Art aside and truth aside, it would be very sweet to have a story end with that sense of coziness, happily, with the comfort of not probing.

Shanks^{2.} thinks the end too intensified pictorially. "Her stories are themselves pictures. The observer outside the window sees the groups of persons within marvelously revealed to him in a single glimpse... She generally ceases to be true to herself when she attempts to 'tell a story' in the accepted sense of the word, to devise a plot and climax of action. That was not her business and the attempt was almost invariably unfavorable to her special gift....At the end of the party she discovers her friend is carrying on an intrigue with her husband. This element of unnecessary action appears all the more gross because the real effect intended has been achieved before it and without it. Bertha's Bliss, as we have already been adequately told, is incidental, torturing and precarious. It is wholly wit in herself and is at the mercy of the real world outside of which her bemused imagination has taken no account."

Armstrong^{3.} says the idea of the story, embodied in a tree which, as in poetry stands for an emotion, is transmitted from writer to reader by means of the tree.

The Wind Blows -- seven pages--morning, dusk--Katherine and Bogey--the esplanade--the lights of the ship--the wind. Nothing more. One cannot forget it.

1. H. M. Tomlinson

2. E. Shanks : K. M. London Mercury, 1928

3. M. Armstrong : The Art of K. M. The Spectator 1923 March

another style. The story begins by revealing the sense of
solitude no less as the intention and rising tempo of those
who need not consider anything they do not like... and aside
and with style, it would be very sweet to have a story and
with that sense of solitude, finally, with the comfort of not
worrying.

Another style, and too intellectual and rational. Her
stories are themselves almost. The observer outside the
window sees the group of persons within mysteriously revealed in
the air. The atmosphere... The generally known to be true to
himself when the atmosphere is 'a story' in the accepted
sense of the word, to devise a story and then of action. That
was not her intention and the attempt was almost inevitably
unfavorable to her style. The end of the story and
discovery that there is nothing on an intuitive with her message.
This element of unnecessary action appears all the more from
because the real effect intended has been achieved before it and
almost so. Her style, as we have already seen separately
told, is intellectual, for writing and pretensions. It is usually
in herself and in the story of the real world outside of
which her intended imagination has taken no account.

Another style, the idea of the story, embodied in a true
which, as in poetry, stands for an emotion, is translated from
writer to reader by means of the true.

The third story -- seven pages -- morning, dusk -- morning and
evening -- the landscape -- the lights of the sky -- the wind. Nothing

1. The first story
2. The second story
3. The third story

84.

1.

We find in a letter: "The wind still blows like a hurricane here...If a window is opened the seas of the air rush in and fill it. The great palm trees have snapped like corks and many a glittering plume trails in the dust. They say it has never been known before. I have begun to like it."

The story shows how uncannily she chose the right words to convey weather and moods.

Critics keep speaking:^{2.} "The truth is in minutes rather than years, in the emotion not of a day but of a second, in the chill or warmth of a sudden mood, in the tunes played on the mind by anything, by nothing at all. She knew the infinite price of trifles. The Wind Blows in which nothing happens at all and yet in which everything seems to happen...gathers into a few pages all the restless homesickness of man on his planet, the unbearable pressure of elements. Yet the whole story is made of no more than little pieces of nothing, little gusts of wind so that we no longer remember what really occurred in it."

Psychology^{3.} was from the first my favorite Katherine Mansfield story. The man and the woman, intelligent, intellectual, thirty, are friends; they discuss things; they have been friends a long time. It is a beautiful, impersonal relationship. But they will admit nothing. "And the best of it was they were both of them old enough to enjoy this adventure to the full without any stupid emotional complication. Passion would have ruined everything; they quite saw that." Oh the impossibility of the Platonic!

1. ~~letter~~ Jan. 22, 1915

2. New Republic Feb 28, 1923 Robert Lowell: K. M.

3. See M. Armstrong, Fastidiously, 1923 - March

He said in a letter: "The wind still blows like a hurricane
some days... If a window is opened the sea of the air is in
one billow. The great palm trees have snapped like reeds
and many a glittering glass tumbler in the case. They say it
has never been known before. I have begun to like it."

The story shows how amazingly true those the right words
to convey weather and mood.

Let us keep looking: "The truth is in simple words
then, in the emotion not of a day but of a season, in the
call or whisper of a sudden wind, in the waves played on the
edge of anything, by nothing at all. She knew the feeling
of a child. The wind blows in which nothing happens at
all and yet in which everything seems to happen... Gathers into
a few words all the conscious consciousness of man on his planet,
the imperishable presence of elements. Yet the whole story is
made of no more than little pieces of nothing, little gusts of
wind so that we no longer remember that really occurred in it."

Psychology was from the first my favorite learning language.
The man and the woman, intelligent, intellectual,
happy, and friendly; they always shine; they have been friends
a long time. It is a beautiful, important relationship. But
they will never marry. "And the best of it was they were both
of them old enough to enjoy this adventure to the full without
any stupid emotional complication. Passion would have ruined
everything; they quite saw that." On the impossibility of the

historic!

1. 1914
2. 1915
3. 1916

She is ever so hurt when he goes away. "An elderly virgin" who loves her comes ringing the bell at that moment with an offering of wilted violets. The young woman kisses her and says, "Goodnight my friend, come again soon." And when she is alone once more she has a brilliant idea. She writes to him, to her impersonal one, a long impersonal letter ending: "Goodnight, my friend. Come again soon."

I think we are to think the ending happy. But I am afraid for her, men are so wary.

.....

For some little time in her early youth K.M. was a "super" (an extra) in the moving pictures, so she knew this world. Pictures is her story of it. K.M. did have a wide experience-- she saw and understood in her way and remembered a lot of people and places.

In her Journal some five years before the writing of the story:¹
"Met a woman who'd been in the cinema with me--her pink roses in her belt--and hollow lovely eyes and battered hair. I shall not forget her. No, no. She was wonderful."

Armstrong² cites the story as an example of her "economic impressionism" which allows the reader, free from all distractions, free even from the presence of the writer, "to go through a clear and vivid mental experience, impelled all along the course by a series of mental revelations."

"In Pictures we are shown poor Miss Moss at the end of her tether, having vainly climbed the stairs of agents and film companies in search of a job, resting on a bench in the Square

1. Journal Jan 27, 1915

2. M. Armstrong: Fairly March, 1923

She is even so hurt when he goes away. "an elderly virgin"

who loves her secret thinking the hell at that moment with an
offering of wild roses. The young woman kisses her and
says, "Goodnight my friend, come again soon." And when she is
alone once more she has a brilliant idea. She writes to him.
to her beloved one, a long and personal letter ending "Good-
night, my friend. Come again soon."

I think we are to think the ending happy. But I am

afraid for her, even now.

.....

For some time she in her early youth was a "super"

(as they) in the world of letters, in the new world.

Picasso is not only of it. He did have a wide experience--
and was understood in her way and remembered a lot of people
and places.

In her journal now five years before the writing of the story:
"and a woman who'd been in the cinema with her pink roses in
her hair--and hollow lovely eyes and pastured hair. I shall

not forget her. No, no. She was wonderful."

Attracted to the story as an example of her "economic
impressionism" which allows the reader, free from all distrac-
tions, to see even from the presence of the writer, "to go through
a clear and vivid mental experience, labelled all along the
course by a series of mental revelations."

"In Picasso we are shown how she looks at the end of her
career, having vainly blighted the affairs of women and film
industries in search of a job, resting on a bench in the square

1. Journal, 1912, 1913
2. In Picasso, 1912, 1913

Garden while the things round her and her own thoughts pass in a stream through her head." So what is poor Miss Ada Moss, rejected by Kig and Kadgit's, by Beit and Bithers, by the Backwash Film Co. (K.M. having fun with names) to do but take up with a gentleman? How the devil did K.M. know how to make them all talk, these landladies and waitresses and servants and gentlemen of the lower classes? And how their bodies looked and their thoughts and ways? The final scene is sad and superb: the downfall of refined Miss Moss.

"That's a tempting bit o ribbon!" said he. Miss Moss blushed until a pulse at the top of her head that she had never felt before pounded away.

'I always was one for pink,' said she.

The stout gentleman considered her, drumming with her fingers on the table.

'I like 'em firm and well covered,' said he.

Miss Moss, to her surprise, gave a loud snigger.

Five minutes later the stout gentleman heaved himself up.

'Well, am I goin' your way or are you comin' mine?' he asked.

'I'll come with you if it's all the same,' said Miss Moss. And she sailed after the little yacht out of the cafe."

.....

I suppose the Man without a Temperament is her picture of Murry had Murry been able to stay with her on her isolated searches for recovery. The wife is banished for two years to seek life in a warm climate. But her husband is her life, too, and he goes along. He dreams of, longs for his home, his friends,

...then while the things were hot and the own thoughts were in
a system through her head. "So what is now Miss de Rose,

rejected by the and Robert's, by her and Bitter, by the
the same time (the having him with needs) to be the same
as with a moment. Now the devil did it, how how to take
not all this, these families and witnesses and servants and
gentlemen of the house, almost. And how the in course looked
and their thoughts and ways. The final scene is and and
another: the thought of the old and the new.

"The old is a thought of a thought," said he.
The old thought of the old at the top of the old and the
and the old thought of the old and the old.
It also was one for the old, said he.

The old thought of the old and the old, and the old
on the table.

"I like the old and well covered," said he.
The old, to the old, gave a good answer.
The old then the old thought of the old and the old.
The old, as I told you, was on the old, said he.
The old with you if it's all the same," said Miss Rose.
The old after the old thought of the old.

.....
The old thought of the old and the old, and the old
The old had been able to stay with her on her last
The old is the old. The old is the old for two years to
The old is a very old. But the old is the old, too.
The old is the old. The old is the old, the old.

but he must stay. He is very tender toward his sick wife who requires more care than a baby--yet all the people think him stolid, unfeeling. It must have hurt her very much to write this story.

It is full of loveliness--and the very healthy Young Married Couple are such a contrast...and the little Kezia-Lottie children stumming with lifted dresses and no drawers under in the wet pail.

"The sky is the colour of jade. There are a great many stars; an enormous white moon hangs over the garden. Far away lightning flutters--flutters like a wing, flutters like a broken bird that tries to fly and sinks again and again struggles."

The story was at first called The Exile.

Collins¹ says of Robert the husband, "In reality he has more feeling than his critics. What he lacks is not feeling but expression." But why should Robert express anything? What need is there?

Reginald Peacock, music teacher, fussy husband and lover of pretty ladies, is of a different feather from the steadfast Robert, the temperamentless man. It is like Reginald rather than Robert that most of K.M.'s men are. Her men are childish, vain, strutting, cross, masterful, good enough at bottom for the most part. Her women are intelligent, lazy, dreamy, cultured, cunning, sly.... If the man is the Robert kind he is usually paired with an evil woman or one who drags him down. If the woman is sensible and good, she is paired with a Peacock.

...in the very tender toward his wife who
...and all the people think his
...it was just her very own to write
...this story.

...is a full of investigation--and the very best thing
...and each a response...and the little girls--
...the children's names of the little children and no more
...under in the end.

...and why is the name of John. There are a great many
...and an enormous white moon hangs over the garden. Far away
...lighting the lights--lights like a star, lights like a dream
...and that child is to be with him again and again and again."

The story was at first called the exile.
...Collins says of Robert the husband, "In reality he has more
...feeling than his critics. What he lacks is not feeling but
...expression." But why should Robert express anything? What
...need is there?

Reginald Leveson, a fine teacher, a very handsome and clever
of society ladies, is at a different level from the standard
Robert, the temperamental man. It is like Reginald's return
then Robert that most of it is a man's life. Her men are childish
vain, selfish, cross, unfeeling, good enough at dinner for the
best part. Her women are intelligent, busy, busy, cultured,
...If the man is the Robert kind he is usually
...with an evil woman or one who drags him down. If the
woman is virtuous and good, she is better with a Peacock.

...the end of the story...

Mrs. Peacock does all the housework, runs everything, cares for Reginald as if he were a child--but it is he who does the grumbling. To each of his lovely pupils he is very gracious, saying; "Dear Lady, I should be only too charmed." He has dinner with one, comes home drunk, wakes his wife by hurling a boot into a corner. Suddenly he decides to win her again, but to his horror he can say nothing except: "Dear Lady, I should be so charmed, so charmed."

Sun and Moon was a dream.

"I dreamed a short story last night, even down to its name which was Sun and Moon! It was very light. I dreamed it all--about children. I got up at 6.30 and wrote a note on it because I knew it would fade...It's so nice. I didn't dream that I read it. No, I was in it, part of it, and it played around invisible me. But the hero is not more than five! It was awfully queer-- especially a plate of half-melted ice-cream."

The father and mother of Sun, who is a boy, and Moon, who is a girl, give a beautiful rose-colored party. The color scheme is red. Even the children are dressed in red and white Russian costumes and allowed to look at the wonderful table. There is an ice-palace--a little icecream house with a brown door and a nut for a handle. This delights them especially. (Query: Was K.M. subconsciously thinking of The Doll's House, as yet unwritten, and was the nut the little lamp?) After the party is over the children, who have fallen asleep on the stairs, are brought down again. Sun is horrified at the mess--

the dirty dishes, upturned glasses, mashed ice-palace. Fairy little Moon, feminine, greedy and callous, wants to eat the little nut. But sensitive, though sturdy, Sun sets up a wail and his angry father packs the two off to bed.

Feuille D'Album has a precious ending. One laughs. One must laugh.

Ian, the boy, neat and tidy in his Paris studio, loves and longs to meet an unknown girl whose window faces his. He plots it all. She markets on Thursdays. One Thursday he follows her, sees her buy an egg, and desperate lest she again elude him, he also buys an egg.

"Finally she stopped on the landing and took a key out of her purse. As she put it into the door he ran up and faced her.

Blushing more crimson than ever, but looking at her severely, he said, almost angrily; 'Excuse me, Mademoiselle, you dropped this.'

And he handed her an egg."

.....

The essential characteristic of the hero of A Dill Pickle is stinginess. Vera, the woman, remembers it when she sees him again after six years; the flood of romantic memories almost drowns her, she is almost taken in. He evokes memories. "But of that evening she remembered a little pot of caviare. It had cost seven and sixpence. He could not get over it. Think of it--a tiny jar like that costing seven and sixpence.."

She knows he is mocking her and she walks away. "He sat there thunderstruck, astounded beyond words...And then he asked

• • • • •

the waitress for his bill....'but the cream has not been touched,' he said. 'Please do not charge me for it.'"

....

The Little Governess, another marigold-colored haired heroine, is on her way to Germany for a position. (There is a green glittering sky, echo of many green Mansfield skies). She is completely innocent and trusting and is almost seduced by a traveller whom she looked upon as a kind grandfather. To get even with her for being haughty, the bellboy tells the woman who has hired the governess that she went off with a man. So there she is, stranded in a foreign country, like Mouse, less hurt but more innocent, and we are afraid of what will become of her.

Revelation is the sad story of a woman concerned only with herself and her lover. Suddenly she decides to give up her life of a "tiny kitten in the swansdown basket," of eternal lunches at Prince's at one-thirty, of pampered security...no, all will be different. She drives to her hairdresser for a stimulation of morale, but the hairdresser's baby has just died. Thus the woman, Monica, in terror, is swept back to the old life and drives to Prince's. Artfully done.

The Escape must be read with minute care. A husband and his unbelievably fretful, yet very real wife, are travelling abroad in the heat of a summer's day. She nags in a sing-songy whine, scolding, scolding, never still. For example: "But when she spoke her voice was quite weak and very, very calm.

'I want to ask you something. I want to beg something of

the waitress has his bill... but the cream has not been touched.
he said. 'Please do not charge me for it.'

....

The Little Government, another metaphoric-colored haired
heroine, is on her way to Germany for a position. (There is a
green glittering key, echo of early green landscape style). She
is completely innocent and trusting and is almost seduced by a
traveler whom she looked upon as a kind grandfather. To get
over with her for being naughty, the boy tells her woman
who has liked the government that she went off with a man. So
there she is, stranded in a foreign country, like a poor, lost
and not very innocent, and we are afraid of what will become
of her.

Novelized is the end story of a woman concerned only
with herself and her lover. Suddenly she decides to give up
her life of a "tiny kitten in the tawny house," of eternal
inches of "finger's of one-third, of ordered security....no,
she will be different. She drives to her husband's for a
realization of what she, the wife, has been doing.
That she again, knows, is terror, is aware back to the old life
and drives to "further". Amazingly good.

The passage may be read with minor error. A husband and
his unbelievably foolish, very real wife, are travelling
around in the heat of a woman's day. She reads in a high-society
circle, reading, reading, never still. For example: "But
when the spoke her voice was quite weak and very, very calm.
'I want to see you something. I want to get something of

you,' she said. 'I've asked you hundreds and hundreds of times before, but you've forgotten. But you can't know, no human creature could know and be so cruel...' All this and much more to ask him not to smoke...

And later she says: "'If I don't escape from you for a minute I shall go mad.'"

The husband is the Robert kind.

Surely in most of these stories K.M.'s art has reached its full flower. She is not "plotted". No. But she has thought of such a multitude of curious--of apparently never-before-touched-by-literature situations, and yet situations that seem to be the only ones there are-- that it seems as if she had covered everything that happens. The people shame us, they are so like us and so in their own minds confused. But we do not hate them. Above all there is the increasing use of flower and color--dazzling and sparkling, yellow, blue, green.

The Garden Party and Other Stories

These are 15 stories, 1922.

K.M.'s increased mastery over her pen is evident in many of the stories. Not that a number of those in Bliss are not fully as good as those in The Garden Party. They are. But those in the Garden Party show word selection almost impossible to improve upon.

At the Bay opens with a dawn. There is a white mist, a milkwhite sea, a rising light. Every grass and flower is colored for us by the light of day. Sheep run past, and a sheep dog, and a shepherd. Florrie, the Burnell cat, comes out and birds begin to sing.

Then the people enter the story. The Burnells are at the seaside for the summer. It is the year after Prelude. Linda's boy has been born. Stanley, as much like a rooster as ever, is childishly upset because Jonathan beats him into the sea. He snubs the dreamer Jonathan. "All I mean is," said Stanley (in swimming with very little to do that day), "I've no time to--to fool about. I want to get this over. I'm in a hurry. I've work to do this morning, see?"

Stanley's presence in the house makes all the women nervous. The clearing of the air when he leaves for the office is a perfect takeoff. "Oh the relief, the difference it made to have the man out of the house. Their very voices were changed as they called to one another. They sounded warm and loving and as if they shared a secret." The grandmother tosses up the boy and cries a-goos-agoos-aga! and the little girls run out

"like chickens let out of a coop", and even the servant girl caught the infection and used the precious tankwater in a perfectly reckless fashion.

Linda, against her own desires, begins to love the boy. "The tears danced in her eyes. She breathed in a small whisper to the boy: "Hello, my funny."

Then there is the perfect scene of Kezia and her grandmother talking about death. Kezia can't believe everyone must die.

"What if I just won't?"

Then, a little later: "Grandma!" she said in a startled voice.

'What, my pet?'

'You're not to die.....Say never..say never..say never....' she gasped between the kisses. And then she began very softly, very lightly, to tickle her grandmother. They laugh and laugh. "Both of them had forgotten what the 'never' was about."

Jonathan is a poet minus all ambition, and besides he has two small sons to support so his desire to be clerking can never be gratified.

"It seems to me just as imbecile, just as infernal to have to go to the office on Monday as it always has done and always will do. To spend all the best years of one's life sitting on a stool from nine to five, scratching on somebody's ledger. It's a queer use to make of one's..one and only life, isn't it? Or do I fondly dream?"

"This is the end of a road", and even the nervous
and the laughter and the cheerful laughter in a
faintly restless fashion.

And, against her own desire, began to love the boy.
The tears danced in her eyes. She trembled in a small
way to the boy: "Hello, my love."

There is no perfect scene of love and but grand-
motherly feeling about death. There can't believe everyone must
die.

"That is I just won't!"
Then, a little later: "Grandma!" she said in a startled

voice.

"Hello, my love!"

"You're not to die... they never... they never..."
she passed between the kisses. And then she began very softly,
very lightly, to stroke her grandmother. They laughed and sang.
"Both of you had forgotten what the 'cover' was about."

Grandma is a good thing all ambition, and besides to her
two small sons to support to his desire to do the thing can never
be fulfilled.

"It seems to me just as impossible, just as impossible to have
to go to the office on Monday as it always has done and always
will do. To spend all the best years of one's life sitting on
a stool from nine to five, scribbling on somebody's ledger.

It's a queer and so make of one's... one and only life. Isn't it?
Or do I really dream?"

Then there is Beryl, inexperienced and innocent at heart. At the Bay is the story of a day (or every day) from dawn till dark.

"It's called At the Bay^{1.} and it's (I hope) full of sand and seaweed, bathing dresses hanging over verandas, and sandshoes on window sills and little pink sea convolvulus and rather gritty sandwiches, and the tide coming in. And it smells (oh I do hope it smells) a little bit fishy."

In another letter^{2.} "A continuation of Prelude...I've been at it all last night. My precious children have sat in here playing cards. I've wandered about in all sorts of places, in and out, I hope it's good. It's as good as I can do, and all my heart and soul are in it--every single bit. Oh God I hope it gives pleasure to someone...It's so strange to bring the dead to life again. There's my grandmother back in her chair with her pink knitting, there strides my uncle over the grass. I feel as I write: You are not dead, my darlings. All is remembered. I bow down to you."

And in her Journal:^{3.} "It took me nearly a month to 'recover' from At the Bay. I made at least 3 false starts. But I could not get away from the sound of the sea and Beryl fanning her hair at the window. These things would not die down. But now I'm not at all sure about that story. It seems to me it is a little 'wispy'-not what it might have been."

Collins calls the story distinctive in showing K.M.'s way of leaving characters without killing or marrying them or giving

1. Letter Aug 8, 1921
2. Sept., 1921
Jan 30, 1922
Jan 31, 1922
3. Journal Oct 16, 1921

from the fact that the story is told in a way that is both interesting and informative. The story is told in a way that is both interesting and informative.

The story is told in a way that is both interesting and informative. The story is told in a way that is both interesting and informative. The story is told in a way that is both interesting and informative.

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The story is told in a way that is both interesting and informative. The story is told in a way that is both interesting and informative. The story is told in a way that is both interesting and informative.

them high adventure. Mais¹ says that like Tchekhov it has no climax but is a slice of life implying everything, saying very little. Armstrong says every word is vital. "She has the rare gift of expressing what has never been expressed but has always existed in the depths of our minds so that we react immediately and vigorously to the sensations she suggests to us. She knows so exactly what note to strike in order to make the whole room of the mind ring."

While she was writing The Garden Party K.M. said in a letter to a friend:² "Oh how I saw that awful party! What a nightmare! I have a perfect horror of such affairs. They are always the same. One has to be encased in vanity like a beetle to escape being hurt. Don't go to them. But what's the use of saying that; there are times when one has to go."

Meg, Jose, Laura and their brother Laurie are helping their mother prepare for the garden party to be held that afternoon; the opening part of the story is finest--the part where Laura walks out to talk to the workmen and takes her bread and butter with her--or where the girls eat a creampuff in the morning. Their mother, Mrs. Sheridan, is very matter of fact and adult -- to her the party is of greater import than the poor young laborer killed by accident in the lane. Laura, being very young, wants to postpone the party because of this neighbor's death. Her mother refuses to take her seriously and after the party is over, sends her to the sad family with a basket of leftover party food. There Laura, feeling terribly an intruder, sees the dead

1. S. P. B. Mais: Some Modern Authors
2. Letters Oct 15, 1921

man. She has never seen anyone dead. "There lay a young man fast asleep--sleeping so soundly, so deeply, that he was far, far away from them both, oh so remote, so peaceful. He was dreaming. Never wake him again."

K.M. explains Laura's feelings:¹ "The diversity of life and how we try to fit in everything, Death included--that is bewildering for a person of Laura's age. She feels things ought to happen differently. First one and then another. But life isn't like that. We haven't the ordering of it. Laura says 'But all those things must not happen at once.' And Life answers 'Why not? How are they divided from each other? And they do all happen, it is inevitable. And it seems to me there is beauty in that inevitability.'"

The reason she used the florid image² for closing the party was that it was natural for people had been viewing flowers all the afternoon. "And the perfect afternoon slowly ripened, slowly faded, slowly its petals closed."

A critic³ says that Laura is like her creator--that she stops everywhere to wonder at the beauty of things, seeing happiness and beauty and the inexplicable marvel of life in the dead man's face. But Laura is her creator and who should Laurie be but Chummie her brother? Another⁴ says that the spirit of healthy youth--or frivolous or idealizing--flows from the pages of the story. "The author does not preach. There is no straining for effect."

Her friend Tomlinson says that the only time K.M. broke her

1. ~~Letter~~ March 13, 1922

2. ~~Letter~~ March 3, 1922

3. S.T.B. Main: Some Modern Authors

4. Joseph Collins: The Doctor Looks at L. ~~Truett~~

man. She has never seen anyone dead. "There is a young man
that asleep--sleeping so peacefully, so deeply, that in the
the way from the door, on a rug, so peacefully. He was
breathing. Never was his hand."

J. M. explains Nature's feelings: "The diversity of life was how
we try to fit in everything, and included--and is bewildering
for a person of Nature's age. She feels things ought to happen
differently. First one way and another. But life isn't like
that. We haven't the ordering of it. Nature says 'But all
these things must not happen at once,' and life answers 'Why
not? How are they divided from each other? And why do all
happen. It is inevitable. And it seems to me there is beauty
in that inevitability.'"

The reason she used the flower image for describing the unity
was that I was natural for people had been viewing flowers all
the afternoon. "And the perfect afternoon slowly ripened,
slowly faded, slowly the petals closed."

A critic says that Nature is like her creator--that she
knows everything so perfectly, the beauty of things, seeing things
and beauty and the inexplicable marvel of life in the dead
man's face. But Nature is her creator, and who should blame her
for that? Another says that the spirit of
beauty is--or is--or is--or is--or is--or is--or is--or is--
of the story. "The author does not reach. There is no strain
ing for effect."

And John Fordham says that the only time J. M. wrote for

1. Nature's feeling is
2. Nature's feeling is
3. Nature's feeling is
4. Nature's feeling is
5. Nature's feeling is

reserve with him was about The Garden Party when people on the publication of the book called her "a mocker of human weakness." Tomlinson could tell her honestly that he knew it was not mere cleverness or cruelty on her part. "She stood between this world and the next and saw our disillusionment and disappointment at the end of a long clear perspective....She knew their relative importance. But they were revealed by her with such startling clarity that we are shocked by their cold unbeneficial description in diminutives....K.M. knew its poignancy. The Garden Party may be called her reconciliation with her fate."

The Daughters of the Late Colonel is her most famous and outstanding story. Josephine and Constantia are two middle-aged, frightfully pathetic sisters who have spent their whole life caring for their grumpy father, the Colonel. Now he is dead. They are frightened of everything, and besides, it is too late. No friends. No interests. They have had dreams of course--and not even quite dared to dream them. This has been their life:

They are discussing their vigorous and faithful servant, Kate. Josephine says: "'What we've got to decide now, however, is whether we really do trust Kate or not.'" Constantia leaned back. Her flat little laugh flew from her lips. "Isn't it curious, Jug," said she, 'that just on this one subject I've never been able to quite make up my mind.'" Everything is considered, weighed, made an object of much politic thought.

But what, in the words of Mrs. Norman Knight, is just "too absolutely creamy" is the visit of Cyril, their brother Bennie's son. At tea the talk hinges on meringues. Cyril thoughtlessly says he doesn't remember whether his father is still fond of meringues. But his aunts look so disappointed that Cyril puts down his teacup. 'Wait a bit!' he cried. 'Wait a bit, Aunt Josephine, what am I thinking of?' and he remembers his father loved meringues. At that his Aunts take him up to grandfather. The colonel is hard of hearing. Cyril is made to say over and over that his father is still fond of meringues. Poor Cyril blushes and stares and has to go through with it.

"Colonel Pinner heard that time, heard and brooded, looking Cyril up and down. 'What an esstroordinary thing', said old Grandfather Pinner. 'What an esstroordinary thing to come all this way here to tell me!'

And Cyril felt it was."

K. M. said: ^{1.} "I shall never forget lying on that wretched little sofa in Mentone writing that story. I couldn't stop. I wrote all day and on my way back to bed sat down on the stairs and began scribbling the bit about meringues."

She says this story and part of Je Ne Parle Pas are the only ones that satisfy her at all. "But Heavens, what a journey there is before one!" ^{2.} The strange form of the story was, she said, an outcome of and an advance over the Prelude method,--and stronger, too. ^{3.} The reviewers did not take to it at first. ^{4.} "They do hate me, these young men. The Saturday Review said my story was a

1. ~~Letters~~: March 4, 1922

2. ~~Letters~~: Feb 8, 1922

3. ~~Letters~~: Jan 1, 1921
May 9, 1921

4. ~~Letters~~: May, 1921

'dismal transcript of inefficiency.' What a bother! I suppose that, living alone as I do, I get all out of touch and what seems to me lively is ghostly glee."

She had a dread of dying before finishing each of her stories, but this one especially.¹

Cruel, sneering, drab, the astute readers called this perfect story. "It's almost terrifying to be misunderstood.² There was a moment when I first had 'the idea' when I saw the two sisters as amusing; but the moment I looked deeper... I bowed down to the beautiful that was hidden in their lives and to discover that was all my desire. All was meant, of course, to lead up to that last paragraph when my two flowerless ones turned with that tired gesture to the sun, 'perhaps now...' And after that, it seemed to me, they died as surely as father was dead."

Even Thomas Hardy told her to write more about those sisters. "As if there was any more to say."³

Mais is one of those who think her cruel, accusing her of loving the operating table and scalpel, and of 'laughing immoderately at the curious viscera she disembowels."

Collins sees the old sisters exactly. "Not only are they dead emotionally but their habit of thought has become too set to be readjusted to their new freedom....their funniness is loveable." Armstrong praises her use of the essential, arresting quality in everything--of the most significant detail, e.g. Grandfather's hot sweetish room, Con's wincing at breaking her meringue sell, her light blue tear.

1. Journal : Jan 4, 1922
Letters : Jan 17, 1922
2. Letters : June 23, 1921
3. Letters : Nov 11, 1921

'distant' presentation of itself. 'What a mystery! I suppose
that, living alone as I do, I get all out of touch and what
seems to me living is ghostly life.'
She had a dream of dying before finishing work of her
career, but this one especially.
Great, mysterious, and, the writer perhaps called this her
first work. "It's almost terrifying to be misunderstood. There
was a moment when I felt as if I had seen the two sta-
tions as ghosts, but the moment I looked again... I bowed down
to the beautiful and was hidden in their lives and in discovery
that was all my master. All was peace, of course, so I had no
to that last paragraph when up two flowers were buried with
that lined heart as the sun, 'because now...' and after that
it seemed to me, 'I had as surely as I ever was dead.'
Even then a heavy load lay on white snow about some stones.
'As if there were any more to say.'
This is one of those who think that ideal, occasional her of
loving the suffering and the suffering, and of 'living' in the
world as the world is and is not.
Gollins was the old master exactly. "Not only are they
good exactly but they are right of spirit and have been too set
to be subjected to their own freedom.... their freedom is
loved." After that, Gollins was one of the essential, great-
est quality in everything--of the most brilliant detail, of
Gollins' was not sweet, no, Gollins' was not sweet, but
Gollins' was not sweet, but Gollins' was not sweet.

1. Gollins
2. Gollins
3. Gollins
4. Gollins
5. Gollins

It's remarkable how that story will bear rereading and re-reading and rereading.

Of Mr. and Mrs. Dove she says in her Journal: "I am not altogether pleased with it. It's a little bit made up. It's not inevitable. I mean to imply that those two may not be happy together-- that that is the reason for which a young girl marries. But have I done so? I don't think so...And I have a sneaking notion that I have at the end used The Doves unwarrantably...I used them to round off something, didn't I? Is that quite my game? No, it's not. It's not quite the kind of truth I'm after."

This is true enough, and yet the story fascinates me. Reggie, the son of a grim, tall, stout, masculine mother, is about to return to his job in East Africa and timidly proposes to lovely little Anne, a pet and an only child. She giggles at him...then calls him back because she pities him. She compares him to the dove that keeps running after his lady dove only making her laugh and doing it over and over. And Reggie is to be her Mr. Dove.

Reggie is a very nice boy. Anne, for all her cleverness, is in her own mind vague. There is a false note, though, when Anne says: "Even if I can't marry you, how can I know that you're all that way away with only that awful mother to write to." She'd never have mentioned his mother, and had she, he'd have hated her.

2.

The Young Girl (like the Daughters of the Late Colonel, Marriage a la Mode, the Doll's House, and The Fly) is a deservedly

1. Journal July 1921
2. S.P.B. Mail: from Modern Authors

widely known bit of writing reprinted in many a collection and Freshman composition anthology, is a picture of the girl--typical. Here is the girl of about sixteen--her budding beauty, her starry delight in the world, her regalness, her detached, vauge air, her boredom. And Hennie, the apologetic 'kid brother', awkward, self-conscious, ill-at-ease.

A peep into her method of careful and deliberate mental composition is here afforded us:

"As usual, I am in a foolish panic about it, B. You know how I choose my words; they can't be changed. And if you don't like it, think it is wrong just as it is, I'd rather you didn't print it. Will you tell me...what you think of it? Again (as usual) I burn to know and there is No One here. It was one of my queer hallucinations. I wrote it straight off-- and I've no copy. I hope you like my little boy. His name is Hennie."

Everything seems to pain the young girl and she is apparently above and oblivious to many things. It is the pose of the very young. Her conduct at the teashop... She doesn't want anything.

"But just as the waitress turned away she cried out carelessly: 'Oh you may as well bring me a chocolate, too.'" The pastries are distasteful to her. No! she is not hungry, she really wants nothing. "But just as the boy swerved away she held up her plate. 'Oh well, give me one,' she said."

Absently, she eats four. And then she has a tangerine-and ginger, too. When she talks she is very far away and really

At present, the water table is very low and will

doesn't know quite what she is saying.

We leave her waiting on the Casino steps in the warm summer dusk. "Her dark coat fell open and her white throat--all her soft young body in the blue dress--was like a flower that is just emerging from its dark bud."

Someone writes of The Life of Ma Parker: "A long history of ulcers, consumption, spine trouble, emigration, going wrong, and then little Lennie. The whole history of charwomen is summed up in her appalling cry: 'What have I done? What have I done?'"

Her cry? Boethius' cry. The cry (and justified) of nearly every man and of every woman...

Ma Parker cleans up every Tuesday for the literary gentleman (a character he is, too, saving his teaspoonful of cocoa and feeling that in so doing he has been a vigilant housekeeper). Ma Parker's children have died of illness or sin. Lennie, her blonde and delicate darling boy (for she is another Mansfield Grandma) to whom not even "a nice shakeup in the bus" would give color or appetite never gets well. They write for fleshbuilding iron yeast "but it was no use. Nothing made little Lennie put it on." He dies. It seems too much. But it is true; he dies. And there is nowhere for his Gran to have her cry out.

K.M. describes the cold so that we feel it: "There was a wind like ice. People went flitting by very fast; the men walked like scissors; the women trod like cats."

For Ma Parker there is no hope in the world.

.....

doesn't know what she is saying.

She has her father on the same side in the same way.

She has her mother on the same side in the same way.

She has her father on the same side in the same way.

She has her mother on the same side in the same way.

Someone writes of the life of the father: "A long history

of misadventure, of misadventure, of misadventure, of misadventure.

and then little things. The whole history of the father is

turned up in his own life. I don't know what I have I

don't know what I have I don't know what I have I don't know

Her story is the story of the father. The story of the father

is every one and of every one.

He has a sense of every thing for the father's history.

He has a sense of every thing for the father's history.

He has a sense of every thing for the father's history.

He has a sense of every thing for the father's history.

He has a sense of every thing for the father's history.

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He has a sense of every thing for the father's history.

He has a sense of every thing for the father's history.

He has a sense of every thing for the father's history.

Marriage a la Mode, though I have often heard it condemned, seems to me an exray of what men and women really are. William, too, poor sweet soul, adores his wife, Isabel, in a tender, sentimental way and is made miserable. Isabel has gone artistic and though she really loves William and sees her horrid self rushing off with friends who call melons "de-cap-itated heads" and talk of their legs being "palest, palest mushroom color" under water. We can feel Isabel's sense of discomfort and see the violent red beat in her cheeks when she thinks honestly.

Katherine Mansfield "usually depicted sentimental men whose long suits were fidelity or constancy, or men whose fundamental urges were not harmonized to convention. Her women are, in the main, fickle, designing, inconstant, shallow, truckling vain... William keeps his romantic and sentimental view of life after progress and prosperity come. Isabel doesn't. She is all for progress and evolution--new house, new environment, new friends--sybarites and hedonists in search of sensation....On the way back to town William concocts a long letter, full of protestations of unselfish love and willingness to stand aside.

"God forbid, my darling, that I should be a drag on your happiness."

Isabel reads the letter to her friends.

They grow hysterical. She runs off and hates herself but is not strong enough to withstand them when they call her to go bathing. "I'll--I'll go with them and write to William later. Some other time. Later. Not now. But I shall certainly write."

1. J. Collins: The Doctor looks at literature

The Voyage is a New Zealand story. "When I wrote that little story I felt that I was in that very boat, going down those stairs, smelling the smell of the saloon. And when the stewardess came in and said: 'We're rather empty, we may pitch a little' I can't believe that my sofa did not pitch. And one moment I had a little bun of silkwhite hair and a bonnet and the next I was Fenella hugging the swan-neck umbrella. It was so vivid..It wasn't a memory of a real experience. It was a possession. I might have remained the grandma forever if the wind had changed that moment. That I think would have been a little bit embarrassing for Middleton Murry."

Fenella's mother dies and Grandma takes her home to live. This one, of all K.M.'s grandmothers--has a living husband--one jollier than she. This grandmother is a prim, precise, economical body. She is astonished at boat sandwiches costing tuppence each.' When she is alone she never takes a cabin; even the "nice banana" is saved for the stewardess. And the umbrella is carefully guarded. And the motto she embroiders is just the one she'd have chosen:

Lost! One Golden Hour
Set with Sixty Diamond Minutes.
No Reward is Offered
For It Is Gone Forever.

Mais calls Miss Brill an unhealthy creation--too sentimental and sickly. "The art is there, all right, but Miss Mansfield must have been ill when she wrote Miss B. It's not healthy to dwell on the Miss Brills so lovingly as she does."

Miss Brill is an old lonely thing with no joys in life but

1. L. ~~letter~~ Feb 26, 1922
March 13, 1922

the passage is a new passage story. "When I wrote this

little story I felt that I was in that very room, alone down
those stairs, smelling the smell of the sailors. And when the
stewardess came in and said 'Write rather early, we are going
a little' I can't believe that my words are not clear. And she

reminds me of a little girl of thirteen years and a woman and
the next I was feeling hearing the same-old melody.

no visit. It was a memory of a real experience. It was a

possibility. I might have remained the same forever if the

which had remained that woman. That I think would have been a

little bit extraordinary for Winston Churchill."

Churchill's mother, Mrs. and Winston Churchill, had been to live.

late one, of all the Churchill's--has a living presence--

and follow that up. This presence is a real, tangible,

historical body. She is retained at best remembered feeling

presence again. When she is alone she never takes a breath; even

the "nice woman" is never far from the stewardess. And the impulsive

is carefully guarded. And the gentle the stewardess is just the

and she'd have thought:

lost! One golden word
Set with every diamond mine.
No reward is offered
For it is gone forever.

Miss Ellis will be a wonderful creation--and remember

two things. "The art is there, all right, but Miss Ellis

will have been ill when she wrote this. It's not healthy to

well on the Miss Ellis so lovingly as the poem."

Miss Ellis is an old lovely thing with no joy in life but

1914-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100

her furpiece, a slice of honeycake, and a good sit in the Public Gardens of a Sunday, watching walkers and lovers like people in a play. When a boy and girl make fun of her and titter that "it's her fu-fur which is so funny. It's exactly like a fried whiting" she goes dully home in a sunless world and hears the furpiece crying.

People liked the story and wrote to K.M. of their pleasure. She was willing to accept criticism.^{1.} "Yes, I agree with you, the insulting references to Miss Brill would have been better in French. Also there's a printer's error chere for cherie. 'Ma petite chere' sounds ridiculous." The American version retains the error.

To her brotherinlaw Richard Murry she explained clearly her precise technique. "It's a very queer thing how craft comes into writing. I mean down to details. Par exemple-- In Miss Brill I chose not only the length of every sentence, but even the sound of every sentence. I chose the rise and fall of every paragraph to fit, but to fit her on that day at that very moment. After I'd written it I read it aloud-- numbers of times-- just as one would play over a musical composition--trying to get it nearer and nearer the expression of Miss Brill until it fitted her.

Unlike Mais,^{2.} Collins sees a whimsical pathos in the sketch, an illustration of K.M.'s ability to show the hidden speck of beauty under an uncompromising exterior. "There are many old ladies in the book and the loving skill with which she has

1. Letter March 13, 1922

2. J. Collins: The Doctor Looks at Literature

her father, a little of her mother, and a good bit of the
in her of a Sunday, watching rabbits and flowers like
people in a city. When a dog and girl walk from her and
father and it's her father which is so funny. It's exactly
like a little woman" and some other things in a similar way
and some other things.

People liked the story and wrote to her of their pleasure
in it. She was willing to accept criticism. "Yes, I agree with you,
the thing which is so funny about it is that it would have been better
in French. The thing is a woman's story about her mother.
The writer says 'woman's story'. The American version
is the story.

To her disappointment she found that the explanation of
her mother's behavior. "It's a very good thing how it is
some like writing. I mean down to details. But examples--
to her mother I think not only the things of every sentence,
but over the whole of every sentence. I think the first and
last of every paragraph to be, but it is the last of every day of

that very moment. When I finished it I read it aloud--
members of the-- just as she would say over a small com-
position--trying to get it better and better the expression of
Miss Brill until it fitted her.

When Miss Brill was a woman, she was in the church
an illustration of it. It's ability to know the hidden speech of
people was an unconscious extension. "There are many old
fables in the book and the living spirit which she has

1. The story is a very good one.
2. The story is a very good one.

reproduced for the reader the charm she was able to see in them is indicative not only of her art but of her essential wholesomeness."

Her First Ball again shows us the Sheridans of The Garden Party and introduces their little country cousin Leila whom they are taking to her first ball. She is gentle and 18. Leila tumbles from pinnacles of joy to pits of grief, tumbles and rises higher. "She depicted transformation of mental states--the result of impulse or suggestion--much as a prestidigitator handles his Aaron's rod. This is particularly seen in Leila. The reader shares her joyous mental state full of vistas of hope and love and joy. Then a fat man who has been going to parties for 30 years, dances with her and pictures her future follies, strifes, struggles and selfishness at 40. At once she realizes her doll is stuffed with sawdust, and cries, and wants to go home, but a young man comes along, dances with her again, and behold the filling isn't sawdust but radium." The bit about her depiction of rapidly changing mental states is very sound criticism. Her young girls especially are mentally fickle to a mood.

The Singing Lesson is another swift change of mood. From the wintry gloom of the jilted Miss Meadows who makes her frightened class lament mournfully: "Fleetly, ah fleetly, Music's
gay measure
Passes away from the listening
ear."

It whisks us to the jubilant Miss Meadows flying on "the wings of hope, of love, of joy," and making the class shout: "We come

"I hope, at least, of joy," and neither the class about; "a new

here today with flowers o'erladen" because Basil changes his mind and decides to marry her after all. What a school picture it is--the sugary Science Mistress, the little girl who brings the note fussily, Mary Beazley the spoiled pet, and Headmistress Wyatt who cannot be kind when she learns the telegram contains good news.

Yet Mais¹ calls the story devitalized. "Oh these spinsters and school mistresses and their passionate aches!" he sighs, longing for Somerset Maugham's fullblooded heroes. There is something in this, of course. But how could she portray the effect of little things if she drew characters unable to be bothered by them? Her characters had to be what they were.

I think I am inclined to agree with Mais when he says of The Stranger: "There was the reunion of Janey and her elderly husband after her long voyage when she tells him of the stranger who died "of heart" in her arms the night before. "They would never be alone together again." Surely this is where Miss Mansfield topples over on the further side. This is the hectic flush. She is seeing things awry. She is better when she is merely describing." I think the trouble with the story is the age of the characters. Were it a young couple the event might hurt them and make them uncomfortable. But not people with grown married daughters. They would be a little surer of one another than that. Janey is the sensible wife, Robert the sensible husband.

K.M. writes of this New Zealand story that she had to write it.²

1. S.P.B. Mais: *Some Modern Authors*
2. *Litton*: Nov. 3, 1920

"What a queer business writing is. I don't know. I don't believe other people are ever as foolishly excited as I am while I'm working. I've been this man, been this woman. I've stood for hours on the Auckland Wharf. I've been a seagull hovering at the stern and a hotel porter whistling through his teeth. It isn't as though one sits and watches the spectacle."

She writes Murry a letter[/] on the punctuation of this story remarking that her use of dashes was intentional in an attempt to abolish the over-abused 3 dots.

Armstrong has some stute remarks on The Stranger and her art in general saying that she does not copy nature indiscriminately but produces a definite reaction in the reader by carefully arranging the details--by omitting and selecting. "She gives us only the crystallised deposit of a saturated solution of experience. All inessentials are thrown away; as soon as the appropriate effect has been secured she breaks off sometimes in the middle of a sentence." For example Hammond goes aboard to take his wife home;

"John dear," and then "I want to introduce you to--"

Finally they did escape and she led the way to her stateroom.

Armstrong says she describes her characters either by making them talk or think in their own characteristic language or by describing them in it, e.g., Hammond looking for Janey at the wharf "And then suddenly between two great clumsy idiots."

As Armstrong says, it is Hammond who thinks them idiots. That was what I meant earlier when I stressed her way of gliding

into a point of view. *servic, that. Army that now could fill*

Bank Holiday is a warm bright description of the crowd, the sun, golliwogs, balloons, icecream, chewing gum, roses, feathers...

An Ideal Family is not one of her best stories. Old Mr. Neave has no one to stand by him but Charles his manservant. His ideal family (everyone tells him it is one) --his handsome son, his fat wife, his peevish girls,--are preoccupied with their own trifles. Like Babbitt he has a sort of dream, a girl with a little face, pale.

She knows it is not quite successful: "It seems to me better than *The Doves* but still it's not good enough. I worked at it hard enough, God knows, and yet I didn't get the deepest truth out of the idea even once. What is this feeling? I feel again that this kind of knowledge is too easy for me, it's even a kind of trickery."

Mais, speaking especially of Mr. Neaves, "the forgotten father", says that all K.M.'s characters think back, never forward, "a sure sign of their lack of health." But I repeat what I wrote elsewhere--how can a writing person know what it is to look forward, to live in the impossible future?

The Lady's Maid, the final story in the book, is the soliloquy of the maid who has long tended and dearly cherished her tyrannical, delicate old mistress to the awful extent of giving up her young man for her old lady's sake! Oh the old lady never asked her to stay--she merely cheerfully, bravely dropped her hanky and picked it up over and over and said: "I shall have to

into a subject at once.

There is a very definite distinction in the degree,
the way, the manner, the feeling, the passion,
the intensity...

As I feel, so is the one of the best stories. And the
more we are to stand by his and the other of the movement.
The whole thing (everybody believes it is one) -- the whole
and, the last time, the whole thing, -- the whole thing with
their own feeling. The whole thing is a sort of thing, a
thing with a little less, more.

The whole thing is a sort of thing, a sort of thing, a
sort of thing, a sort of thing, a sort of thing, a sort of thing.
The whole thing is a sort of thing, a sort of thing, a
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The whole thing is a sort of thing, a sort of thing, a
sort of thing, a sort of thing, a sort of thing, a sort of thing.

110.
begin to practise"-- merely that. After that how could Ellen go? A life of service...

.....
This book contains the culmination of the writing of Katherine Mansfield in The Daughters of the Late Colonel, with The Young Girl, Marriage a la Mode, The Garden Party and At the Bay, running good seconds. These are strong enough to balance the other stories all of which contain exquisite passages but in some of which there is a definite fall below the highest Mansfield standard.

In her Journal for October 27, 1921 is a plan for her new book. The notes in this plan were significant to her alone and about the crowding images from drifting beyond her memory. For example, the note on Mack's head which she began but left unfinished yet clear: "Bessie on his bike in the evening, with his hands in his pockets going merrily by that dark tree at the corner of Bay Street." Or, for The Doll's House which she did finish. "The little lamp. I keep it. And then they were silent."

Among these notes are three which she never began to write at all: Our Friends, Ann's Anne, and Lives Like Loss of Driftwood. In the Aloe is a poem from a never-performed play. Robin, to Ceryl:

Lives Like Loss of Driftwood
Passed on a watery main
Other lives encounter
Drift, touch, part again.

///

The Doves' Nest and Other Stories

The Doves' Nest, published in the year of her death, 1923, contains "all the complete stories and several fragments of stories which she wrote in the same time as, or after, those published in The Garden Party." That is, six complete stories and 15 unfinished ones. Yet the unfinished ones tell as complete a story as the others, all except Daphne, Honesty, Susannah, and Second Violin. We see clearly that the framework of each story with the opening sentence and the closing one was written out mentally before she touched pen to paper.

In her Journal for October 27, 1921 is a plan for her new book. The notes in this plan were significant to her alone and kept the crowding images from drifting beyond her memory. For example, the note on Weak Heart which she began but left unfinished yet clear: "Roddie on his bike in the evening, with his hands in his pockets doing marvels by that dark tree at the corner of May Street." Or, for The Doll's House which she did finish. "The little lamp. I seen it. And then they were silent."

Among these notes are three which she never began to write at all: Our Maude, Aunt Anne, and Lives Like Logs of Driftwood. Curiously, in The Aloe is a poem from a never-portrayed boy, Robin, to Beryl:

Lives Like Logs of Driftwood
Tossed on a watery main
Other logs encounter
Drift, touch, part again.

The novel, Heart and Soul, published

The Love, Heart, published in the year of her death, 1932.

contains "all the complete stories and several fragments of

stories which she wrote in the same line as, or after, these

published in The Love, Heart. That is, six complete stories

and is published after. Yet the unfinished ones tell us con-

plete a story as the others, all except Heart, Love, Heart. So-

called, and Heart, Love, Heart. So we clearly find the fragments

of each story with the complete sentences and the closing one and

written out especially before the finished one to order.

In her journal for October 21, 1931 is a plan for her new

book. The notes in this plan were significant as they alone and

help us understand the true meaning beyond her memory. For

example, the note on Heart, Love, Heart which was begun but left un-

finished yet clear: "Nathaniel on his side in the evening, with

his hands in his pockets doing nothing by that dark time at the

corner of the house." It, for the Heart, Love, Heart which are the

first. "The little house. I read it. And that they were

alive."

Among these notes are three which she never began to write

at all: Heart, Love, Heart, and Heart, Love, Heart of the house.

Personally, in the Heart, Love, Heart is a book from a never-forgotten day.

Heart, Love, Heart.

Lives like love of the house

Heart, Love, Heart

Heart, Love, Heart

Heart, Love, Heart

And so it is with our lives
On life's tempestuous sea.
We meet, we greet, we sever
Drifting eternally...

This symbol bothered her.

Murry says she stopped writing late in July 1922 not because of physical frailty, but deliberately, because she wanted to change her attitude toward life before she wrote on. "Lord, make me crystal clear for thy light to shine through."

She feels that she has failed, somehow, that she has idled her time away. On November 13, 1921, she writes (and who has not felt that same helplessness, the conscience-stricken inertia that will not be overcome?): "Wasting time! The old cry-- the first and last cry. Why do ye tarry? Ah, why indeed? My deepest desire is to be a writer, to have 'a body of work' done--and there the work is, there the stories wait for me, grow tired, wilt, fade, because I will not come. When first they knock, how eager and fresh they are! And I hear and acknowledge them and still I go on sitting at the window, playing with the ball of wool. What is to be done?" And then she resolves, the efforts...

The Doll's House--"a dark, oily spinach green, picked out with bright yellow...actually a tiny porch, too, painted yellow with big lumps of congealed paint hanging along the edge."... is given to the Burnell children by a friend. A "perfect, perfect little house". And what Kezia, the most sensitive of the three little girls, adores is the tiny exquisite lamp of amber inside on the dolls' diningroom table.

And so it is with our lives
On life's tremendous sea.
We meet, we greet, we sever
The line eternally...

This symbol rather than.

Henry says she stopped writing late in July 1933 not be-
cause of physical frailty, but deliberately, because she wanted
to change her attitude toward life before she wrote on. "Good,
said he, trying to cheer her for the light to shine through."

The facts that she had failed, somehow, that she had failed
the time away. On November 13, 1931, she writes (and who has
not felt that same helplessness, the conscience-stricken frailty
that will not be overcome): "aching time! The old cry-- the
first and last cry. Why do ye suffer, ah, why indeed? My
constant desire is to be a writer, to have 'a body of work' done--
and there the work is, there the effort will for me, grow
fired, will, I feel, because I will not come. When first they
know, how eager and fresh they are! And I hear and acknowledge
them and still I go on sitting at the window, playing with the
ball of wool. What is so easy? And then the resolve,
the effort...

The Ball's "Waste"--a dark, oily, saturated green, picked out
with bright yellow... certainly a tiny corner, too, painted yellow
with big lines of saturated paint hanging along the edge..."
is given to the small children by a friend. A "perfect, per-
fect little piece." And what really, the most sensitive of the
three little girls, comes in the tiny exquisite form of amber
inside on the little's diningroom table.

At their Karori school, Isabel, the eldest, is boss and chooses each day two friends who may come and see the treasure. But the line is drawn at the Kelveys whose mother is a washer-woman and whose father a gaolbird; they are outside the pale. Lil, the clumsy elder one, and Else, "a tiny wishbone of a child with cropped hair and enormous solemn eyes--a little white owl" who clings to her sister's skirts and never smiles, both long to see the doll's house; and Else, hearing Kezia praise the lamp, longs more than ever...

One afternoon when the family is entertaining company, Kezia runs away and shows the astonished Kelveys the beautiful toy. Aunt Beryl coldly (because she has had an unsatisfactory letter from her friend Will) sends 'em packing. But it doesn't matter. Our Else "smiled her rare smile. 'I seen the little lamp' she said softly.

Then both were silent once more."

It is a charming and simple story. A critic named Eddy treats it symbolically: "The way K.M. looked into the house of life--the whole house front swung back and she looked, like these charming children of hers, into diningroom, livingroom, the kitchen and two bedrooms. But she saw even better than Kezia or the two Kelveys, the little lamp. So many writers peer through the slit of a door into the mean little hall and see only the hatstand and the two umbrellas...K.M. somehow, even when she saw no more than that, glimpsed the little lamp shining somewhere beyond the dreary hall."

Honeymoon tells of George who wants to impress with his

at their father's school, Isabel, the wisest, in good and
dispute each day the friends who say down and see the picture.
But the line is drawn at the bridge whose mother is a woman-
woman and where Father a good friend; they are called the date.
All the things after one, and also, "a tiny shadow of a child
with exposed hair and enormous white eyes--a little white oval"
who clings to her sister's skirt and never smiles, does not
see the girl's face; and also, hearing her name twice the day,
longer than ever...

The afternoon when the family is extraordinarily happy.
Her name says and shows the astonished father the beautiful
day. And here I really believe the day had an extraordinary
letter from her father (Will) and her mother. But it doesn't
matter. Her name "called her name twice." I even see little
things in the air.

Then they were silent once more.
It is a beautiful and simple story. A little named lady
crosses it symbolically; "the way it looked into the house of
life--the whole world from back and the looked, like
these children children of love, into dining room, living room,
the kitchen and the bedroom. But she was even better than
these of the two bridges, the little lamp. So many writers
go through the air of a door into the world in the hall and
see only the painted and the red wallpaper... A. A. Graham,
even when she saw the house then that, glimpsed the little lamp
shining somewhere beyond the Greeny Hall."

suave worldliness and of meek Fanny, his bride, who adores him. They are honeymooning on the Riviera. The waiter asks: "You will not 'ave toasts to start with? We 'ave very nice toasts."

'No,' said George shortly, 'you don't want toast, do you Fanny?'" He is a man of the world.

Queer music begins to play and a thin-voiced singer moans a Spanish song. George, Fanny, the other eaters all fall to thinking.

"Had she and George the right to be so happy? Wasn't it cruel?"

George, whose thoughts have been on swimming, suddenly feels tender toward "His Fanny, leaning forward, breathing so gently." They go back to their hotel.

A Cup of Tea is a very feminine story. Rosemary Fell is Woman. She has everything, scads of money, lovely clothes, an enviable young husband, all the pampering in the world and any toys she desires... but when Philip her husband says that the pauper girl who asked her for a cup of tea and whom she has taken home to care for is pretty, Rosemary gives the girl money and lets her go.

"And really the effect of that slight meal was marvelous. When the teatable was carried away a new being, a light frail creature with tangled hair, dark lips, deep lighted eyes, lay back in the big chair in a kind of sweet languor, looking at the blaze.

'But, said Philip slowly, 'She's so astonishingly pretty..'

14
gave something out of my hand, his bride, who knows him
They are looking at the river. The water looks like you

will not have reason to start with. We have very nice boats.

'No,' said George slowly, 'your boat is not for sale, do you

know?' He is a man of the world.

George was going to say and a thin-voiced voice came

a British one. George, Henry, the other guests all left to

remain.

'And the two Georges the thing to be in danger? What is it

really?

George, whose thoughts have been on swimming, suddenly

looks towards the 'Misses', leaning forward, breathing to

himself. 'They go back to their hotel.'

A line of the is a very feminine story. Rosemary Bell is

young. She has everything, needs of money, lovely clothes, an

exquisite young husband, all the money in the world and her

boys are beautiful... but when Philip and Rosemary were first

married (and when asked for a son of the wife who she has

when they came for the pretty Rosemary gives the girl money

and the girl goes.

'And really the effect of that slight touch was marvelous.

Then the terrible was carried away a new being, a light itself

creating with rapid hair, dark lips, deep lighted eyes, lay

back in the big chair in a kind of sweet fashion, looking at the

place.

'But, said Philip slowly, 'She's so astonishingly pretty.'

Later that evening Rosemary, pressing her head against her husband's bosom, will be comforted by only one thing.

'Philip,' she whispered, 'am I pretty?'

The whole story plays to the tune of a winter rain.

K.M. "By the way, I wonder why things that happen in the rain seem always more wonderful. Do you feel that? There's such a freshness about them, something so unexpected and vivid."^{1.}

There is about A Cup of Tea an air of luxuriousness, lovely home, ornaments, richness, food, that creeps increasingly into her later stories--the comfort of physical things.

Shanks^{2.} things it was wrong for her to write this "plotted" story. He says: "It is remarkably well done. K.M. had talent to burn and occasionally as here she burnt it to no great purpose." But I cannot see that it is plotted. It is built upon a device of a passing incident (here prettiness) and all her stories are built in the same way.

The scene of Taking the Veil was remembered New Zealand convent.^{3.} "It took me about 3 hours to write, finally. But I had been thinking over the decor and so on for weeks--nay, months, I believe. I can't say how thankful I am to have been born in New Zealand and to know Wellington as I do, and to have it to range about in. Writing about the convent seems so natural. I suppose I have not been in the grounds more than twice. But it is one of the places that remains as vivid as ever."

Like the heroine of Something Childish the heroine is very

1. ~~Letter~~ : Oct 6, 1922

2. E. Shanks : K.M. London Mercury Jan 1928

3. ~~Letter~~ : Jan 26, 1922
Journal : Jan 24, 1922

young, pretty, and named Edna. Jimmy is the boy she is engaged to--has been since perambulator days. But last night she fell hopelessly in love with an actor and there is nothing to do but become a nun. She sits in the garden of the Convent of the Sacred Heart and visualizes her life. She will be Sister Angela, will have her hair cut off, will die of a fever contracted while doing a deed of mercy. To her grave will come Jimmy with a crepe on his hatband and snow white hair.

Edna is wretched. What of the little boy they planned to have, what of that little boy's baby sister? "She realized that now at last for the first time in her life--she had never imagined any feeling like it before--she knew what it was to be in love--but--in--love!"

The story portrays youth but not quite as well as in The Young Girl.

The Fly on the other hand is an achievement. "Her last published story in the Nation and Athenaeum is The Fly, 2500 words and says more than most 100,000 word novels." Murry says it would have been easy for her to soften that truth she had to tell in The Fly. The hard part was finding courage to tell the whole truth. "What the effort of her loyalty to her truth imposed upon her may be imagined by those who have read the Fly. The killing of that fly was torture to her, unrelenting torture." This may well be believed. She told Gerhardt:
"I hated writing it."

Much, much earlier, in 1918, referring to herself and her

1. Lit Digest Mar 17, 1923
2. Letters: Feb 26, 1922
Jan 14, 1922
Oct 21, 1922

(Faint handwritten notes at the bottom of the page)

illness, she wrote laughingly of a fly. And this simile may have come back to her: "And God looked upon the fly fallen into the jug of milk and saw that it was good. And the smallest Cherubim and Seraphim of all, who delight in misfortune, struck their silver harps and shrilled: 'How is the fly fallen, fallen.'"

Littell says the story is unsentimental, unsparing, yet understanding of its subject withall, and that through this desire for understanding "she attained knowledge of some of those secrets about human beings which lie beyond judgment."

Collins says of this in his book: "She was as immune to bitterness, to poison, to weakness as a disembodied spirit would be to disease. She was like pure white glass reflecting unrelentlessly the part of life that was held before her but never coloring it with her own personality. Her reflection was impartial."

The boss's young son was killed in the war six years before the story and the boss was killed really--or so he believes--by the shock. For the boy was such a promising one, the kind desired by every father...

An old tottering pensioned-off clerk comes and tells the boss his daughters visited Reggie's grave on their trip through Belgium. The old man goes and the boss is stricken. He looks at Reggie's photograph but it seems unreal, something of long ago. The boss sees a fly fallen into his inkpot and plays with it, squirting ink at it from his fountain pen, watching it

1. Journal Dec 31, 1918

...and the whole thing was a lie.

There was no such thing as a free lunch.

...and the whole thing was a lie.

...and the whole thing was a lie.

...and the whole thing was a lie.

...and the whole thing was a lie.

...and the whole thing was a lie.

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...and the whole thing was a lie.

...and the whole thing was a lie.

struggle bravely and then die. A "grinding feeling of wretchedness" seizes him.

"He fell to wondering what it was he had been thinking about before. What was it?...For the life of him he could not remember."

Oh grief, grief, so terrible to be borne and yet more terrible because at last forgotten.

Her last finished story, which I do not like, possibly because I dislike reading sad tales of birds in cages) is the Canary. She writes to Dorothy Brett: "I think my story for you will be called Canaries. The large cage opposite had fascinated me completely. I think and think about them--their feelings, their dreams... Words cannot express the beauty of that high shrill song rising out of the very stones. It seems one cannot escape Beauty. It is everywhere."

As usual she feels as if she were the character² in her story. To her father: "I have just finished a story with a canary for the hero, and almost feel I have lived in a cage and pecked a piece of chickweed myself."

The woman in the story has nothing in her life but the bird and the bird dies. The theme, the tragedy, is the very same as that in the Fly: "My heart felt hollow...I shall get over it. One can get over anything in time." And then, "All the same, without being morbid, and giving way to--to memories and so on, I must confess that there does seem to me something sad in life."

One wants to laugh hysterically at that.

1. Letters Feb 26, 1922
2. Letters July 9, 1922

strange events and then this. A "binding" feeling of wrong-
ness, which is.

"The fall is something that it was he had been thinking about
before. What was it...? For the life of him he could not re-
member."

On trial, trial, so terrible to be borne and yet more terri-
ble because so last forgotten.

The last finished story, which I do not like, possibly be-
cause I dislike reading and tales of crime in general) is the
Gentle. The writer is Dorothy Greer: "I think my story for you
will be called Gentle. The large cake合作社 had feeding-
fed me completely. I think and think about that--that last-
ing, that dream... Words cannot express the beauty of that
light shall come rising out of the very stones. It seems one
cannot escape Beauty. It is everywhere."

As usual the facts as it was the question in her
story. To her father "I have just finished a story with a
country for the hero, and almost feel I have lived in a cage and
pecked a piece of chicken myself."

The women in the story has nothing in her life but the bird
and the bird dies. The theme, the tragedy, is the very same as
that in the life: "My heart felt hollow... I shall get over it.
One can get over anything in time." And then, "All the same,
without being morbid, and giving way to memories and so on,
I must confess that there does seem to me something sad in life.
One wants to laugh hysterically at that."

1. The first story
2. The second story

A Married Man's Story is long, unfinished, in the autobiographical manner of Je ne Parle. It is full of philosophy, weather, striking psychological touches. Everyone believes that her later stories would have been in the manner of this one. Shanks¹ calls it an important experiment, and warns us against taking for granted that because her best finished work dealt with her New Zealand childhood that "it would be unwise for her to attempt a work of larger scope." He says that with health and time she would have done something larger and even finer.

In a review of the book when it first appeared Eddy² thinks this story "quite the finest thing she has ever done", a story which is "a man's soul made manifest". Of the fragments he feels as I do: "It doesn't seem to matter that they aren't finished. In one sense of the word they are. It doesn't in the least spoil A Married Man's Story, that abrupt closing..."

The married man loves his wife no longer. He did, once. Their child seems strange to him. "Every time when I come into the hall and see the perambulator I catch myself thinking: "Hm, someone has brought a baby!..."

The theme seems to be: How long shall we continue to live like this? The mystery of why people don't leave one another is "They are bound." And there is "the hopelessness of trying to escape." True, of course, and another basis for a tragic story.

The acute manner of revealing a person's mental processes is astounding. For example, the wife asks the husband (for she

1. E. Shanks K.M. London Mercury Jan 1928
2. Eddy K.M. Sub. Review Feb 1923

is not pretty) does he think physical beauty is very important. And before answering he wonders: "I don't like to think how often she had rehearsed that question."

Then the story goes back to his childhood. (Note the part about the little dead sparrow and the pressure of birds on K.M.'s mind), and an attempt to explain the man's later life from that childhood as Raoul tries to explain his life in Je Ne Parle.

The man's childhood was life with an invalid mother and a wicked bald father in a ghoulish druggist's shop.

Eddy, the first reviewer of it, found that The Doves' Nest left him disturbed and unsatisfied. "It is as though one had had a very illuminating glimpse of life and then the whole house-front swings to again."

Yes, but she never finished it. She never had time at all and it was not to be a series of episodes of her childhood like Prelude that could be cut off anywhere. To this her letters testify: "I am in the middle of a very long story written in the same style--horrible expression-- as The Daughters of the Late Colonel. I enjoy writing it so much that even after I am asleep I go on. The scene is the south of France, early spring. There is a real love story in it, and rain birds, frogs, a thunder-storm, pink spotted Chinese dragons. But it's mysterious, too. How is it possible to be here in this remote, deserted hotel and at the same time to be leaning out of the window of the Villa Martin looking at the rain thrumming so gently on the leaves and smelling the night-scented stock with Milly."

The reason the story is so long getting under way is that it

1. Journal
letters Jan 1, 1922
June 14, 1922
June 22, 1922

is not pretty) does he think a good beauty is very important.
and before answering he wonders: "I don't like to think how
often one had repeated that question."

Then the story goes back to his childhood. (Note the next about
the little head against and the pressure of hands on L.M.'s hand).
and an attempt to explain the man's later life from that child-
hood as he had tried to explain his life to his father.

The man's childhood was like with his father's mother and a
woman who lived later in a French provincial town.
And, the first reviewer of it, found that the book was
left him disturbed and unsettled. "It is as though one had
had a very illuminating glimpse of life and then the whole world
from within to again."

Yes, but the never finished it. And never had time to fill and
it was not so he a series of episodes of his childhood life pre-
sented itself could be cut off anywhere. To this man's father told
it: "I am in the middle of a very long story written in the same
style--narrative expression--as the description of the last Gold-

and. I enjoy writing it so much that even after I am asleep I
go on. The scene is the court of France, early spring. There
is a real love story in it, and rain, snow, fog, a shadow-
storm, that spotted Chinese dragons. But it's mysterious, too.
how is it possible to be late in this remote, deserted hotel and
at the same time to be leaning out of the window of the Villa
Martin looking at the rain streaming so gently on the leaves and
smelling the night-scented stock with hills."

The reason the story is so long seems rather odd to me that it

1. I am not
2. I am not
3. I am not
4. I am not
5. I am not

was to be long. The mother, the widowed Mrs. Fawcett, is a Mary Pickford sort of little heroine, brave, easily flustered. Her husband's spirit hovers near. Milly is the young daughter, Mr. Prodger the sleek American visitor, Miss Anderson a lady companion like Nurse Andrews in The Daughters of the Late Colonel. But the prize of the story is the maidservant, Marie. Lunch is to her a glorious opportunity for making Tombs. Each centerpiece of flowers is somebody's Tomb- one a day. And the people are pleased with the flowers, never suspecting...

I wish very much K.M. had got as far as the storm. There are no storms in her stories.

Six Years After is a war story aboard ship. The son has been dead six years. His old father and mother are on deck and it is cold and grey, and rain is falling into the sea. Here it is the mother who remembers:

"Far more often--at all times--in all places--like now, for instance--she never settled down, she was never off her guard for a moment but she heard him."

That is it, that is the thing, one must never be off one's guard. How would the story have ended? Not like The Fly. The story is not about a man.

There is a passage in the story that is exactly like her poem to her brother. The dead boy talks to his mother in her mind: "I dreamed I was in a wood --somewhere far away from everybody--and I was lying down and a great blackberry vine grew over me. And I called and called to you--and you wouldn't come-- you

wouldn't come so I had to lie there forever."

....

There is not enough of Daphne to give a clear idea of what it would have been. In Father and the Girls the three tall thin ones--father, Emily, Edith-- are like the 3 in the Daughters of the Late Colonel. Would this have been an inferior sequel? All Serene reminds me of Bliss -- Mona is too happy: "But joy, joy, breathless and exalting thrilled in her voice; on the word 'pain' her lips parted in such a happy, dreadfully unsympathetic smile that she felt quite ashamed" (compare this to one of the Sheridans playing the piano in The Garden Party). A Bad Idea is the story of a wife and husband with everything wrong between them, like A Married Man's Story, or Escape. Funny how, when one sees but the skeleton fragments, her stories fall into classes in her own original files.

Lino means as much to his wistful little master in A Man and His Dog as the canary meant to the lady. Such a Sweet Old Lady might be the mistress of the Lady's Maid or she might be one of the Grandmas grown helpless and older. Susannah is about children and a circus and about a very spoiled Stanley sort of a father.

It is a pity Honesty was never finished. It would have been worth chuckling over. It is the story of two friends living together--dominant Rupert with his phrase "psychological awareness" and trodden-on Archie who hates scrambled eggs but eats them every morning feeling Rupert expects him to.

Second Violin contains a wonderful picture of the cold, of

feeling cold, of being unwarmed by cups and cups of tea. Mr.
and Mrs. Williams is a story of two young lovers:

"You're a G" and he pointed his razor at her-- he was
 shaving-- "and I'm a G. Two G's. Gee-Gee. See? Oh, Gwendo-
 len saw immediately--it was really most witty--quite brilliant..."

Gerald is always making up jokes like that.

...

It is the last two stories in the book, Weak Heart and
Widowed, although they contain all their facts and effective
 sentences, that I regret most of all she had to leave unfinished.
Weak Heart was in her mind for years. A preliminary sketch of
 it;

"The daughter of the watchsmith. Her piano-playing. Her
 weak heart, queer face, queer voice, awful clothes. The violets
 in their garden. Her little mother and father. The scene at
 the baths...Edie has a brother Siegfried, 17. You never know
 whether he has begun to shave or not. He and Edie walk arm in
 arm... Her Sunday hat, trimmed beyond words. Oh that tree at the
 corner of May Street! I forgot it till this moment. It was
 dark and hung over the street like a great shadow. The father
 was fair and youthful to look at. He was a clockmaker."

This very valuable note shows how the story grew in her
 mind. Her scenes were not invented. Did she remember Edie of
 the weak heart or was that heart her own? The Gengels are
 German. (K.M. had a friend Edith Bendall. Could the name have
 come from that?) In 4 pages we have them all, their house, their
 dreams, their flowers. Poor Roddie at the funeral makes one's

1. Journal Nov 21, 1921
 Sept. 1920

hands turn cold. The fourteen year old boy has not known death before:

"Edie! called Roddie. 'Edie old girl!" And he gave a strange low squawk and stared across at Edie's piano.

But cold, solemn, as if frozen, heavily the piano stared back at Roddie. Then it answered, but on its own behalf, on behalf of the house and the violet patch, the garden, the velvet tree at the corner of May Street, and all that was delightful: 'There is nobody here of that name, young man!"

Shanks says of Widowed: "So satisfying are these sketches of a woman in different poses one doesn't care how they'd have continued. Her story does not greatly matter. There the woman is."

Geraldine, the young widow, has been married again-- it is the morning after and the two are carrying it off well. "How pleasant it was to feel that rough man's tweed again." Just thirteen months ago, she remembers, Jimmie, her first husband, had gone out riding and they had brought him home again but she had been absolutely incredulous: "For there was nothing to be seen of Jimmie; the sheet was pulled right over.."

There the book ends. There end the short stories of Katherine Mansfield. Save for a few scattered ones in magazines they are all of her writings that were saved....

Tender and mocking, she comes nearest of any write I know to giving us some of our world as it is. Did the writing of these stories obliterate for the time they took her own agony? Or did they hurt her by emphasizing pain? Or did she build them

J. E. Shanks: K.M. London Mercury, Jan. 1925

...the fourteen year old boy had been known before

before:

"Mother called Neddie. 'Goie old girl!' and he gave a

strange low squeak and aimed across at Edie's place.

But Edie, silent, as if frozen, heavily the piano started

back at Neddie. Then it answered, but on its own behalf, on

behalf of the house and the violet garden, the garden, the violet

tree at the corner of Map Street, and all that was beautiful:

"There is nobody here of that name, young man!"

Stutter came at Neddie: "So everything was much different

at a woman in different names one doesn't care how they'd have

continued. Her story does not greatly matter. There is

about it."

Detailing, the young widow, has been married again-- it is

the common story and the two are carrying it off well. "How

pleasant it was to see the young man's twice again." Just

thirteen months ago, the somewhat, "Widow, her first husband,

and some one thing and they had brought him home again but she

had been absolutely irresistible; "The story was nothing to be

seen of it; the story was called right over."

There the book ends. There and the short story of

...the world is. Save for a few scattered ones in magazine

they are all of our children that were saved....

Teacher and mother, the same names of my sister I know

to giving me some of our world as it is. But the ending of

these about a collection for the time they look for our story?

...the first part of the collection... the first part of

...the first part of the collection...

from her own torture? The courage required to write in suffering-- mental or physical--, and she had both in plenty-- is enormous. She found it and made these things.

Reviews for the Athenaeum from April, 1878, to December 1880, are collected in 1880 as a book, Reviews and Revelations, are pleasant, to read. Exhilarating! They are full of life. (Yes, life in book-reviews. Different, you think, from the daylight and noisy criticism, invariably favorable to the publishers, to the critics and the magazines, in our fashionable magazines today.)

Reviews and Revelations will be better known, some day. Each review is a striking essay, humorous and intelligent, in which new ideas in literature are stated. If there are irony and sarcasm here it is not for society's sake. It is because F.R. wanted better novels and there existed by persons qualified to write them.

Authors of more than one work are more reviewed include: Stella Benson, Catherine Gore, Joseph Conrad, Louis Cooper, Antony, Walsworth, A. Rider Haggard, Ernest Hemingway, Joseph Conrad, Marjorie Bowen, Stephen Hudson, Thomas Hardy, George Bernard Shaw, Jack London, Marie Perle, Edith Wharton, Rose Macomber, Sergeant Hughes, George Bernard Shaw, Richardson, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Gertrude Stein, E. E. Cummings, Frank Swinnerton, H. M. Tomlinson, Sigrid Undset, Virginia Woolf, W. Somerset Maugham, Edith Wharton, Virginia Woolf, W. Somerset Maugham.

from two new friends. The message required to write in cipher
ing-- needed no special-- and the word book in cipher-- is
recovered. The word is and reads same thing.

Katherine Mansfield as a Literary Critic

We may talk sagely about K.M.'s being something childish and natural--but the woman had brains. Her withering book reviews for the Athenaeum from April, 1919, to December 1920, and collected in 1930 as a book, Novels and Novelists, are glorious, to read. Exhilarating! They are full of life. (Yes, life in book-reviews. Different, you think, from the negligent and hasty criticism, invariably favorable lest the publishers lose sales and the magazines lose advertisers, in our fashionable magazines today.)

Novels and Novelists will be better known, some day. Each review is a stinging essay, humorous and intelligent, in which her ideas on literature are stated. If there are irony and sarcasm here it is not for cruelty's sake. It is because K.M. wanted better novels and these written by persons qualified to write them.

Authors of note whose works are here reviewed include Stella Benson, Catherine Carswell, Joseph Conrad, Louis Couperus, Dostoevsky, Galsworthy, H. Rider Haggard, Knut Hamsun, Joseph Hergesheimer, Maurice Hewlett, Stephen Hudson, Ibanez, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Kuprin, Jack London, Marie Belloc Lowndes, E. V. Lucas, Rose Macaulay, Somerset Maugham, George Moore, Dorothy Richardson, Anne Douglas Sedgewick, Gertrude Stein, G. B. Stern, Frank Swinnerton, H. M. Tomlinson, Sigrid Undset, Hugh Walpole, V. Sackville-West, Edith Wharton, Virginia Woolf; also many much lesser ones.

to say that surely when K.M.'s being something children
and natural--but the review and criticism. Her literary book
reviewed in the Advertiser from April, 1915, to December 1920,
and collected in 1920 as a book, Essays and Reviews, and
figures, to read. Exhibition they are full of life. (Yes,
life in book-reviews. Disputed, you think, from the religious
and heavy criticism, invariably terrible and the publishers
lost sales and the magazines lost advertisements, in the review-
this magazine today.)

Essays and Reviews will be better known, some day. Each
review is a striking essay, humorous and intelligent, in which
her ideas on literature are stated. If there are irony and
satire here it is not for comedy's sake. It is because K.M.
wanted better novels and these written by persons qualified to
write them.

Authors of some whose works are here reviewed include
Geoffrey Hamlyn, Katherine Mansfield, Joseph Conrad, Louis Compton,
Dostoevsky, Galsworthy, E. Rider Haggard, Karl Henslow, Joseph
Galsworthy, Lewis Howells, Stephen Crane, Thomas Hardy,
Hugo Sachs, Arnold, John Galsworthy, Marie Belloc Lowmore, A. V.
Lucas, Rose Macaulay, Somerset Maugham, George Moore, Dorothy
Richardson, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Gertrude Stein, G. B. Shaw,
Frank Swinnerton, A. M. Tennyson, Alfred Noyes, Hugh Walpole,
J. Baskerville, Edith Wharton, Virginia Woolf; also many much
lesser ones.

Murry's note tells us that through editorial necessities her criticisms of H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, and D. H. Lawrence had to be omitted from the collection.

The initial review contains an editorial on the writing of novels: "Very often, after reading a modern novel, the question suggests itself: Why was it written?...Indeed, there is no answer."

What is the remedy? People need food every day, uninteresting food like bread or buns. Should novels be turned out by writers who know they are producing mediocre products? Or should they cover their inkwells, break their nibs and leave all to the really capable or the really aspiring? She says:

"It is terrifying to think of the number of novels that are written and announced and published and to be had of all libraries and reviewed and bought and borrowed and read and left in hotel lounges and omnibuses and railway carriages and desk chairs. Is it possible to believe that each one of them was once the darling offspring of some proud author--his cherished hope in whom he lives his second richer life?... Reading, for the great majority, for the reading public, is not a passion but a pastime and writing, for the vast numbers of modern authors, is a pastime and not a passion."

And so the rather unsparing manner in which she picks flaws and mocks at them, the joyous and devastating way in which she selects passages for quotation are all in the cause of stimulating more careful and truer writing.

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The first review contains an editorial on the writing of
novels; "Very early, after reading a modern novel, the question
suggests itself: Why was it written?... Indeed, there is no
answer."

What is the remedy? People read fast every day, without
reading food like bread or home. Should novels be judged on
the criteria and have they any modern, modern progress? Or
should they cover their technical, practical and leave all
to the really capable or the really stupid? The answer:

It is terrifying to think of the number of novels that
are written and answered and criticized and so on and all
criticism and reviewed and taught and printed and read and
left in hotel rooms and ambulances and railway carriages and
back chairs. Is it possible to believe that each one of these
has once the artistic attention of some great critic--the critic
who is now in what he lives his second night? Reading,
for the great majority, for the reading public, is not a passion
but a pastime and writing, for the vast majority of modern
writers, is a pastime and not a passion."

And so the writer's responsibility is what the critic knows
and knows at times, the joyous and devastating way in which the
modern progresses the criticism and all in the name of criticism--
for more critical and more serious.

In speaking of a minor and tasteless novel she makes a bakeshop analogy: "It is one of the enormous piles of novels... 'Are they fresh?' 'Yes, baked today, Madame'. But they are just the same as those that were baked yesterday and the day before--and the day before that. So much flour, a sprinkle of currants, a smear of sugar on top. Melancholy, melancholy thought of all those people steadily munching, asking for another and carrying perhaps a third one home with them in case they should wake up in the night and feel--not hungry, exactly,--but just a little empty."

Yet she tries to encourage the young writers to do better. She points out their fatal flaws that they may mend, provided they have the energy.

K.M. was at war with the artists who paint the marvellous and fearfully colored wrappers for books in the railway stands. "A word as to the wrapper. It is of a young lady in a white dress with very flowing hair. Behind her is the Egyptian night, before a pack of gibbering apes. But the illustrator has drawn French poodles."... And she is at war with the blaring bellowing publishers and their exaggerated blurbs: "But we stand amazed before her publisher's announcement; however much support she may need it is surely unfair to announce her with so extraordinary flourish of trumpets without."

.....

The reviews were written half a decade after the war. Patriotic, noble, bloodthirsty novelists were making much of the

combat. The war crept into at least every second novel that reached the reviewer's hands.

K.M. hated the futility of war. Her sorrow and contempt are clear from the tone in which she mentions battle:

"Shall we ever find our way out of this Hideous Exhibition?"..Or "Hurrah for August 1914! He is saved. Off he goes to be honorably killed. Off he goes to the greatest of all garden parties--and this time there is no doubt that he is enjoying himself. War has its black side, but the lessons-- the lessons it teaches a man!" Or: "Then the war came with its larger opportunities which he straightway embraces".. "He and his colleagues welcomed wholeheartedly the Supreme Diversion." And finally this, full of scorn: "Mr. Gilbert Frankau has called his novel a romance of married life. But why not of war-- dreadful, bloody, glorious, stinking, frightful magnificent war? ...According to Mr. Frankau they died a man's death and little children today look with wistful eyes upon their father's sword may be taught to hope.

And K.M. has bones to pick with other people: with writers whose novels are "confessions", with young raw men who flaunt their "notebooks", with the "sweetly pretty" writer in such demand at public libraries, with the cataloguer of the feelings of new boys at public school. She moans: "We know, we dreadfully know it all." Nor does she approve of overstressing the sex-complex. "What we do not know about it is not for want of telling." And of the great majority: "We turn over page after page wondering numbly why this unknown he or she should go through the labor of

...and the very first of these second novel that
reached the reviewer's hands.

It is indeed a failure in art. Her narrow and shallow
and clear from the fact in which the author fails:

"I shall be very glad to see any of this second exhibition."

"I shall be very glad to see any of this second exhibition."

...and the very first of these second novel that

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It is indeed a failure in art. Her narrow and shallow

and clear from the fact in which the author fails:

"I shall be very glad to see any of this second exhibition."

"I shall be very glad to see any of this second exhibition."

...and the very first of these second novel that

reached the reviewer's hands.

It is indeed a failure in art. Her narrow and shallow

writing all this down."

K.M. says of women writers that they take a curious naive pleasure in writing for writings' sake-- "half wonder, half joy to find that they can put these lovely tender-colored words together." But she calls it a dangerous delight that often carries them away, and often results in a confused piece of writing. She says women seem to cry out with rapture at the talent that is theirs, to play with it. "But a talent is not a kind of glorified toy." In the treatment of two particular women, however, both very talented, she is gentle. One is Elizabeth, her cousin; the other is Virginia Woolf, her friend. Mrs. Woolf, especially in Kew Gardens, begins to see where others leave off. K.M. is pleased by her sense of leisure, of stillness, of loveliness. And of Elizabeth she says that her value as a writer lies in that "she is conscious of her own particular vision and she wants no other".

A few of the writers reviewed deserve mention by name because of what she said about them. It is always interesting to read interpretations of Gertrude Stein. K.M. calls her writing syncopation or ragtime/. Her prayer-- answered, I think, -- is "Heaven forbid Miss Stein should become a fashion."

I want to quote a bit from her comments on Walpole's The Captives, to show how she picked telling excerpts from a story. "The hall, we are told, smelt of 'damp and geraniums'; on another occasion of 'damp biscuits and wet umbrellas' on another of 'cracknel biscuits and lamp oil'. What did it smell of?"

Thus she does it and curiously we have a wild desire to read all these unimportant novels to see for ourselves the errors in them.

R. O. Prowse was a novelist dying as K.M. was dying of tuberculosis. His book seemed very real to her because it was a revelation (and well she knew!) "Of how one is alone in one's agony." She quotes a cry from his heroine that was Prowse's own cry and K.M.'s.

"I want so intensely to live."

The cry, I suppose, of doomed people. But-- of the others, too?

...

In her review of a very unfortunate novel, called Pink Roses Katherine Mansfield is in most jubilant spirits. The rollicking criticism illustrates how aptly--if unmercifully--she picked the excerpt for quotation; the hero sees a strange girl sitting fifteen yards away; the chairs were fifteen yards apart; he follows her, and when she stops, stops too, fifteen yards behind her.

"It is surely evident from this remarkable opening, with its ever so simple refrain" writes the critic, "that our expert performer (Gilbert Cannan) is grown ambitious of attracting the sympathies of a larger simpler audience than was his formerly." Cannon goes on: "How charming to be in sympathy with another human being fifteen yards away..." "He was wronging his friends to be made happy by such a little thing as the scent and sweetness of a nosegay of fresh roses." "How far away?" K.M. queries. "Come we all know it by this time. Now ladies and

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From the time it was originally published we have been hearing of
its importance in the history of the movement for the
reform of the law.

A. A. Brown was a novelist before he was a lawyer. His book seemed very real to him because it was
a revelation (and well it was!) of the law as it is in one's
eyes. He gave a very true and honest picture of the law as it is
and as it should be.

"I want to live."

The city, I suppose, of London people. And-- of the others, too?

In the review of a very interesting novel, called John

the reviewer says it is a most brilliant picture.

collaboration of the author and the publisher.

the book is a masterpiece of the art of the novel.

the book is a masterpiece of the art of the novel.

the book is a masterpiece of the art of the novel.

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the book is a masterpiece of the art of the novel.

gentlemen, please, once more, and all together, 'Fifteen yards away.'

....

In one review K.M. has two paragraphs under the heading: "How do you write your novels?... Would they have us believe that their books spring, fully bound, out of their heads or that they are visited by angels?" She says that that which gives life and unity to a work of art is--emotion. Emotion is essential. Everything the writer sees must be saturated in the emotional quality felt by him.

The book of criticism is one to read when one wants to be delighted-- when one wants to "forget". It is a book that permits no intrusion of foreign matters or people during the reading. K.M. is a trifle horrid in it in exposing all these flaws-- in making them laughable; but she is working for the cause of fine writing; this is part of her crusade.

The book is truly unique. It is. It might be called the indictment of the modern novel.

....

"It must be wonderful to write novels," says somebody. "It must be the most wonderful feeling..."

Foreign Influences.

I think K.M. was not influenced very much by anybody. She wrote in a manner that was new in the English language, in a manner for which the times were very ripe--for she was of her own generation, of those writing during and directly after the Great War. I think that K.M. does not stand apart but that her short "fragmentary", exquisite pictures belong in the period of free verse and new forms that began in 1921; and many of her contemporaries attempted what she accomplished, only with them the fragments didn't turn out to be exquisite. And hers did. They are unequalled still and perhaps she is destined to remain alone "in her field"-- we would not want an overflow. Every month or so the advance booklists tell of new people who write "with the delicacy of Tchekov and K.M.", but we have only to read the new ones and smile.

Now K.M. was very well-read in Russian and French literature, and fairly well-read in German. She knew all these languages sufficiently to enable her to translate foreign works; and undoubtedly the Russian stories showed her something; for it is only the Russians and K.M. that have-- God knows how-- complete insight into the whole world, and slight mockery for it, and much love. They haven't personal insight-- they don't know how to lead their own lives any more than anyone else does-- but they are absolutely omniscient (a convincing, implied omniscience) about their created people. And they are correctly all-seeing, for it seems to us that what they say is so. Yet the mere study of other works would never have given K.M. an equal or superior

The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country. It is a very interesting and informative study of the country's development. The second part of the report deals with the specific details of the country's development. It is a very detailed and comprehensive study of the country's development. The third part of the report deals with the specific details of the country's development. It is a very detailed and comprehensive study of the country's development. The fourth part of the report deals with the specific details of the country's development. It is a very detailed and comprehensive study of the country's development. The fifth part of the report deals with the specific details of the country's development. It is a very detailed and comprehensive study of the country's development. The sixth part of the report deals with the specific details of the country's development. It is a very detailed and comprehensive study of the country's development. The seventh part of the report deals with the specific details of the country's development. It is a very detailed and comprehensive study of the country's development. The eighth part of the report deals with the specific details of the country's development. It is a very detailed and comprehensive study of the country's development. The ninth part of the report deals with the specific details of the country's development. It is a very detailed and comprehensive study of the country's development. The tenth part of the report deals with the specific details of the country's development. It is a very detailed and comprehensive study of the country's development.

power of creating and seeing. The power was something ⁿate in her, and it is a good thing that she became a writer.

But so frequent are the references to foreign--I am restricting myself to German, French and Russian writers (omitting even Ibsen, Grimm, and Anderson, whom she loved) in her Letters and Journal that it is as well to list, and comment, and compare. And the thousands of irksome little articles calling her a second Tchekhov must be looked at. Tchekhov she loved. The other authors she mentions casually, generally because she happens to be reading them. It all proves--nothing. But it is rather interesting to comment upon.

Katherine Mansfield was ill for a long time in Germany when she was a young girl. And during her convalescence she wrote her first series of "sketches", - In a German Pension. In this her love for the land was not great but this may be due in great part to the dissatisfaction of early youth with everything, to her unhappiness and loneliness--all of these elements may have caused her to hate her environment and the people. Germany's influence upon her, then, was direct, rather than indirect and bookish.

Of German authors she seems to mention none but Goethe. As early as February, 1914, we find in her Journal:

"I am going to read Goethe. Except for a few poems I know nothing of his well. I shall read Poetry and Truth immediately."

That sends us scurrying to Truth and Poetry from My Life for "clues" and "resemblances". Right away, in Volume I, we find something-- not an "influence", to be sure, but a reminder that clicks-- namely the love of Goethe for his only sister, very reminiscent of K.M.'s deep love for her only brother, Chummie, who died. Bogie and Laurie of K.M.'s brother and sister stories like The Wind Blows or The Garden Party-- do we not see the relationship on reading this in Goethe?

"I was again drawn toward home and that by a magnet which attracted me strangely at all times; it was my sister. Only one year younger than I, she had lived all my life with me, as far as I could remember, and was thus bound to me by the closest ties.....And, as, in our first years, our plays and lessons, our

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growth and education were precisely the same for both of us, so that we might have been taken for twins, so this familiarity or mutual confidence remained during the whole development of our physical and moral powers. The interest of youth, the amazement at the awakening of several impulses-- all these brother and sister shared and endured hand in hand...As I lost this beloved incomprehensible being but too early, I felt inducement enough to picture her excellence to myself and so there arose within me the conception of a poetic whole in which it might have been possible to exhibit her individuality...."

After Chummie died in the war at twenty-one, K.M.'s whole purpose in life was to write a book of their childhood together in New Zealand.

Other things in Truth and Poetry remind us of K.M. In her Journal she says of her college days that her attention wandered in class. She sat there and built for herself the lives of her professors and "gathered and gathered and hid away"... Thus it was only at rare intervals that something flashed through all this busyness, something about Spenser's Faery Queen or Keats' Isabella..."

And Goethe: "At first I attended my lectures assiduously and faithfully but the philosophy would not enlighten me at all..." Then a doughnut shop near his college attracted him and his classmates, made them late for class "often delayed us so long our notes became disordered and the conclusion of them towards Spring melted away together with the snow and was lost... Often

growth and education were precisely the same for both of us, and that we might have been taken for twins, so this similarity of mental capabilities revealed during the whole development of our physical and moral growth. The interest of youth, the excitement of the evening of several occasions--all these brother and sister shared and enjoyed hand in hand... As I lost this beloved incomparable being for too early, I felt an-
dignant enough to observe her excellence to myself and so
there arose within me the conception of a poetic whole in which
it might have been possible to exhibit her individuality...."
After Charles died in the year of twenty-one, his whole
purpose in life was to write a book of their childhood together
in New Zealand.

Other things in English and Society remind us of N.Z. In her
Journal she says of her college days that her attention was
drawn to class. She sat there and built for herself the lives
of her professors and "gathered and gathered and this way"....
There is not only at rare intervals that something flashed through
all this business, something about Spenser's Fairy Queen or
"The Rose Tree"....

And later: "At first I attended my lessons assiduously
and faithfully but the possibility would not enter my mind at all...."
Then a doubt came over her college attracted him and his
classmates, made them late for class "often delayed us so long
our notes became disordered and the conclusion of them towards
spring melted away together with the snow and was lost.... Often

at the beginning of a lecture I seized upon a thought which I kept to, but this was lost in what followed and fell entirely out of the train of ideas that were being set forth." We are again and again reminded of K.M. Goethe: "by persistent study of Shakespeare's works I had so expanded my mind." She did that, too. Goethe again: "He laughed at me and asked what was the use of this eternal writing and rewriting."... K.M. was as careful a writer. Sometimes--often, indeed,-- she wrote a short story right down--Sun and Moon, e.g., saying that if one had thought the story out, all that remained was the writing.

Goethe, too, says that he, in the middle of the night, "without taking time to adjust a sheet of paper that happened to be lying obliquely, wrote down the poem from beginning to end without moving from the spot.." Only K.M. sounds less somnambular. Goethe again: "After so long and ample secret preparation, I wrote Werther in 21 weeks without putting beforehand on paper the plan of the whole or the treatment of any part... I had written this little work almost without knowing it, like a nightwalker..."

Like K.M. who objected to the young writers who weren't any good as writers but who were immensely proud of themselves, Goethe objected to the misuse of the word genius: "When anybody came into the world without exactly knowing why or whither, he was called a sprig of genius...young men, lively and often truly gifted, lost themselves in the limitless; older men of understanding, perhaps wanting in talent and in soul, found a most

malicious pleasure in ludicrously showing up their manifold miscarriages before the eyes of the public."

A final remark from Truth and Poetry: "The greater part of the public is more influenced by the material than by the mode of treatment." This was true, certainly, when K.M. wrote, and it was why her "recognition" came late. But the condition exists in a lesser degree today-- perhaps the increasing years give a ratio of diminishing Philistines.

In K.M.'s letters we find: "English people are, I think, superior German (10 years' hard labour for that remark). But it's true. They are the German ideal. I was reading Goethe on the subject the other day. He had a tremendous admiration for them."

He had: "English literature, especially its poetry (has) great beauties, accompanied by an earnest melancholy which it imparts to everyone who studies it."

In her letters of February, March, and April 1922, K.M. speaks of Goethe's Conversations with Eckermann; "It being a cold night lately, John and I lay in one bed, each with an immense Tomb of Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe perched on our several chests. And when my side of the bed began to shake up and down, J: 'What in God's name are you laughing at?' K: 'Goethe is so very, very funny!' But it hadn't struck John."

After all, it was the picture of herself and John in bed, and so serious, that impressed K.M. rather than the contents of Goethe,

though she sincerely liked these. Certainly her pictorial mind was of greater value to her as a writer than Goethe was. It was because she was so alive.

All along we must keep Tchehov in mind, because to K.M. Tchehov was a living friend. We find in Tchehov's letters:

"I recently referred to Goethe and Eckermann's Conversations in my big novel-- I wrote continuously and clumsily and above all-- without a plan. Well, it does not matter."

The only other German writer referred to more than once in her Journal is Nietzsche.

Feb. 1, 1915: "I read the lonely Nietzsche; but I felt a bit ashamed of my feelings for this man in the past. He is, if you like, 'human, all too human! Read until late. I felt wretched simply beyond words. Life was like sawdust and sand."

Seven years later we find this proof that she thought about Nietzsche Oct. 15, 1922: "Nietzsche's birthday."

But probably the entry was made because Nietzsche's birthday came the day after her own.

.....

The lack of mention of other German writers is not the slightest indication that she did not read them. Unless we are stodgily and commendably methodical do we annotate or mention in letters every book we are reading? Generally we mention 'em only:

1. As idle comment or for lack of anything else to say.
2. Seriously, because we have made the writer important to us.

though the character of the work. Certainly the historical
side was of greater value to me as a writer than the other was.
It was because the work was alive.

All along we have been looking in vain, because to this
Tobacco was a living friend. He lived in Tobacco's letters;
"I recently referred to Goethe and Schopenhauer's connection-
time in my life-- I wrote continuously and almost and
some else-- almost a plan. Well, it does not matter."

The only other German writer referred to more than once
in the journal is Nietzsche.

Feb. 1, 1918: "I read the lovely Nietzsche; but I felt a bit
ashamed of my feelings for this man in the past. He is, it
was like, 'human, all too human.' And still later, I felt

wretched almost beyond words. Life was like a new dawn and a new
Seven years later we find this proof that she thought
about Nietzsche Oct. 10, 1923: "Nietzsche's birthday."

But probably the entry was made because Nietzsche's birth-
day came the day after her own.
.....

The lack of mention of other German writers is not the
slightest indication that she did not read them. Unless we
are stupidly and completely methodical do we annotate or men-
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else to say.
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writer important to us.

FRANCE

K.M. lived a good many of her few winters in France. Driven there to escape the hateful English winters, and nearly always ill, she both loved and hated France, the French, their literature. There is a good deal of comment in her Letters and Journal. If anyone had any French influence on her it must have been Colette or Proust. But even that influence would be extremely difficult to discern.

S. P. B. Mais, ¹ in Some Modern Authors, is one of the few critics who refrains from an exclusively Tchekhovian comparison and uses a French one, (artists, not writers): "There are still people who cavil at stories which do not contain two murders, a divorce, three incredible long arms of coincidence, a journey from China to Peru. They should take a strong dose of Tchekhov. They like every picture to tell a story. Miss Mansfield prefers every story to tell a picture. The ordinary man's brain is so addled he does not willingly pay homage to something new, even when it's good. It takes him half a lifetime to see Rubens or Rembrandt. It isn't likely that he will appreciate Manet, Monet, Picasso or Gauguin." Certainly K.M. would have preferred this comparison with a modern painter or two to a comparison with modern French novelists. She did not like them.

In a letter of 1918 ² she speaks of Le P'tit which she thinks very well done. She approves of the way in which it is written, of the method:

"I think it's got one fault, or perhaps I am too ready to be offended by this. I think the physical part of Le P'tit's

1. S. P. B. Mais: Some Modern Authors
2. Letters: Feb 27, 1918

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the fortieth is the fact that the

feeling for Lama is unnecessarily accentuated. I think if I'd written it I wouldn't have put it in at all...not on his side. On hers, yes. But never once on his...I could have left it more mysterious..." She continues, speaking of Nausicaa: "If he weren't a Frenchman he'd be a most interesting chap." But the English and Shakespeare, as she says, were what she clung to. "But I do find the French language, style, attack, point of view, hard to stomach at present. It's all too tainted. It all seems to me to lead to dishonesty.-- Dishonesty Made Easy--made superbly easy. "The French cliches seem to her charming but weedy--choking out all else-- in the literary garden. "No, I get up hungry from the French language. I have too great an appetite for the real thing to be put off with pretty little kickshaws and I am offended intellectually that 'ces gens' think they can take me in.

By 1922 she felt she had learned to understand the French. Partially responsible for this new wisdom is a maidservant in Mentone. "She was pure French, highly civilized, nervous, eager, and she would have understood anything on earth you wished to explain to her, in the artistic sense." She comes to believe that the French are alive, wholly lacking English indifference. She liked the French people, not their literature. Or, not all of it.

There were books she loved:

"A large shabby Tome--^{2.}Tissot: Litterature Francaise--rare meat.. very excellent amusement. I shall guard this in my room."

1. Letters: March, 1922
2. Letters: Jan. 24, 1918

"I was reading La Fontaine's Fables in bed early... They are fearfully nice, too nice for words... La Fontaine must have been an admirable man..very distraight, very amorous. He didn't even know his own children. He forgot their faces and passed them by in the street. I don't expect they cared."

And books she hated:

"But when, in despair, I took up the French book, I nearly sauteed from the fenetre with rage. It's like an endless gallery of French salon furniture sicklied over with bed canopies, candelabra, and porcelain cupids all bow and bottom." ²

Hugo reminds her of a white bull taking a railway ticket to Parnassus. Baudelaire she cannot see. ³ Diderot is stuffy ⁴ and snuffy. Balzac is the incarnation of the French belief that life is founded upon money. ⁵ They, having read two books by Octave Mirbeau: ⁶

"I see dreadfully and finally:

1. That the French are a filthy people.
2. That their corruption is so puante--I'll not go near 'em again.

No, the English couldn't stoop to this. They aren't human; they are in good old English parlance--monkeys. I must start working again. They decide me. Something must be put up against this."

She was always alert for new ideas in criticism. "In a book by Duhamel ⁷ she finds an idea that she calls an eyeopener--namely, the idea that writers should surrender something of their personality. "That started a terrific excitement bubbling in me. It's true of all artists, isn't it? It gives me another

1. Letters: March 9, 1922
2. Letters: Dec 9, 1915
3. Letters: Oct., 1921
4. Journal: July, 1922
5. Letters: Feb 2, 1921
6. Journal: July 5, 1918
7. Letters: Nov 25, 1919

critical point of view, about an artist and quite a new one."

Her knowledge of French literature must have been intimate for very often there is the casual mention of an author as if he were a living friend. "She tells me of her marvelous bargains as I sip the milk. She is the kind of cook Anatole France might have had." Or: "The essential moi, as Daudet would say, is in Paris sitting in a small darkened room." Or: "I came to a green plot with the back view of the head and shoulders of a pa-man rising out of an enormous urn--d'une forme de carotte. I sped to see his face and found that it was a statue of Verlaine. What extraordinary irony! The head seemed to me to be very lovely in its way, bashed in but dignified as I always imagine Verlaine." Or again, when her doctor was a very young man: "The baby doctor is coming in again today. He made me feel like an old writingwoman-- a sort of old George Sand tossed up by the tide last night."

Yet there is scarcely a shred of French influence in her stories beyond the external influence of French scenery--cafes--people--as in Je Ne Parle Pas Francais or Feuille d'Album, which are the fruits of her terrible French winters.

The French writers so far discussed are the ones she mentions but slightly. There are others who were more important to her. She read Jules La Forge, who was one of the "geniuses" she did not like. "Why these young men lean and lean on the decomposing vapours of Jules LaForge is inexplicable."

And she readily saw the difference between Maupassant and Tchekov and how each was typical of his own race and that she

1. Letter: July, 1917

colored colors of view, about as white and pale as new one."

Her knowledge of French is not such that have been intimate

for very often there is the general feeling of an author as if

he were a living friend. "She tells me of her marvelous and

gains as I like the milk. She is the kind of cook and

French might have had. "The essential not, as I should

would say, is in fact sitting in a small bedroom room." Or:

"I came to a green view with the back view of the hand and

knowledge of a person rising out of an apartment and

found the variety. I tried to see his face and found that

the nature of Verne. The extraordinary thing! The head

seemed to be so very lovely in its way, seemed in fact

that as I always imagine Verne. "Or again, when her doctor

was a very young man: "The baby doctor is coming in again today.

He looks like an old physician--a sort of old doctor

and looked up by the light night."

Yet there is certainly a sense of French difference in her

stories beyond the general feeling of French society--and

perhaps as in the fact of French society or French

which are the fruits of her typical French writers.

The French writer as I have described in the past and

time and slightly. There are others who were more important

to her. She reads Jules Verne, who was one of the "gentlemen"

and did not like. "My young man and I are on the

becoming volume of Jules Verne is impossible."

And she readily saw the difference between Verne and

Verne and now she was tired of his way and that she

preferred Russia-- perhaps because she had never been there:--
 "not Tchekhov at all, not deep enough or good enough. No,
 Maupassant is for France." Yet later, in speaking of France
 and Maupassant: "But oh, they know how to live! And there is
 always the feeling that Art has its place--is accepted by every-
 body, by the rubbish man as well as by all others as something
 important, necessary, to be proud of---that's what makes living
 in France such a rest."

Stendhal, Colette, and Proust are the three French writers
 important to her.

After reading book after book by the "young men" of France--
 the "Lollipops"² she found Stendhal a wonderful relief. "After-
 wards I began to read Stendhal's Rouge et Noir. You can't
 imagine how severe and noble it seemed to me. But what I feel
 most deeply is how tragic a great work of art appears. All
 these young nez-aventicistes have their place and their meaning
 in this world; but I seem to see Stendhal with his ugle face
 and pot belly and his little pig's legs, confined within a
 solitary tower, writing a book and gazing through the window-
 chink at a few lonely stars." Ten days later: "I have adopted
 Stendhal. Every night I read him now and first thing in the
 morning."

Not for nothing does K.M. call Red and Black a noble work
 of art. It isn't her kind of art--it is more romantic--but its
 precious quiet bubbles of humor make it an excellent book of its
 type; and K.M. rarely went astray as a critic. In only one place
 are we reminded of any story of K.M.'s. Julian, the little tutor,

1. Letters: Jan 16, 1918
 2. Letters: March, 1915

permitted himself to be so much more than a mere observer;--

"but somehow at all, not deep enough or good enough. In

Stendhal's "Le Rouge et le Noir," in the case of France

and Stendhal; "but on, they know how to live! and there is

always the feeling that the place--is accepted by every

body, by the nation and as well as by all others in the world

important, necessary, to be proud of--that's what makes living

in France such a treat."

Stendhal, however, and France are the same French writers

important as they

after reading book after book by the "young men" of France--

the "Lolita's" the French Stendhal a wonderful writer. "After-

wards I began to read Stendhal's Le Rouge et le Noir. You don't

imagine how much and much it seemed to me. But when I read

next thing is how strange a great work of art appears. All

these young men--they have their place and their meaning

in this world; but I seem to see Stendhal with his eyes

and his belly and his little old-fashioned, confined within a

solitary room, writing a book and saying through the window-

think of a few lines more." Ten days later: "I have adopted

Stendhal. Every night I read him now and find him in the

nothing."

But for reading does it all and then a whole work

of art. It isn't the kind of art--it is more profound--but in

French style; Stendhal of course is an excellent book of the

type; and it rarely seems as a critic. In only one place

as he is called on for a story or a novel, the whole thing

is a story--

is a story--

compares life to a fly: "An ephemeral fly is born at nine o'clock in the morning in one of the long days of summer to die at five o'clock in the afternoon. How should it understand the night?" K.M.'s Fly did not understand its life, either.

By 1914 and 1915 K.M. was charmed by Colette.¹ Why? Possibly because both K.M. and Colette like to treat of young girls--seeing through them as if they were of crystal, treating them tenderly and a little mockingly. Colette is far more physical than K.M.--perhaps a French privilege and demand-- and her stories are "sweeter" and more amusing. Colette is not, I think, likely to live. And K.M. is, because she is a real writer.

With her unfailing critical judgment she esteemed Colette just enough. "I've reread L'entrave. I suppose Colette is the only woman in France who does just this. I don't care a fig at present for anyone I know except her. But the book to be written is still unwritten."²

Colette's novels, unfortunately are very difficult to procure at lending libraries, especially in translation. I was able to obtain only 3:

A Young Lady of Paris	1931
Mitsou	1930
The Gentle Libertine	1931

It seems to me that whereas K.M. has not been influenced by Colette, Colette must have read, and in her later works been influenced by K.M.

A Young Lady of Paris is Claudine, 17 year old country

1. Journal: Nov 3, 1914 Letters Dec 14, 1915
2. Journal: Nov 15, 1914

...life to a life: an experimental life is born at nine
o'clock in the morning in one of the long days of summer in 1912
at five o'clock in the afternoon. How should it understand
the night? ... it did not understand its life, either.

By January 1913 it was changed by Collette. Why?
Possibly because both ... and Collette like to read of young
girls--reading through the ... way were of crystal, reading
then suddenly with a little mystery. Collette is far more
physical than ...--perhaps a French girl's life and ... and
her stories are "sweeter" and more ... Collette is not, I
think, likely to live. And ... is, because she is a real

...
... her writing ... the ... Collette
... "I've ...". I suppose Collette is
the only woman in France who does this. I don't like a
life of ... I know except ... But the book to
be written is still ...

Collette's novel, ... the very difficult to pro-
duce as ... especially in translation. I was
able to obtain only 1:

1931	A Long Day of ...
1932	...
1931	The ...

It seems to me that ... has not been influenced by
Collette. Collette may have read, and in her later works been
influenced by ...

A Long Day of ... is ... 19 years old country

...
...

maid from Montigny who comes to Paris with her father, a studious naturalist, completely absorbed in his research on snails. There have, in literature, been hundreds of descriptions of girls looking into mirrors. But when Claudine inspects herself we are somehow reminded of Beryl. (K.M. is incomparably superior in every word). Here is some of Beryl (The Aloe):

"She jumped up and half consciously, half unconsciously, she drifted over to the looking-glass. There stood a slim girl dressed in white... She had a heartshaped face, wide at the brows, with a pointed chin--but not too pointed--her eyes, her eyes were perhaps her best feature; such a strange, uncommon color, too, greeny blue with little gold spots in them. Her mouth was rather large--too large? No, not really. Her underlip protruded a little. She had a way of sucking it in that somebody else had told her was awfully fascinating.

Her nose was the least satisfactory feature. Not that it was really ugly...she pinched it with her thumb and second finger and made a little face.

Lovely long hair. And such masses of it. It was the color of fresh fallen leaves, brown and red, with a glint of yellow. Almost it seemed to have a life of its own, it was so warm and there was such a ripple in it."

And here is Claudine:

"I'm looking at myself in the mirror now. Oh, yes! (stupid translation-- oh yes!) little sharp chin, you're nice, but please,

please don't exaggerate your point. Hazel eyes, you keep on being hazel and I can't blame you. But don't sink under my eyebrows so modestly. Mouth, you're still mine but you're so pale that I have to rub my thin white lips with petals from the geraniums...and you, my poor little ears! You're white and anemic and I try to hide you under my curls. I look at you now and then on the sly and pinch you to make you pink. But it's my hair that's the worst of all-- they cut it off now, awsy from my ears, my lovely red brown hair has gone.."

Except for the glimps of Florrie at the beginning of At the Bay, all of K.M.'s cats are confined to her life and not to her stories. Oh she loved them well enough--Wingley was her true friend. But Colette's stories swarm with cats. Fanchette is Claudine's. Fanchette is a white female that bears kittens all over the place.

1. In K.M. and after her in Colette and in no other place in literature have I ever come upon a picture of a cat in labor. Again K.M.'s was a really true cat and Colette's a cat in a story. After reading K.M. I do not care for the other. The two descriptions of kitten-birth illustrate the difference between K.M. and Colette-- the exquisiteness of the Englishwoman the broader humour and delight in the physical of the lady of France.

Although in her earliest stories (In a German Pension) K.M. seemed fascinated by childbirth, her later works do not revel in the physical aspect of sex. Colette does--in an amusing way.

1. Letters April, 1919
2. Colette: *Young Lady of Paris*

please don't exaggerate your color. After eyes, you keep on
being casual and I can't think of... The day's risk under my
apartment so modestly. I wish, you're still alive but you're not
like that I have to try to talk with you with some form of
communication... and you, my poor little sister! You're white and
pale and I try to hide you under my veil. I look at you
and you look at me and then you go home and think. But
it's my little sister - the worst of all - that you're off now, away
from my side, my lovely and brave little sister.

Through the village of Pignone at the beginning of the
day, all of the day's work is confined to her life and not to her
sister. The day's work is very much the same as the day's
work. But Collette's sister is away at the day's work. The
difference is a little longer that she's sister is all
over the place.

In 1911, and after her in Collette and in no other place in
the world have I ever seen a picture of a cat in Japan.
Again, it's a very fine cat and Collette's cat is a
very fine cat. I do not care for the other. The
two descriptions of the cat in the illustration are different be-
cause it is not Collette's - the exactness of the Englishman
the perfect manner and delight in the physical of the body of
the cat.

Although in her earliest stories (in a German edition) it is
never mentioned by Collette, her later work does not reveal in
the physical aspect of her. Collette does not have an unusual way.

A new edition
of the book

It was probably good for K.M. to read Colette when she (K.M.) was young. The problem fascinated her then as it does most people in their teens. But for all her reserve her stories are anything but icy.

Marcel: "He had rather a lot of blond hair, parted on the right; blue eyes like a little English girl and no more moustache than I had. His cheeks were pink, his voice soft, and he had a way of talking with his head a little to one side and his eyes on the floor. He was good enough to eat...He glided with graceful and well-balanced steps to the mirror to fix his tie, looking for all the world like a fashion plate. Then he turned back with a very special movement of the hip. No, he was too beautiful...the bright light made his translucent skin velvety like the inside of a morning glory."

K.M.'s Raoul describes himself: "I am little and light with an olive skin, blue eyes and long lashes, black silky hair cut short, tiny square teeth that show when I smile. My hands are supple and small. A woman in a bakeshop once said to me: 'You have the hands for making little pasties'. I confess without my clothes I am rather charming. Plump, almost like a girl, with smooth shoulders, and I wear a thingold bracelet above my left elbow." Yet look at the difference in those descriptions. Everything about Marcel is put into words; but the other tells infinitely more. I am convinced that Colette, before she wrote Young Lady of Paris, knew K.M.'s things well.

And a final comparison. After Claudine moves to Paris she

It was probably good for E.M. to read a letter from the (E.M.)
was young. The woman described her then as a housewife
people in their teens. But for all her reserve her stories
are anything but dry.

Barcel: "He has written a lot of poems since, started on the
right; since then like a little English girl and no more
monstrous than I had. His poems were short, his voice soft,
and he had a way of writing with his hand a little to the side
and his eyes on the floor. He was good enough to tell me
glided with graceful and well-balanced steps to the mirror to
fix his eye, looking for all the world like a fashion plate.
Then he turned back with a very special movement of the hip.
No, he was too beautiful... the bright light made his transpa-
rent skin velvety like the inside of a mouth, ivory."

E.M.'s facial description himself: "I am little and slight with an
olive skin, blue eyes and long, black silky hair and
short, tiny square teeth that show when I smile. My hands are
small and white. A woman in a Japanese dress said to me: 'You
have the hands for writing little poems'. I confess without
my clothes I am rather plump. Black, almost like a girl,
with smooth shoulders, and I wear a thin gold bracelet above my
left elbow." Yet look at the difference in those descriptions.
Everything about Barcel is put into words; but the other tells
infinitely more. I am convinced that before she
wrote Yoko Lady of Paris, knew E.M.'s things well.

and a final comparison. After climbing moves to Paris she

writes to Claire her friend in Montigny: "So I wrote Claire a dull affectionate letter--A Young Girl's Letter to Her Friend Telling of Her Arrival in Paris. Then I got up to write a letter to Luce. After sealing the letter I realize that the poor thing would get nothing out of it."

After Beryl moves to the country with her family, she, too, writes to Nan, the friend she left behind her. "In a way, of course, it was all perfectly true, but in another way it was all the greatest rubbish and she didn't believe a word of it. No, that wasn't true. She felt all those things but she didn't really feel them like that... It was her other self who had written that letter. It only bored, disgusted her real self. 'Flippant and silly' said her real self. Yet she knew she'd always write that kind of twaddle to Nan Pym. In fact, it was a very mild example of the kind of letter she generally wrote."

This element in Colette, though harmless enough, is a little too--well, slapstick: "A nice looking man followed me... passed me and with great unconcern gave me a pinch on the behind."

K.M. could not have done quite that, nor any of the English. It is said of Colette that she is the "first novelist writing about women to rank love not as a romantic necessity but as a physical necessity..."

Life, though, isn't wholly breasts and nakedness and, as in Mitsou, "the splendid silhouette--the shadow of a naked rider with narrow hips and broad shoulders bending over his invisible steed." K.M. didn't put the invisible steed into

...to the fact that I was a ...
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words and after all she wrote about life, too.

In the Gentle Libertine Minne has "legs like a page. Marvels!" I can never hear that word without seeing Roddie "doing marvels" at the corner of Tarana and May Streets in K.M.'s Weak Heart; while Minne's deceit of her husband is a little like K.M.'s story The Blaze.

.....

In the London Mercury for January 1926, Edward Shanks writes of K.M.'s planned novel: "One can hardly suppose it would have been what one generally understands by a novel. I imagine it as resembling more than anything else in the world Proust's A La Recherche du Temps Perdu, a book without any bounds save those set by itself or the effort of a patient genius to narrate in literature the whole of a life or of one period of a life."

Perhaps it would, but certainly The Aloe and Prelude and At the Bay are not Proustian. K.M. recollects, she is always seeing the past and passively longing to go back to it because it was--or seems to have been-- so much happier than the present. But all writers who are real writers must write about the past, for their imaginations are rarely as good and true as is their knowledge of the past. The future is romantic,- it will not be written about satisfactorily until a romantic era comes again--all in good time--and an interest in plot and adventure--now (fortunately) lost--will be reestablished. What Shanks says of a K.M. novel--that it would not attempt to conform to conventional bounds of form--is certainly true.

Proust had marvelously perfect recall. He apparently remembered every day of his life in complete detail as if he had written it all down as it happened. K.M.'s was remarkable recall, too, but of a different, more normal kind--flashes, scenes, certain days and episodes--and a dreamier recall than Proust's. It seems to me that as I read Swann's Way (the first part of A La Recherche du Temps Perdu) the atmosphere--the vapour--what I see--is frost-tinged blue as of autumn and crackling leaves by the wayside; while in K.M.'s long stories the haze--the aura if you will--is also faint blue but warm and foggy and misty as of an early summer's day, and sometimes silver and gold. In stories where there is abundant scenic description this color-sense evidently comes from the color-adjectives of the writer. The only K.M. touches in Proust are the sudden appearance and startled eyes of Gilbert & Swann (of K.M.'s little girl with big eyes and a dripping waterlily) and the killing of the chicken in K.M., the duck.) That beheaded duck must have made a terrific impression on the small Katherine. He appears in her college days story About Pat as well as in Prelude:

"Pat grabbed the duck by the legs, laid it flat across the stump and almost at the same moment down came the little tomahawk and the duck's head flew off the stump. Up the blood spurted on the white feathers and over his head. 'Watch it!' shouted Pat. He put down the body and it began to waddle--with only a long spurt of blood where the head had been. It began to pad away without a sound towards the steep bank that led to the stream...That was

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...the apparently

remembered every day of his life in complete detail as if he

had written it all down as it happened. ...the

recall, too, but of a different, more general kind--

scenes, events, facts and episodes--and a different recall than

that of the ... It seems to me that as I read Swann's Way (the first

part of the Recherche by Marcel Proust) the

recognition--and I am--is that--the blue as of autumn and other

thing later by the way; while in Proust's later books the

here--the ... it will--is also that blue but with and

longer and more as of early autumn's day, and sometimes still

very hot and gold. In these there is a more intense

than that color--more evidently color than the color--

of the water. The only ... in the ...

appearance and ... of ...

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in her college days ... as well as in ...

"But ... the ...

and ... of the ...

the ... of the ...

and ... and ...

put down the ... and it began to ...

of ... where ... it began to ...

a ... the ...

the crowning wonder..."

And the chicken-slaughter impressed almost as deeply the little boy Proust: "I went down into the kitchen. Francoise had fallen into arrears. When I went in, I saw her in the back kitchen which opened onto the court-yard, in process of killing a chicken; by its desperate and quite natural resistance, which Francoise, beside herself with rage as she attempted to slit its throat beneath the ear, accompanied with shrill cries of 'Filthy creature! Filthy creature!'"

And what does K.M. say of Proust? In her letters we have it:

"I have been pretending to read Proust for years but this autumn M. and I both took the plunge. I certainly think he is by far the most interesting living writer. He is fascinating. It is a comfort to have someone whom one can so immensely admire."¹
"...the exquisite rapture one feels in, for instance, that passage which ends in a chapter where Proust describes the flowering apple trees in the spring rain."²

It is a curious fact that any passage of K.M.'s quoted, is in itself charming to read. It is not so with other writers.

1. Letters Dec. 1921

2. Letters Jan. 15, 1922

the morning when...

and the children-slaughter expressed almost as deeply the

little boy Thomas: "I went down into the kitchen. I remember

but failed into error. When I went in, I saw her in the back

kitchen which opened onto the court-yard, in process of killing

a chicken; by the desperate and quite natural resistance, which

remained, beside herself, I saw her in the kitchen as she

the throat beneath the ear, accompanied with a still order of

'frightful expression: 'frightful expression!'

and that too, I saw in Thomas. In her letters we have it:

"I have been pretending to read French for years but this

French, and I soon took the change. I certainly think he is

by far the most interesting living writer. He is fascinating.

It is a pleasure to have someone whom one can so honestly admire."

"...the explosive nature of his feelings, for instance, that

message which ends in a chapter where he describes the flow-

ing style which is his special trait."

It is a curious fact that any message of this kind, is

in itself something to read. It is not so with other writers.

RUSSIA

When we come to the end of any of the greatest Russian short stories, or to the end of every work of K.M., we invariably find that simultaneously our eyes smart and our lips twitch with a tiny smile. Their greatest similarity lies in their fulness of implication. They make us feel rather than think and then think to determine what it is we feel. Neither "the Russians" nor K.M. use plot in the accepted sense. Everyone else seems to be growing away from plot now--but how many have done so successfully? We have heard over and over that K.M. and the Russians give us "fragments of life" and "slices of definite reality". This is essentially true. But K.M.'s stories are English in their atmosphere--they could not have been written by the non-English; nor by men. In K.M.'s stories tea is drunk and fruitcake and ices eaten; in the Russians it is kvass and sour black bread. K.M. has the faculty for sounding exactly the right tone. This was innate in her and in a few of "the Russians"--I believe in this diminishing order: Tchekov, Dostoevsky, Kuprin. Turgenev, it seems to me, doesn't quite make a go of it. K.M. excelled them all in absolute and utter lack of superfluity.

Introduction to the Journal by John Middleton Murry:

"There is a certain resemblance between Katherine Mansfield's stories and those of Anton Tchekov. But this resemblance is often exaggerated by critics who seem to believe that Katherine Mansfield learned her art from Tchekov. That is a singularly

superficial view of the relation, which was one of kindred temperaments. In fact, K.M.'s technique is very different from Tchegov's. She admired and understood Tchegov's work as few English writers have done; she had a deep personal affection for the man whom, of course, she never knew--But her method was wholly her own and her development would have been precisely the same had Tchegov never existed."

Out of his many and diversified ones, this is probably the most worthwhile statement Mr. Murry ever made. It is nearly all true. Her development could not have been exactly the same because Tchegov was so important to her.

The things we know and love become part of our development and K.M. knew Tchegov. He is responsible for many of her resolves and aims and for some of her courage.

The critics, either because they believe it, or because they rely upon one another's judgment, all say the same thing. A few--the more acute ones--recognize that there is a difference between Tchegov and K.M. I believe this difference can in large part be accounted for by nationality.

Martin Armstrong says: "Of K.M.'s stories, however, we can say that the best of them are of a type unique in English literature. To find her antecedent we must go to Russia and Tchegov. She obviously studied Tchegov devoutly, but the method she derived from him she made entirely her own, for she was a fine enough artist to be a disciple with impunity." She wasn't a "disciple"!

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munications. In fact, L.S.'s testimony is very different from
to show's. The evidence and suggested Tchobov's work as a
English artists have done; she had a deep personal affection
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the same had Tchobov never existed."

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they truly know one another's judgment, all say the same thing.
A few--the more sense ones--recognize that there is a difference
between Tchobov and L.S. I believe this difference can in large
part be accounted for by nationality.

Another interesting case: "Of L.S.'s stories, however, we can
say that the best of them are of a type unique in English lit-
erature. To find her antecedent we must go to Russia and
Tchobov. She obviously studied Tchobov devotedly, but she re-
fused and derived from him the more entirely her own, for she
was a fine enough artist to be a disciple with humility." The
artist's "disciple!"

Joseph Collins¹, the critic, believes this too. "The easiest way of estimating any unknown element is to compare it to something already known and K.M. has been called the Tchekhov of English fiction. Such a comparison may be useful in an approach to her work. In truth, however, while her position in English fiction may be compared with that of the illustrious Russian, she is in no sense an imitator or disciple of him or of anyone else. Her art is her own."

He observes keenly:² "K.M.'s art resembles that of the great Russian physician-novelist in that she preaches no sermon, points no moral, expounds no philosophy. Although there is no available exposition of her theories, her work is evidence that her conception of art is to depict the problematic as it is presented to her and leave the interpretation to the reader's own philosophy."

K.M. loved Russia, its people, its language. She loved Russian strength. She believed the English could never have survived the physical horrors that the Russian intellectuals went through.

I shall now consider the Russian authors mentioned by her. They will be treated in climactic order.

First, Bunin.³ The Gentleman from San Francisco was the one story that impressed her greatly. Here are her important comments: "Bunin has an immense talent. That is certain. All the same--there's a limitation in this story so it seems to me. There is something inflexible, separate in him which he exults

1. J. Collins: The Doctor Looks at Literature

2. J. Collins: K.M. Literary Digest March 17, 1923 See letters { Jan 13, 1922
Feb 14, 1922
June 14, 1922

3. Letters: May 1914

Joseph Collins, the author, believes this too. "The easi-
est way of estimating any unknown element is to compare it to
something already known and I, I, have been called the Tenth of
English fiction. Even a comparison may be useful in an approach
to her work. In truth, however, while her position in English
fiction may be compared with that of the Russian Realists,
she is in no sense an imitator or disciple of him or of anyone
else. Her art is her own."

Her character is: "K.M.'s are remarkable for the great
Russian physical-novelists in that she provides no action,
points no moral, expounds no philosophy. Although there is no
available suggestion of her theories, her work is evidence that
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They will be treated in climactic order.

First, Gorky. The Gentleman from San Francisco was the one
story that impressed her greatly. Here she has important con-
clusions: "Gorky has an immense talent. That is certain. All the
same--there's a limitation in this story so it seems to me.
There is something inflexible, separate in him which he exalts

... the Gentleman from San Francisco ...
... the Gentleman from San Francisco ...
... the Gentleman from San Francisco ...

in. But he ought not to exult in it. It is a pity it is there. He just stops short of being a great writer because of it. Tenderness is a dangerous word to use, but I dare use it to you. He lacks tenderness--and in spite of everything, tenderness there must be."

And her pointed little picture of the man: "I met Bunin in Paris, and because he had known Tchegov I wanted to talk to him. But alas, Bunin said: 'Tchegov? Ah-ah-oui, j'ai connu Tchegov. Mais il y a long temps, long temps.' And then a pause, and then, graciously, 'Il a écrit des belles choses.' And that was the end of Tchegov. 'Vous avez vu mon dernier...'"

Tchegov mentions Bunin, too, highly praising two of his stories, Pines and Charnosium.

Bunin didn't influence K.M. at all. He wasn't great enough. Anyway, it was too late. Six months after that last letter about him she died.

She was not, I believe, very impressed by Gorky as an artist. Her perfectly justified self assurance of 1914 was subdued in later mention of him, though it needn't have been. "Oh if only I could make a celebration and do a bit of writing. I long and long to write, and the words just won't come. It's a queer business. Yet, when I read people like Gorky, for instance, I realize how streets ahead of them I be..."

"One begins to feel, like Gorky feels, that it's one's duty to what remains of civilization to care for those things, and that writers who do not are traitors. But it's horrible. It's like jumping into a treacle pot."

1. Letter, May 1, 1922

Gorky's Lower Depths touches upon truth, the problem which was of such vast interest to K.M. Gorky looks at it from a social rather than literary viewpoint, however. Of course Gorky need not have been stating his own view.

And Tchekhov on Gorky: "Gorky in mysticism is a real talent, his brushes and colors are real, but somehow he is unrestrained and a daredevilish talent. I don't like everything he writes, but he has written things which I like very much and I have no doubt that Gorky is of the stuff of which artists are made. He is the genuine thing. A fine man, wise, thinking, and deep; but he carries much unnecessary ballast--e.g., his provincialism."

....

Quite disappointed in my first reading of Turgenev, I can agree with Katherine Mansfield: "I simply cannot believe that there was a time when I cared about Turgenev. Such a poseur! Such a hypocrite! It's true he's wonderfully talented, but I keep thinking what a good cinema play On the Eve would make."¹ The others are merely references to him in letters.

Edward Garnett holds Turgenev in higher esteem: "Turgenev's characters reveal themselves by most ordinary details of everyday life. The novel's significance is built up simply out of these details...shows a commonplace figure and brings a sense of mystery of existence."

Turgenev does not seem to me to do this at all. He uses heightened and very dramatic incidents, very different from the everyday life in At the Bay. His Lear of the Steppes, consid-

Gorky's book beginning from first, the problem which
one of each year interest to K.M. Gorky looks at it from a
social point of view literary viewpoint, however, of course
Gorky need not have been writing his own view.
And Tolstoy on Gorky: "Gorky is a realist in a real sense
and, his business and culture are real, but Tolstoy is a more
realist and a more realistic realist. I don't like anything
he writes, but he has written things I like very much and
I have no doubt that Gorky is of the staff of which writers are
made. He is the genuine thing. I like him, his, thinking,
and Gorky; but he writes with unnecessary belatedness, this
provincialism."

...
Gorky's disposition in his first reading of Turgenev, I can
agree with Ludwig Wassermann: "I already cannot believe that
there was a time when I cared about Turgenev. Such a waste!
Such a waste! It's true he's wonderfully talented, but I
have nothing that a good Chinese may on the eve of his death."
The Chinese are rarely references to him in letters.
Edward Gansett holds Turgenev in highest esteem: "Turgenev's
characters reveal themselves by most ordinary details of every-
day life. The novel's significance is built up almost out of
these details... shows a commonplace figure and brings a sense
of mystery of existence."
Turgenev does not seem to me to be like all. He uses
heightened and very dramatic incidents, very different from the
everyday life in the East. His last of the books, consider-

by Garnett a masterpiece of inevitability (!) reminds me of nothing so much as Samson pulling down the pillars--everyday life indeed! Garnett believes Turgenev a wonderful portrayer of women--"superior to most of his rivals". But Acia and Sophia and Varvara are sticks with different colors of hair and eyes. K.M. could not have learned much from Turgenev. The only major resemblance is that most of Turgenev's suitors desert their ladies--simply walk away after proposing or they never declare themselves at all. Yakov Pasinkov or the friend of Andrei Kolosov, e.g. Cf. Raoul: "Of course you know what to expect. You anticipate fully what I am going to write. It couldn't be otherwise. I never went near the place again."

Turgenev's Diary of a Superfluous Man is inferior to K.M.'s A Married Man's Story, because the Superfluous Man has no sense of humor at all. Nearly all of K.M.'s central figures have, because of her own abundance of that sense.

So much for Turgenev.

The venerable and patriarchal Tolstoi was beloved of K.M. and relegated by her to a place next below Shakespeare and Goethe. Tolstoi of all modern writers seems to her to have continuity.

In October, 1918, we find this in a letter: "I have read War and Peace again--and then War and Peace again, and then I feel inclined to positively sing to it: 'If You Were The Only Book in The World!'"

1. Journal: Jan 2, 1921
 letters: June 20, 1921
 letters: March 29, 1922
2. letters: September 25, 1920

And see Tchehov: "I wake every night and read War and Peace. I read it with curiosity and naive wonder of one who has not read it before. It is astonishingly good. But I dislike the passages in which Napoleon appears, when at once there are strained explanations and a number of details in order to prove that he was stupider than he actually was. Everything done and said be Pierre, Prince Andreyev, or Nicky Rostow--all that is good and sensible, natural and moving, but everything Napoleon thinks and says is unnatural, not sensible, inflated and insignificant."

He says also (and K.M. later points out how Tolstoi "influenced" him) that he never loved anyone as he loved Tolstoi. "While Tolstoi is in literature it is easy and pleasant to be writer; even to be aware that one has done nothing and is doing nothing is not so terrible, since Tolstoi does enough for all."

With her delight in fairy tales attested to by the quite natural references to Grimm and Anderson, and by her own A Fairy Story, and various poems, K.M. probably liked the didactic Tolstoi as he appears in his fable, Master and Man, as well as Tolstoi, the novelist.

Tolstoi, as well as Tchehov and Dostoevsky and Kuprin, could draw children beautifully. It is perhaps more surprising that these men could do so than that K.M. could. But perhaps Slavic tenderness accounts for it in them while femininity and tenderness account for it in her cooler self. Tolstoi's Natacha Rostow, "the lovely and seductive child beloved by all, smitten

with many," is intriguing. In Volume I of War and Peace the schoolroom scene is almost K.M. like in character. Vera, the elder sister, comes in and bothers the four children, cruelly teasing them about being in love:

"Everyone has his own, and we leave you and Berg in peace," said Natacha hotly. (They nickname Vera Madame de Genlis because she has not heart.) "There you have done what you wanted, cried Nicholas. "You have upset us all with your nonsense. Now let us be off. We will go into the schoolroom." And they all four made their escape like a covey of frightened birds. "It is you, on the contrary who have been talking nonsense," exclaimed Vera, while outside the four voices sang merrily in chorus: "Madame de Genlis, Madame de Genlis."

Kuprin's delightful stories pleased K.M. so well that she named her beloved Japanese doll for one of his characters. "Ribni was a Japanese doll belonging to K.M., so named after Captain Ribnikoff, the Japanese spy who is the hero of Kuprin's remarkable story of that title." And since, for about three years (1917-1920) her doll was a source of amusement to her, Kuprin was in her mind at least indirectly, for Ribni² was her "son"--the Cat Wingley, the other child, I suppose.

The references to Rib are very, very frequent. For example, "Shall Rib wear his new dress or the old one his father loves?" Or, "Rib says, 'Parent-chik, I shall be there to meet, on the stopping of the chariot, the August Emergence.' He says he is going to write a book now called Fan Tales."

1. Journal - I.M. Mary's postnote

2. See letters for: December 22, 1917

December, 1917

February 9, 10, 11, 1918

February 26, 1918

May 27, 30, 1918

July 8, 1918

January 17, 1918

June 20, 1918

October, 1920

Like K.M., Kuprin often wrote of childhood memories, as in A Slav Soul. Just as the servant Pat stood forth a heroic figure from K.M.'s past, so Kuprin's servant, Yasha, became written down, but Pat was a blithe Irishman and Yasha a melancholy Slav who hanged himself for no good reason. Pat likes the girls and proposes to every new Burnell servant; Yasha-- "girls looked admiringly at him but not one of them, running like a quail across the yard, would have dared to give him a playful punch in the side or even an inviting smile. There was too much haughtiness in him and icy contempt of the fair sex." Pat amuses the little Burnells and shows them wonders. But Yasha, preferring to kill himself, goes up to the little girl in the nursery with a "Goodbye, Missy". "Goodbye, Yasha," answered the little one, not looking up from her doll.

Kuprin more than K.M. turns to the spectacular and arresting (reminding one of O. Henry). Yet, there are places--for example, Colonel Voiznitsin meets his childhood love, now faded and middleaged, and both of them remember: "'No, I don't remember anything, nasty horrid boy,' said the lady smiling gently... He bent down once more to kiss her hand and she kissed him tenderly on his whitehaired brow. They looked at once another and their eyes were wet with tears; they smiled gently, sadly, tenderly."

Kuprin's The White Poodle, an utterly charming and sad story (as dog stories are always sad) is perhaps one of his few that is artistry. The spoiled boy crying, "I wa-ant him...give

him to me...I want him, the dog I tell you"...The description of the sight--the dark bushes and silver sea and the roadway, and the little panting boy and the dancing dog. Arto is not the wistful or humble kind of K.M.'s story; he is more of a philosopher¹ but then he is a Russian dog.

Hamlet, the story of Kostansky, an actor who has grown old, taken to drink and is losing his public, is a bit like the ex-concert singer and cinema star, Ada Moss in Pictures. Kostansky pushes the money away and says irritably: "I have finished. I have finished with it all." And Miss Moss, a falling woman, says to the stout gentleman "I'll come with you if it's all the same..."

The grave little girl in Kuprin in The Elephant is a perfectly real little girl who should play with the Burnells and the Trouts and little B. and the rest. Her illness is indifference to life. Her one desire is an elephant and on seeing one and having it brought to her house for supper, she recovers. She and Tommy, the elephant, dream of one another at night; and next morning "the little girl smiled shyly and said: 'Tell Tommy that I'm quite well now.'"

Tempting Providence is the story of a perfectly happy civil engineer who, coming home after five years' service far away, and receiving telegrams all along the way from his loving wife and little daughter, falls under the train as he alights and is killed before their staring eyes. "God knows what might have awaited them later. Disenchantment? Weariness? Boredom?

Perhaps hate?" It is a trifle like K.M.'s Widowed. But K.M. does not imply that it is better so.

Kuprin writes rapidly, carelessly, slapdash--it is evident; K.M. is a meticulous writer. Stephen Graham, the translator, praises Kuprin's "humor, sentiment, pathos, and delightful entertaining verbosity"--calls him nearer to the present moment than Tchekhov, and says his attitude is: "Oh how incomprehensible for us, how mysterious, how strange, are the simplest happenings of life..."

....

Tchekhov mentions Dostoevsky but slightly in passing: "I have bought Dostoevsky in your shop and am reading him now. Good, but too long and indirect. Many pretenses." It is clearly evident to anyone upon even a first reading that Tchekhov is a better writer than Dostoevsky.

Dostoevsky (especially in the short stories, with which, rather than the novels, I am here concerned) sprawls into formlessness and sometimes into longwindedness; and his short stories are comic rather than tragic--thus not the accepted "highest" art. But they make us laugh for sheer ridiculousness of situation. When I read Dostoevsky's stories like Uncle's Dream of A Novel in Nine Letters or The Crocodile, or any of the others, I am sharply reminded of how, when I was a child, my older relatives sat about the diningroom table of an evening cracking nuts and listening gleefully to similar longwinded, humorous Jewish stories while one of the company slowly read aloud; the stories seemed to need to sprawl.

K.M. was fonder of her "Dosty" than most critics are; not blindly fond of him, for she saw in the stories the man who wrote them, and it was the man she admired. She knew his works well enough to be able to refer to any character in them off-hand.¹

Both she and Tchegov mention Crime and Punishment. It is most likely that K.M. read every book Tchegov commented upon. She admired the character of the man Dosty.² "Why do I feel like this about Dostoevsky--my Dostoevsky--no one else's--a being who loved, in spite of everything, LIFE, even while he knew the dark, dark places..."

"How long was Dostoevsky in prison? Four years, wasn't it? And he came out and did his finest work after. If only one could rid oneself of this feeling of finality; if there were a continuity; that is what is intolerable."³ "Yes, but who is living, then, living as we mean life? Dostoevsky, Tchegov, and Tolstoi, and Hardy. I can't think of anybody else."

Besides her critical review of Dostoevsky⁴ K.M. has in her Journal for March, 1916, nearly 4 pages of Notes on Dostoevsky dealing with The Idiot and The Possessed. She says of Nastasya: "That change in her when she appears in Verbersberg--is not at all impossible. With such women it seems to be a kind of instinct (Maata was just the same. She simply knew those things from nowhere.)."

I mention this because it contains one of K.M.'s rare references to Maata her intended novel. And then "There grows up

1. Letters: August, 1917
March 13, 1918
May 1, 1921
November 30, 1919

2. Letters: 1918
November 4, 1919

3. Letters: December 13, 1913

...and the fact of the "Bible" ... not
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as one reads a kind of malady, a balked fascination which almost succeeds in blotting out those first and really marvellous 'impressions' of his. What was D. really aiming at?"

And about *The Idiot*: "How did Dostoevsky know about that extraordinary vindictive feeling that relish for little laughter that comes over women in pain? It is a very secret thing, but it is profound, profound. They don't want to spare the one whom they love."

In the last few months of her life, exactly three months before the day she died, K.M. read Dosty's letters and their humdrumness disappointed her. But she believed in Dostoevsky all the same. "Yet this was a noble, suffering striving soul, a real hero among men--wasn't he? I mean from his books...I do not think these deep divisions in people are necessary or vital. Perhaps it is cowardice in me."

Perhaps the key to her fondness for Dostoevsky is the complete lack in him of the hardness she hated in others. His people are wonderfully tender. For example, the benefactor of the Honest Thief cannot bear to turn the poor old drunken man away. "Those riding breeches--it was--sort of--I who took them..." It is almost too much for us.

His stories are much more plotted than K.M.'s, generally absurd impossible plots that made wonderful reading. In The Uncle's Dream e.g., the old fuddled feeble-minded fellow is made to propose to young Zina because her mother wants her to marry for money, but the nephew tells his Uncle the proposal

was a dream, and the poor old man can never distinguish reality from dreams. A goodly proportion of Dostoevsky's stories is picture--at least in translation. A Novel in Nine Letters is one of these.

There are some stories that strike just the right touch at the end. These are Mansfieldian because her endings are practically perfect.

In An Unpleasant Predicament Shatov, the civil councillor, goes to the poor clerk's wedding. Shatov makes everyone uncomfortable, sickens, has to sleep in the pink bridal bed while the bride and groom sleep on chairs which come apart. And the end--the councillor has been severe and no one has taunted him about his unfortunate visit. "Suddenly a vivid blush overspread his face. 'I did break down,' he said to himself and sank helplessly into his chair." Remotely the story reminds us of The Garden Party because of the patronizing air of Shatov and of Laura's mother. And Another Man's Wife or The Husband Under the Bed is like Feuille d'Album in its ending that rouses a short shout of laughter. The husband has smothered another lady's dog to keep it from betraying his presence under her bed. He comes home. "What as his amazement, horror, and alarm, when, with his handkerchief, fell out of his pocket the corpse of Amishka. Ivan Andreyitch had not noticed that when he had been forced to creep out from under the bed in an excess of despair and unreasoning terror he had stuffed Amishka into his pocket with the faraway idea of burying the corpse, concealing the evidence of his crime and avoiding the punishment he deserved.

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see a crowd, and the poor old man saw never his financial reality
from above. A goodly proportion of his property's value is
distance--at least in translation. A novel in the letters is
one of these.

There are some stories that arise from the right hand of
the end. These are historical--and even for endings are pro-
bably perfect.

In an Englishman's Frenchman's Englishman's, the civil revolution
went to the poor clerk's wedding. Englishman's Frenchman's Englishman's
characteristic, almost, but as sleep in the pink bridal bed while
the bride and groom sleep of their own accord. And the
end--the revolution has been severe and no one has wanted him
about his Englishman's Frenchman's Englishman's Frenchman's Englishman's
around the lake. "I did not know," he said to himself and
sent himself into his chair. "I was the story written as
of the Englishman's Frenchman's Englishman's Frenchman's Englishman's
and of Englishman's Frenchman's Englishman's Frenchman's Englishman's
under the bed is like Englishman's Frenchman's Englishman's Frenchman's Englishman's
a short sort of laughter. The husband has two other women
and a dog to keep it from sleeping in the room under the bed.
he comes home. "What is the excitement," he says, and then
when his Englishman's Frenchman's Englishman's Frenchman's Englishman's
wishes. Even Englishman's Frenchman's Englishman's Frenchman's Englishman's
forced to sleep out from under the bed in an excess of desire
and Englishman's Frenchman's Englishman's Frenchman's Englishman's
with the Englishman's Frenchman's Englishman's Frenchman's Englishman's
dance of the Englishman's Frenchman's Englishman's Frenchman's Englishman's

'What's this?' cried his spouse. 'A nasty dead dog! Goodness! Where has it come from? What have you been up to? Where have you been? Tell me at once where you have been?' 'My love,' answered Ivan, almost as dead as Amishka, 'my love'...."

Like K.M. and like Kuprin, Dostoevsky still remembered a childhood servant of the family--The Peasant Marey. It was his reason for loving peasants. "I remembered the soft masterly smile of the poor serf, the way he signed me with the cross and shook his head--'There, you have had a fright, little one'..."

The Crocodile, an "extraordinary incident" of a Russian Jonah who lived in a crocodile is the sort of thing K.M. never attempted. It is introduced by "Ohe Lambert! Ou est Lambert?" and K.M. uses this in her review of Dosty substituting for Lambert his name.

The Dream of the Ridiculous Man ends with a paragraph which, if D. believed it, may be one of the reasons K.M. loved the man he was: "The chief thing is to love others like yourself--that's the great thing, that is everything, nothing else is wanted--you will find out at once how to arrange it all. And yet it is an old truth which has been told a billion times--but it has not formed part of our lives."

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"What's that?" asked his spouse. "A nasty dead dog!" answered
"There was it was from? What have you been up to? Where have
you been? Tell me at once where you have been?" "My love,"

answered Ivan, almost as dead as Malsha, "My love,..."
Like E. E. and like Ivan, I suddenly still remembered a

childhood servant of the family--the peasant Mary. It was his
reason for loving peasant. "I remembered the girl's memory
and of the poor girl, the way he liked me with the cross and
shook his head--"There, you have had a right, little one..."

The Crocodile, an "extraordinary incident" of a Russian
Tales and lives in a crocodile in the sort of being E. E. never
mentioned. It is introduced by "The Lament: On the Lament"
and E. E. goes into the review of Lory's expedition for him-
self his name.

The Dream of the Olden Days ends with a description
which, it is believed it, may be one of the persons E. E. loved
the most to see: "The child child is to love others like your-
self--that's the great thing, that is everything, nothing else
is wanted--you will find out at once how so strange it all
and yet it is an old story which has been told a billion times--
but it has not formed part of our lives."

Katherine Mansfield's Journal:

"Ach, Tchegov, why are you dead? Why can't I talk to you in a big, darkish room, at late evening where the light is green from the waving leaves outside. I'd like to write a series of Heavens--that would be one."

"Dr. Sorapure. He was a good man...very simple, kindly doctor, was pure of heart as Tchegov was pure of heart. To live--to live--that is all. And to leave life as Tchegov left it, and Tolstoi."

"Queer! The two people left are Tchegov dead--and unheedy indifferent Dr. Sorapure. They are the two good men I have known."

"What shall I do to express my thanks? I want to adopt a Russian baby, call him Anton and bring him up as mine with Koteliensky for a Godfather and Madame Tchegov for a Godmother. Such is my dream."

"I suppose it is the effect of isolation that I can truly say I think of de la Mare, Tchegov, Koteliensky, Tomlinson, Orage, every day. They are part of my life..."

That is what she thought of him. She studied Tchegov, understood him and learned from him--he was her friend. She did not imitate him--she learned from him as all of us learn from those who have come before us in our work. She recognized the difference between absorbing and copying. Here is what she said to a young writer who had sent her his MS to criticize: "I imagine your great admiration for Tchegov has liberated you, but you have absorbed more of him than you are aware of, and he's got in the way of your individual expression for the time

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| 1. Journal | July 5, 1918 |
| 2. Journal | December, 1920 |
| 3. Journal | January 11, 1922 |
| 4. Journal | January 20, 1922 |
| 5. Letters | June 24, 1922 |

being. It's very queer. Passages read like a translation! It's as though you were in his shadow and the result is you are a little blurred, a bit vague...when you do get free of Tchegov, plus all you have learnt of him, you ought to write awfully good stories.... To return to your Russianization for a moment. It seems to me that when Russians think, they go through a different process from what we do. As far as we can gather they arrive at a feeling by a process of... spiritual recapitulation. I don't think we do. What I imagine is we have less words but they are more vital; we need less. So, though one can accept this recapitulating process from Russian writers, it sounds strange coming from your pen...When one writes like that in English, it's as though the nerve of the feeling were gone."

"Perhaps you will agree that we all, as writers, to a certain extent, absorb each other when we love...Anatole France would say we eat each other, but perhaps nourish is the better word. For instance, Tchegov's talent was nourished by Tolstoi's Death of Ivan Ilyitch. It is possible he never would have written as he did if he had not read that story. There is a deep division between the work he did before he read that and after...All I felt about your stories was that you had not yet, finally, made free with it and turned it to your own account."

The first written mention of Tchegov by her is in her Journal in the summer of 1917: "Tchegov makes me feel that this longing to write stories of such uneven length is quite justified. Tchegov is quite right about women..." It would be very interesting to know when K.M. first discovered Tchegov.

1. L.H. 1922 July 13, 1922

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being. It's very queer. I suspect there's a translation
It's as though you were in his shadow and the result is you are
a little blurred, a bit vague... when you do get free of Tolstoy
again all you have learnt of him, you ought to write swiftly
good notes... to return to your translation for a moment.
It seems to me that even Russians think, they go through a
different process from what we do. As far as we can gather the
artist is a feeling by a process of... artistic recognition
I don't think we do. What I imagine is we have less words but
they are more vivid; we need less. So, though one can accept
this translation process from Russian writers, it sounds
strange coming from you too... When one writes like that in
English, it's as though the nerve of the feeling were gone."
"Perhaps you will agree that we all, as writers, to a
certain extent, absorb each other when we love... I suspect France
would say we eat each other, but perhaps nourish is the better
word. For instance, Tolstoy's talent was nourished by Tolstoy's
death of Ivan Ilyich. It is possible he never would have
written as he did if he had not read that story. There is a
deep division between the work he did before he read that and
after... All I felt about your stories was that you had not yet
finally made free with it and turned it to your own account."
The first written mention of Tolstoy by her is in her
Journal in the summer of 1914: "Tolstoy makes me feel that this
longing to write stories of such uneven length is quite justifi-
fied. Tolstoy is quite right about women..." It would be
very interesting to know when E.M. first discovered Tolstoy.

After college, I think, for her way of writing then was the other way. I think it was between 18 and 21 that she:

1. Grew up
2. Discovered the Russian writers.

She had to review Tchehov once, and to translate some of his letters. She found writing about Tchehov very difficult for fear that she would not do him justice. This is a natural thing for us when we write about those we love and revere. But perhaps we cannot help doing justice in what we say simply because we love and revere them. The things K.M. said about Tchehov are beautiful indeed.

Often she agreed with him:

"Tchehov said over and over again, he protested, he begged, that he had no problem. In fact, you know, he thought it was his weakness as an artist. It worried him, but he always said the same. No problem. And when you come to think of it, what was Chaucer's problem, or Shakespeare's? The "problem" is the invention of the 19th century; the artist takes a long look at life. He says softly: "So this is what life is, is it? And he proceeds to express that. All the rest he leaves. Tolstoi even had no problem. What he had was a propaganda and he is a great artist in spite of it." She agrees, also, with Tchehov's saying that the true writer does not so much solve the question as to put the question.

But she differed from him and she was not afraid to say so: "Tchehov made a mistake in thinking that if he had had more time he would have written more fully, described the rain

1. Journal January 5, 1920
- Journal January 24, 1920
2. Letters November 11, 1921
3. Letters May, 1919

other way. I think it was between 20 and 25 years ago.

- 1. Crows
- 2. Ravens

She had no other children, and I remember some of his letters. She found writing about "Crows" very difficult for her. She said it was not to him. This is a natural thing for us when we write about those we love and treasure. But because we cannot help doing justice in what we say simply because we love and treasure them. The Chinese I. K. said about "Crows" and "Ravens" indeed.

"I am not sure that you are right again, he protested, he begged. That he had no children. In fact, you know, he thought it was his business as an artist. It worried him, but he always said to me. "No problem. And when you come to think of it, what was Dunsen's problem, or Dunsen's problem? The "problem" is the invention of the 19th century; the artist takes a look at life. He says: "So this is what life is, is it? And he proceeds to express it. All the rest is leaves. That's even had no problem. What is and was a propaganda and he is a great artist in spite of it." She agrees, also, with Dunsen saying that the true artist does not so much solve the question as to put the question.

But we differed from him and she was not afraid to say so. "Dunsen made a mistake in thinking that it was his job to give the world a new vision more fully, described the main

1. Dunsen's problem
2. Dunsen's problem
3. Dunsen's problem
4. Dunsen's problem

and the midwife and the doctor having tea. The truth is one can get only so much into a story. There is always a sacrifice. One has to leave out what one knows and longs to use. Why? I haven't any idea, but here it is. It's always a kind of race to get in as much as one can before it disappears." ^{1.}

This is a direct reference to Tchegov's story The Birthday Party and to his remarks in a letter to a friend: "You say that the hero of my B. P. is a character worth unfolding. Lord, I am not a senseless beast. I understand that I know quite well that I carve my heroes and spoil them, that good material is being wasted...I tell you straight I would gladly sit on the B. P. for six months. I love to take my time and see no attraction in quickfire publication--I am bound to finish it 5th of Oct. final date."

Tchegov also says about his story The Birthday Party: "Olga D. never stops lying but it must not be disguised that to tell lies causes her pain.".. "The conversation with the pregnant woman has some Tolstoian resemblance. I see that now. But the conversation has no significance. I wedged it in only that the abortion should not seem abrupt. I am a doctor and so as not to disgrace myself, I must, in my short stories, give a motive for the medical cases."

K.M. writes a refutation of this theory in a letter to William Gerhardt.^{2.} "Garnett seems greatly impressed by the importance of T's scientific training as a doctor, not the indirect importance (I could understand that) but the direct. He quotes as a proof The Party and the letter in which he says: "The

1. Journal January 17, 1922
2. Letter July 10, 1922

and the white and the doctor meeting. The first is one man
and why so much into a story. There is always a possibility. The
has to leave and that one knows and knows to see. Why I
haven't any idea, but there is it. It's always a kind of race
as far as we know as the doctor is the doctor."

There is a direct reference to somebody's story The Birthday Party
and to the reference in a letter to a friend: "You say that
the name of my A. is a character worth watching. Lord, I
am not a character worth watching. I understand that I know quite well
that I cannot go home and still there, that good material is
being tested... I tell you straight I would gladly sit on the
A. for the moment. I love to take my time and see no other
kind of relative position-I am bound to think it best of
God. That's all."

Somebody also says about the story The Birthday Party:
"Only I never know if it is what not be disguised that is
told that makes her name..." "The conversation with the prog-
ress woman was some Tolstoyan resemblance. I was that now.
But the conversation was no significance. I wedged it in only
that the woman should not seem strange. I am a doctor and so
as not to disgrace a self, I was, in my own stories, give a
positive for the medical cause."

A. is a reflection of this theory in a letter to
William Faulkner. "Faulkner seems greatly interested by the impor-
tance of the scientific thinking as a doctor, not the industrial
importance of a child understood that but the direct. He quotes
as a good example and the letter in which he says: 'The

1. I have a copy of the letter
2. I have a copy of the letter

ladies say I am quite right in all my symptoms when I describe the confinement.' But in spite of the letter that story didn't need a doctor to write it. There's not a thing any sensitive writer could not have discovered without a medical degree. The truth of that 'importance' is far more subtle." She goes on to say that Tchegov is not widely understood, that he must be looked at as a whole and not from different angles; that he was tormented by the feeling that he never did as well as he might have done, and by the lack of time for writing--and for living. She says: "I suppose all writers, little and big, feel this, but T. more than most. But I must not write about him, I could go on and on..."

This William Gerhardi, a close personal friend of K.M., wrote in 1923 a book called Anton Tchegov full of a number of pointed critical remarks on A.T. that are applicable to K.M. But there is room for only the most significant one of these: "Much of the appeal of Tchegov, it must be confessed, is irrevocably lost in translation. Some gestures of speech, some poses, idiosyncracies, are so absolutely inseparable from the Russian language and custom and atmosphere that you cannot render them in any other tongue. But that Tchegov's method need not be confined to his country cannot be doubted. Any writer--given the requisite talent--could practise it in any country, any language, with results that would open the reading public's eye. But, so far, it seems that only Katherine Mansfield was alive to the intrinsic value of Tchegov's method of using psychology for

...and I am quite right in all my symptoms when I describe
the condition. But in spite of the fact that they often
and a doctor to write it. There's not a thing any sensitive
writer could not have discovered without a medical degree. The
fact of that 'important' is a 'small matter'. But even on
so very close to the truth, it is not wholly understood, that it must be
looked at as a whole and not from different angles; that it was
concerned by the fact that it never did as well as he might
have done, and by the fact that it was for writing--and for living.
The fact: 'I suppose all writers, I think, are like this.
But I know that most. And I was not writing about him, I
could go on and on...'.

This little German, a close personal friend of A. N.,
wrote in 1933 a book called Human Psychology full of a number of
valuable critical remarks on A. N. that are applicable to A. N.
The book is now for sale for only one shilling; one of these
"books of the spirit of the book, it must be confessed, is far less
easily lost in translation. Some passages of course, some passages
idiosyncratic, are so peculiarly idiosyncratic that the German
language and style are everywhere that you cannot forget them
in any other language. But the book's method need not be con-
fined to the country where it is written. Any writer--given the
relative safety--could practice it in any country, any language.
With practice that would soon be teaching itself. But, to
say, it seems that only German psychology was alive to the
importance of psychology's method of using psychology for

artistic ends. They have shown us that subtlety can be expressed easily and directly."

K.M.'s wonder at A.T. grew and grew: "J. read Tchegov aloud. I had read one of the stories myself and it seemed to me nothing. But read aloud it was a masterpiece. How was that?"

Some day, if I can pigeonhole a listener, I shall see. But people refuse to listen--they won't be read aloud to--they do not know K.M.!

There is a host of casual references showing how familiarly she referred to T's works and how he was become part of her life." I can't tell you how I love Russian. When I hear it spoken it makes me think of course always of Tchegov. I love this speech."

In my notes I find fragmentary jottings:

Reminders of K.M. in A.T.:
Illness-hemorrhage
Hotels--foreign
Doctors
Foods
Stories, letters, ideas
Intended novels

"Do I not from the beginning to end protest against falsehood?" (her creed, too).

"That's what I meant to say."

"I clasp your hand."

The last two are remarks that appear in letters both by A.T. and K.M. The other remarks are graphic enough and it is needless to elaborate upon them. They tell the story and in both cases the story was a short one.

In reading Tchegov we are often reminded of K.M., not

1. Journal February 12, 1922
2. Letters May 20, 25, 1918
October 24, 1919
October 17, 1920
November 1, 1920
February 3, 1922

3. Letters February 1, 1922

because they talked alike, but because the two had absolute pitch in life. For instance in The Nightmare, Kunin's good intentions to help the poor priest and his povertystricken parish: "But I'll help them...I must help them..." He knows he needs luxuries. "This remembrance filled him with overwhelming shame before his inner self, before the inner truth. So had begun and ended a sincere effort to be of public service on the part of a well-intentioned but unreflecting and overcomfortable person." Compare Isobel's good intentions regarding her husband in Marriage a la Mode. "I'll--I'll go with them and write to William later. Some other time. Later. Not now. But I shall certainly write."

Or Tchegov's children and K.M.'s. Eight year old Katya in The Bishop "'Good gracious, you've got a green beard,' said Katya suddenly, and she laughed." Compare Prelude "The dining room window had a square of colored glass at each corner. One was blue and one was yellow. Kezia bent down to have one more look at a blue lawn and blue arum lilies growing at the gate, and then at a yellow lawn with yellow lilies and a yellow fence. As she looked, a little Chinese Lottie came out onto the lawn." And the Bishop's poor mother is another Ma Parker of the world.

Nadyezdha in The Duel is a kind of uninnocent Beryl, especially in the bathing scene (see At the Bay). "Free from her clothes, N. felt a desire to fly and it seemed to her that if she were to wave her hands she would fly upward. When she was undressed she noticed that Olga looked scornfully at her white body."

because they raised him, but because the two had something
in life. For instance in the Widow's, Karin's good

intention to help the poor widow and his conversation
with her: "But I'll help her... I must help her..."

he needs her. "This conversation filled him with over-
whelming shame before his inner self, before the inner truth.

So he began and ended a lifetime effort to be of service to
vice on the part of a well-intentioned but unwell-meaning and

unwell-meaning person." "Constance's good intentions re-
sulted in her death in Widow's as well.

With this and with the Widow's later. Some other time. Later.
But not. But I shall certainly write."

For Constance's children and her's. Eight years old today
in the Widow's "Good evening, you've got a green dress," said

her mother, and the answer. "Constance's friends" the dining
room window had a square of painted glass at each corner. Two

see him and one see yellow. Her's went down to have one more
look at a blue lawn and blue arm filled growing at the gate.

and then as a yellow lawn with yellow lilies and a yellow fence
as she looked. A little Chinese bottle came out onto the lawn."

And the Widow's poor mother in another the Widow's of the world.
"But she is a kind of innocent beauty."

especially in the Widow's scene (see of the Widow's). "Three from
her clothes. I felt a desire to fly and it seemed to her that

it was to have her hands and would fly upward. When she
was awakened she noticed that she looked awfully at her

At the Bay: "Mercy on us," said Mrs. Harry Kember, "what a little beauty you are." "Don't," said Beryl softly; but drawing off one stocking and then the other she felt a little beauty."

And Laevsky's comment at the end of the Duel: "Yes, no one knows the real truth, though Laevsky, looking wearily at the dark restless sea... The boat goes on and on... So it is in life.. in the search for truth men make two steps forward and one step back. Suffering, mistakes, and weariness of life thrust them back but the thirst for truth and stableness will drive them on and on. And who knows? Perhaps they will reach the real truth at last."

Discussing further stories of A. T. , Katherine Mansfield says ¹ that some of the stories in The Horse Stealers rather shock her because in them Tchegov was not fully aware that only the difficult thing is worth doing. Of The Steppe she speaks differently: ² "I have reread the Steppe. What can one say? It is simply one of the great stories of the world-- a kind of Iliad or Odyssey. I think I will learn this journey by heart-- one says of things, they are immortal. One feels about this story not that it becomes immortal--it always was. It has no beginning nor end. Tchegov just touched one point with his pen (.----.) and then another point; enclosed something which had, as it were, been there forever."

Tchegov himself speaks of it, saying that the subject is a good one, but that being unaccustomed to writing long things he makes each page as compact as a short story. "In the result one gets not a picture in which all the elements like stars in

1. Letter May, 1921
2. Letter August 21, 1919

At the very beginning of the story, Harry Potter, when a
little beauty you see, 'Don't,' said Jerry softly; but draw-
ing off one stocking and then the other she said: 'A little beauty.'
And Harry's account at the end of the book: 'Yes, no one
knows the real truth, though I know, looking carefully at the
dark restless sea... The boat goes on and on... So it is in life.
In the search for truth we make two steps forward and one step
back. Suffering, mistakes, and weariness of life under these
back and the third for truth and splendour will drive them on
and on. And who knows? Perhaps they will reach the real
truth at last.'

Discussing further stories of A. S. Katherine Mansfield
says that one of the stories in The House of the Dead is
about her because in these stories she not only wrote but only
the difficult thing is worth doing. Of the House of the Dead she says
differently: 'I have revised the House. What can one say?
It is simply one of the great efforts of the writer--a kind of
trial or agony. I think I will leave this journey to heart--
one says of things they are important. One feels about this
story and that is poetry important--it always was. It was no
beginning now and then just touched one point with his pen
(...), and then another point; enclosed something which had,
as it were, been there forever.'

Tobias himself speaks of it, saying that the subject is
a good one, but that being misunderstood so writing long things
he makes each page as compact as a short story. 'In the result
the book was a failure in which all the elements like those in

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the sky merge into one whole, but a conspectus, a dry record of impression."

The "record of impression" is anything but dry for readers. As a whole the Steppe reminds us more of K. M. 's Prelude-- the moving day story-- than of any other. The Steppe, too, is the story of a journey.

The Steppe is about one hundred and forty pages long-- much longer than Prelude and not as completely devoid of all excess. At the beginning Father Christopher and Kazmitchov, on their way to sell wool, take Yegorushka, the nephew and a widow's son, across The Steppe to school.

"The rapid motion through the air blew out his red shirt like a balloon on his back and made her new hat, with a peacock's feather on it, like a coachman's, keep slipping onto the back of his head. He felt himself an intensely unfortunate person and had an inclination to cry." This is a little like the journey of Kezia and Lottie on the storeman's wagon. And during the course of the journeys all of the children grow sleepy...In both stories the children are vividly attracted by things along the way.

The Moisevitchs are certainly similar to the Samuel Josephs. "Instead of the promised bear Yegorushka saw a big fat Jewess with her hair hanging loose, in a red flannel hat with black sprigs in it;...before he had time to look round (she) put to his lips a slice of bread smeared with honey. 'Eat it, dearie, eat it!' she said. 'You are here without your mama and no one to look after you. Eat it up! Yegorushka

the city merged into the world, but a suggestion, a city without
of impression."

The "legend of impression" is anything but any for modern
as a whole the Legend of Impression is more of a Legend-- the
making of a story-- than of any other. The Legend, too, is the
story of a journey.

The Legend is about the journey and long pages long--
much longer than the Legend and not as completely devoid of all
excess. At the beginning of the Legend the Legend and the Legend
as their way to tell well, take the Legend. The Legend is
what's the Legend the Legend to school.

"The Legend is about the journey and long pages long--
much longer than the Legend and not as completely devoid of all
excess. At the beginning of the Legend the Legend and the Legend
as their way to tell well, take the Legend. The Legend is
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did eat it up, though after the goodies and poppiecakes he had every day at home, he did not think very much of the honey which was mixed with wax and bees' wings. He ate while Moisey Moisevitch and the Jewess looked on and sighed." And while more cakes are forced on Yegor, one after another little curly head with bright black eyes pops out from under the greasy quilt on the big bed.

There wasn't any bear; well, there weren't any strawberries, either. (The Prelude or The Aloe) "Kezia followed, making a face at Mrs. Samuel Josephs' placket which was undone as usual, with two long pink corset laces hanging out of it...The Samuel Josephs were not a family. They were a swarm. The moment you entered the house they hopped up and jumped out at you from under the tables, through the stair rails, behind the doors, behind the coats in the passage. Impossible to count them; impossible to distinguish between them..."

They are all sitting on benches before a table and are eating bread and dripping. Stanley, "a big one", politely asks Kezia will she have strawberries and cream or bread and dripping.

"'Strawberries and cream, please,' she said.

'Ah-h-h! How they all laughed and beat the table with their teaspoons! Wasn't that a takein! Wasn't it! Wasn't it now! Didn't he fox her! Good old Stan!

'Ma! She thought it was real!'

Even Mrs. Samuel Josephs, pouring out the milk and water, smiled indulgently. It was a merry tea."

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did not let go, though after the groceries and vegetables he had
every day at home, he did not think very much of the money which
was mixed with wax and resin, which he ate while his body
vibrated and his heart looked on and ached. "And while more
comes and comes on top, one after another little early seed
also grows black eyes from under the heavy fall of
the big tree."

"There wasn't any more, was there?" he asked, any other
other. (The first of the also) "There followed, making a
face at the General, Joseph, which when he looked at usual,
with the long thin curved lines hanging out of it... The General
Joseph was not a family. They were a series. The moment you
entered the house they passed up and jumped out at you from
under the table, through the stair rail, behind the door, be-
hind the door in the house. Impossible to count them; im-
possible to distinguish between them..."

They were all sitting on the floor before a table and the ex-
posed bread and butter. "There's a big one," he said, "a big one"
he said with a very expressive and often on bread and butter.
"Remembered and then, please," he said.
"Ah-h-h! How they all laughed and how the table with
their hands! They had a certain sense of it. It was in
now. Didn't he for that? And the General
"Yes! The General is not really!
Even so. General Joseph, pouring out the milk and water,
called indignantly. "It was a very big one."

The description of the Steppe by night and by day is like the descriptive At the Bay passages. There is no storm in K.M. like that storm on the steppe. And in Yegor's new home is another charming child: "The little girl moved her lips, looked as if she were going to cry and answered softly: 'Atka'. This meant Katka."

And what Yegor feels at the end: "With bitter tears greeted the unknown life that was beginning for him now...What would that life be like? is a question that is implied not only by K.M.'s Fenella, but by all her people at the end of every story.

Three Years also reminds us of The Burnells. First there is the scene of Yulia lying on the grass and talking of her baby--like cool Linda who suddenly begins to love her little boy. And Lida, the younger of the two little motherless girls is a regular little Lottie Burnell. "Lida stood with a pale and sleepy face gazing severely at her mother."--Chubby, serious, sturdy like Lottie--only the Burnells are happy children. The Russian father is like Stanley Burnell, too. And the lesson!

"Lida stood with the same severe face, gazed dumbly at the table. She moved her lips without speaking and the elder girl Sasha looked into her face frowning. 'You know it very well only you mustn't be nervous,' said Laptev. 'Come, what were Adam's sons called?'

'Abel and Canel,' Lida whispered.

'Cain and Abel,' Laptev corrected her. A big tear rolled

down Lida's cheek and dropped on the book. Sasha looked downward and turned red and she too was on the point of tears."

Lida is like Lottie playing cards and forgetting she is a donkey and should say Hee-haw: "'Oh, Lottie, you are a silly; said the proud rooster. Lottie looked at both of them, her lip quivered. 'I don't want to play,' she whispered. The others glanced at one another like conspirators.

"I've forgotten what I am," said the donkey woefully."

The Exile, a story of Siberia and the awful life there of a young Tartar who has just come there and left his beautiful young wife behind, ends with the sound, at night, of the Tartar crying--"like the barking of a dog." That Tartar is like Miss Brill, but which of the two lives was sadder I cannot say.

K.M.'s are the better endings. A.T. occasionally writes a little beyond the end.

K.M. believed the translations from the Russian very poor because of a superimposed "flatness" they bring. But even in translation Tchekhov seemed to her marvelous. "I do think a story like In Exile or Missing is frankly incomparable."

The House with the Mezzanine reminded me at the end of Je Ne Parle Pas Francaise--yes, it's a ridiculous comparison and perhaps a distortion for the purpose of creating resemblances.

The younger sister with the white face and big eyes and her babynome-Missyuss--it sounds like Mouse, doesn't it? But the startling part is the end:

"I have already begun to forget about the House with the Mezzanine, and only now and then, when I am working or reading,

1. Letter December 1, 1920

How little she understood of the world. When looked down
and saw that she was not a child any more.
She is the little playing child and everything else is
nothing and should not be. "Oh, little, you are a little
and you know better. Little looked at both of them, her
lip quivered. "I don't want to sing," she whispered. The
silence seemed to her the most terrible.
"I've forgotten that," said the kindly woman.
The little, a story of Siberia and the wild life there of
a young man who had just come there and had his beautiful
young wife killed, and with the sound, at night, of the latter
crying--"like the crying of a dog." That story is the little
little, but which of the two lives was better? I can't say.
I don't know the better ending. I don't know the better
little beyond the end.
I don't believe in translation from the Russian very much
because of a badly translated "translation" they bring. But even in
translation I don't seem to get anywhere. "I do think a
very little of the world is really beautiful."
The house with the windows reminded me at the end of the
little for translation--yes, it's a ridiculous comparison and per-
haps a distortion for the purpose of creating resemblance.
The stranger after with the white face and his eyes and his
body--yes--it is the little house, doesn't it? But the
crying part is the end.
"I have already begun to forget about the house with the
windows, and only now and then, when I am working on something.

suddenly--without rhyme or reason--I remember the green light in the window or the sound of my own footsteps as I walked through the fields that night, when I was in love, rubbing my hands to keep them warm. And even more rarely, when I am sad and lonely, I begin already to recollect and it seems to me that I, too, am being remembered and waited for and that we shall meet...

Missyuss, where are you?"

In the middle of Je Ne Parle Pas Francaise: "Mouse! Mouse! Where are you? Are you near? Is that you leaning from your high window and stretching out your arms for the wings of the shutters?...Where are you? Which way must I run? And every moment I stand there hesitating you are farther away again. Mouse! Mouse!"

It was not intentional, of course. After all, what is there to write about save scraps of bliss and death and sad love?

Finally, The Darling.

This unique and real story of Olenka who is radiant with love and who never talks of anything but what interests her lovers--who has no idea of her own--is one of Tchekhov's most remarkable pieces of writing. Olenka has three husbands and later a boarding boy, Sasha, aged 10. Her first husband is a theatre manager and Olga repeats his remarks on the theatrical world; the second is a timber merchant, and Olga talks of nothing but freight; the third man, a veterinary surgeon, is

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displeased when Olenka begins to discuss illnesses. "But Valaditchka, what am I to talk about?"...After he is transferred to Siberia she simply vegetates. She had no opinions of any sort. She wanted a love that would absorb her whole being, her whole soul and reason--that would give her ideas and an object in life and would warm her blood." The veterinary's wife boards her 10 year old Sasha with Olenka and in this small blue-eyed chubby dimpled child, with the gay laugh, and schoolboy prattle, Olga finds a sufficient love. She talks of teachers, lessons, saying just what Sasha has said. Her great terror is lest Sasha's mother send for him.

At the beginning of the story, when Olenka is young and brimming over with the happiness of her first love, "Lady visitors would not refrain from seizing her hand in the middle of conversation, exclaiming in a gush of delight: 'You darling!'"

And once more, at the end, when she is full of love for Sasha, "People meeting her looked at her with pleasure. 'Good morning, Olga Semyonovna, darling. How are you, darling?'"

K.M. inquires: "By the way, isn't Tolstoi's little essay on The Darling a small masterpiece of stupidity?"

The small masterpiece of stupidity is worth looking at because it is so moral in its indignation: "The author evidently means to mock at the pitiful creature--as he judges her with his intellect but not with his heart...but the soul of the Darling with her faculty of devoting herself and her whole being to anyone she loves, is not absurd but marvellous and holy... I believe that the author had in his mind, though not in his

1. letters July 10, 1922

heart, a vague image of a new woman...in writing The Darling he wanted to show what woman ought not to be." ^{1.}

"What makes the story so excellent is that the effect was unintentional. (Good heavens!) Tolstoi goes on to tell how, when he learned to bicycle, he knocked down a lady whom he was trying to avoid hitting. "I did the very opposite of what I wanted to do, because I concentrated my attention upon her. The same thing happened to Tchegov, but in the inverse sense. He wanted to knock The Darling down and concentrating upon her the close attention of the poet, he raised her up."

Tolstoi didn't understand the Darling and so he gave what was to him the noblest interpretation of it.

It is fitting to insert here Tchegov's not fully justified remark about woman: "She is a good doctor, a good lawyer, etc., but in the sphere of creative activity she is a goose. The perfect organism creates and woman as yet has not created anything. George Sand is neither a Nietzsche nor a Shakespeare. She is not a Thinker!"

What a masculine thing to say!

During her last months, immediately before her stay at the Guirdjeff Institute, K.M. read little. But the books she asked for were Tchegov and Tchegov only. She thought of him all the time--he was as real or perhaps realer to her than John Middleton Murry. She died early in January, 1923.

Here is the substance of those last writings: "As for Tchegov being damned--why should he be? Can't you rope Tchegov in? I can. He's much nearer to me than he used to be." ^{2.}

1. Tolstoi : Criticism on the Darling
2. Letters : October 4, 1922

Let me say, first, that the word "let" is used in the sense of "allow" or "permit". It is not used in the sense of "let" as in "let me see" or "let me know".

"I do hope you won't forget to send me that Tchegov. I look forward to it very much. Can one get hold of Tolstoi's diaries...?" ^{1.}

"Do the hardest thing on earth for you. Act for yourself. Face the truth." ^{2.} True, Tchegov didn't. Yes, but Tchegov died.. And let us be honest. How much do we know of Tchegov from his letters? Was that all? Of course not. Don't you suppose he had a whole longing life of which there is hardly a word? Then read the final letters. He has given up hope. If you de-sentimentalize those final letters, they are terrible. There is no more Tchegov. Illness has swallowed him." ^{3.}

"Oh, the little Tchegov book has come."

"About being like Tchegov, and his letters. Don't forget he died at 43. And he spent how much of his life chasing about in a desperate search after health? And if one reads 'intuitively' those last letters are terrible. What is left for him? Read the last. All hope is over for him. Letters are deceptive, at any rate. It's true he had occasional happy moments. But for the last eight years he knew no security at all. We know he felt that his stories were not half what they might have been. It doesn't take much imagination to picture him on his deathbed thinking: 'I have never had a real chance. Something has been all wrong.'" ^{4.}

In December we find mention of a philosophy book that had newly been translated into English--Youspensky's Tertium Organum, or the Third Canon of thought--a book about the fourth dimension. It was, no doubt, one of the things she wanted to read in the

1. Letters October 6, 1922
2. Journal October 10, 1922
3. Letters October 1922
4. Letters October 15, 1922

"I do hope you won't forget to send me that copy of the book."

He said to me very much. And the fact of the matter is

that...

"The book is being written for you, and for yourself. I hope

the book is being written for you, and for yourself. I hope

the book is being written for you, and for yourself. I hope

the book is being written for you, and for yourself. I hope

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short time left to her. She did not like the book.

"Perhaps I am not in the mood for books. I am not at present, though I know that in the future I shall want to write them more than anything else in the world. But different books...The general trend of literature seems to me quite without any value whatever."

And near the very end of her last letter, on December 31, 1922, she speaks of a play to be given at the Institute (Tchehov mentions theatres in his last letter, too)-- she says: "I hope Tchehov's wife will be there."

And that shows where her thoughts lay. It was a blessing for her that she had the idea of Tchehov to love.

But in the end, when we "sum her up", we find that though she learned her lessons from her German and French teachers (mostly what not to do) and was the best English student ever at the feet of the Russians--her realest knowledge was peculiar to herself alone; and though people have learned and are learning from her, they will never be able to "do a K.M." because they are not Katherine Mansfield.

For all the simplicity and refinement of her stories they are for none but the mature mind. Children cannot grasp the significance of her implied endings; her conclusions are always evasions. I have had young Winklers of seventeen or eight--ask to whom I am (seriously) their schoolteachers recommended a story by K.M. ask: "But what does it mean at the end?" or, "Was he not making fun of the water in Bill Pickles?" or, "Wasn't he?"

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SUMMARY OF ACCOMPLISHMENT

"..... and all
That might have been and now can never be."

And now that we have made many words of K.M., what was it, really, that she achieved?

Well, in the first place there was herself--a lovely face, a sane intellect, and a very subtle personality are boons to the world.

Then, though she put it first, or rather co-equal (for she maintained it is impossible to make a separation between the author's life and his work)--her work, her three bookfuls of stories and her few pages of verse. (The Letters and Journal are lovely, of course, but we are not supposed to think of them as products of labor for publication).

She invented, as it were, with the aid of ideas obtained from reading Tchekhov and his countrymen, a "formless" form, a simple, hand-made, exquisite style, a way of presenting people from their own viewpoint. But it all remained unpatented and no succeeding writer comes near her.

For all the simplicity and refinement of her stories they are for none but the mature mind. Children cannot grasp the significance of her implied endings; her conclusions are always implications. I have had young kinswomen of seventeen or eighteen to whom I or (rarely) their schoolteachers recommended a story by K.M. ask: "But what does it mean at the end?" Or, "Was the man making fun of the woman in Dill Pickle? He was, wasn't

SUMMARY OF DISCUSSION

..... and all
that might have been said has been said.

And now that we have made every word of it, what was it,
really, that was achieved?

Well, in the first place there was myself--a lonely man,
a man in himself, and a very subtle personality was bound to
be written.

Then, though the rest is done, or rather on-going (for the
revelation is in progress) in this is a matter of matter the
reader's line and the way)--the way, the line, the path of
writing and the way of words. The latter and former
are lovely, of course, but we are not supposed to think of them
in terms of labor for publication.

The finished, as it were, was the one of ideas obtained
from reading history and the description, a "romantic" form, a
style, a way of the writing people
from their own viewpoint. This is all revealed suggested and
no revealing--after some time.

For it is the quality and refinement of the style that
are for some but the same thing. Colours cannot be seen
significance of the finished ending; let conclusions are always
incomplete. I have said, some kind of a revelation or light-
ness is shown I am (travelling) in the same way as the
story of it. And "that what does it mean?" the "what"
the way making form of the words in Bill Wright? He was, wasn't?

he?" And I have had many a contemporary of mine (aet. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$) shake his head or hers and say: "Well if you know what she's driving at...."

The only way to know what she is driving at is to read slowly and to read every word--and to think a while. So many writers can be skimmed in a wink like a bottle of blue milk with a very thin layer of cream.

Katherine Mansfield was always alive and if she hated anything it was the indifferent, the futilely resigned. Growth was what she strove for, purified growth. She condemned the works of idlers, the books by those with nothing to say. Cox says: "On her never came the dry-rot she detested in people with whom she would have liked friendship." She believed in friendship.

But whatever it was she did, whatever she did achieve, it did not satisfy her. She brushed it all aside. She wanted to become better and to write better--differently. Her plans for her future were beginning to ripen when she died. At the Guirdeff Institute where she last sought the impossible healing she spoke of her hopes to Orage. Orage was the first editor in England to accept, when she was 21, her work and to publish it in his magazine. He reports that K.M. was forming a creative principle that would pervade her work. Her new aim was to be: "To make the commonplace virtues as attractive as ordinarily the vices are made. To present the good as the witty, the adventurous, the romantic, the gay, the alluring; and the evil as the platitudinous, the dull, the conventional, the solemn, the

unattractive."

But we may be sure it would not have been in a preachy way.

She told Orage: "I've been a selective camera with a creative principle. And like everything unconscious, the result has been evil." And so she was undergoing a change of attitude. "Life would undergo a change of appearance because we ourselves had undergone a change in attitude..."

And therefore she could never write again what she had written: "The old details now make another pattern; and this perception of a new pattern is what I call a creative attitude toward life."

All her life she had divided everything into "the loveliness of the world" and "the corruption of the world". Her duty as a writer was to help drive away the evil and make the beauty known. And to this task one was to submerge oneself. This she called the "defeat of the personal".

.....

But in these rather bitter days one's demon whispers with a jocose and gleaming eye: "The defeat of the personal, eh? As if that doctrine needed spreading. Where is the person, pray, who lives, that's undefeated?"

...but we may be sure it would not have been in a friendly way.
The cold answer "I've been a collective worker with a view-

...ive principle. And this everything unconnected, the result
has been still." and so the was undergoing a change of attitude.
"This was the change of attitude of experience because we ourselves
had undergone a change in attitude..."

...and therefore, she could never have again seen the old world.
...the old world is now another world; and this was
...of a new world is what I call a change of attitude to-
ward it."

...All for this she had divided everything into "the development
of the world" and "the development of a world". Her duty as a
...was to help drive away the evil and make the world
better. And so she had to be a change herself. This was
...the "change of the world".

.....

...it is these things which have made the world what it is
...these are the things that have made the world what it is
...it is these things which have made the world what it is
...and these are the things which have made the world what it is

SUMMARY OF THESIS

Katherine Mansfield (1888-1923) had dark hair and dark eyes and she wrote wonderfully well. She was small, slender, pale, and beautiful. Everyone who knew her remembers her unusual, enigmatic, intelligent eyes. She was remote and aloof-almost unearthly.

K.M.'s life was short and although she had thrice her share of misery she loved to live. Because in her twenties she contracted a fatal illness she often compared herself to a wounded bird. Her two favorite quotations were: "A little bird was asked: Why are your songs so short? And he replied: I have many songs to sing and I should like to sing them all." And: "But I tell you, my Lord Fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety."

Kathleen Beauchamp was born in Wellington, New Zealand; she had three sisters and one younger brother; the latter, Leslie Heron, was very dear to her and when he was killed in the war at 21, K.M. resolved to write, in memory of him, the story of their childhood together in New Zealand. This she began in The Aloe, Prelude, and At The Bay. In them the characters are actually her parents, sisters, grandmother, uncle, aunts, cousins, neighbors. Although she had chafed at Colonial life while in New Zealand, the island constantly became dearer to her for she never returned to it after her twentieth year.

With two of her sisters she attended Queen's College in London. There she began to write, studied cello because of her love for a young cellist, Arnold Trowell, and read deeply. At

REPORT OF THE

"The first of the (1900-1901) was very fair and very good
and the second (1901-1902) was very well, also, also,
and the third (1902-1903) was very good for the purpose,
and the fourth (1903-1904) was very good and also very good.

"The first of the (1900-1901) was very fair and very good
and the second (1901-1902) was very well, also, also,
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and the second (1901-1902) was very well, also, also,
and the third (1902-1903) was very good for the purpose,
and the fourth (1903-1904) was very good and also very good.

18 she returned to New Zealand. One year was enough. Not even a trip through the New Zealand bush satisfied her. Her father gave her an allowance and permitted her to return to England.

She wrote incessantly but found no publishers. Recuperating in Bavaria after an illness she wrote the sketches later compiled as In a German Pension. One magazine editor, Orage, began to accept her stories. J. M. Murry, attracted by one of her stories, asked to meet her. They fell in love and married. D. H. Lawrence became one of their best friends and with him they published several shortlived magazines.

The rest of her life was spent in writing and in shuttling back and forth between London and the Riviera in search of the healing sun. She longed for inward purification, for truth in her life and her works. In the last year of her life she entered the Guirdjeff Institute to achieve a truer inward purity. She died here at 34. She left a message in her Journal saying: "All is well."

....

The general characteristics of her work are: wonderful memory for people and places; lifelike dialogue; beautiful and flowerlike description; love of nature; extraordinary sensitivity; tender mockery; ability to attain the point of view of each character; marvelous child-portrayal; selection of detail; and all lack of superfluity. "Out of the hard raw earth she was cutting her small polished precious stones."

The Letters and Journal, published by her husband after her death, show a lovely thinking being whose every written

in the returned to New Zealand. The year was 1880. Not even
a trip through the New Zealand had satisfied her. Her father
gave her an allowance and permitted her to return to England.
The whole incidentally had found no satisfaction. Her father
again in various other in illness and wrote the detailed letter
compiled as in a German Pension. The pension editor, there,
began to accept her stories. A. W. Berry, attracted by one of
her stories, asked to meet her. They fell in love and married.
D. W. Berry became one of their best friends and with him
they published several illustrated magazines.

The rest of her life was spent in writing and in editing
books and little between London and the Riviera in search of the
perfect sun. She looked for the perfect position for lunch in
her life and her work. In the last year of her life she en-
tered the hospital institute to achieve a further literary study.
She died here at 54. She left a message in her journal saying:
"All is well."

....
The various characteristics of her work are: wonderful
memory for names and places; delicate humor; beautiful and
flowing description; love of nature; extraordinarily sensitive
nose; tender sympathy; ability to attain the point of view of
each character; remarkable child psychology; rejection of idealism;
and all kind of superstitions. "Out of the hard raw earth she
was building her small polished precious stones."

The letters and journals, published by her husband after
her death, show a lovely shining being whose every written

word bears the stamp of her individuality. Neither Journal nor Letters is too intimate to have been published. Never does she gossip, or betray confidence, or relate intimate relationships. Her observations are drawn from experience. To ascertain for ourselves that she wrote beautifully whatever she wrote, we may pick blindfolded any sentence from any of her works and find it well worth reading.

The Poems of K.M., dedicated to Elizabeth, her cousin, contain some touch at least of the exquisite specialness that is in all her writings. But actually K.M. was a far better prose writer than poet. Yet most critics say her affinity is with the English poets rather than with the English ^{PROSE WRITERS} prosodists. She wrote poetry at intervals--for several weeks or days--and then none for years. Finding it difficult to publish her verses she wrote under the name of Elizabeth Stanley or else pretended to be translating Russian verse by a man named Boris Petrovsky. Few penetrated her disguise.

The earliest of the collected poems are the Child Verses, 1907, 22 short simple poems mostly about children, gardens, fairy tales. They are good enough to have been written by a schoolgirl. The second group of poems is much better. Many are about her grandma and her little brother. By this time she had for the most part abandoned rhyme. The wounded bird motif is increasingly in evidence. Love begins to enter in. All her verses are full of the words "laughter" and "tears" in juxtaposition. Some of her poems are almost short stories in completeness. She loved flowers, trees, the sea, the wind.

A jarring note of trite words creeps into many of the poems; this is strange when we consider how perfect is her word choice in prose. Some of the "flippant" pieces like Countrywomen are delightful. Voices of the Air, a quiet nature poem, is Murry's favorite. The final poem, The Wounded Bird, 1919, is the story of her own tragedy. She was the bird who, flying through the greenwood in her spring, was pierced by the fowler's arrow and was hurt and had to die.

While K.M.'s serious poems do not on the whole equal her stories, she was natively a poet of sorts. Her Letters and Journal are full of charming bits of humorous verse made up on the spur of the moment. For example, she spoke jokingly of her illness:

"The patient, who hailed from New Zealning
Said: 'Pray don't consider my feeling,
Provided you're certain
'Twill not go on hurtin'
I'll lie here and smile at the ceiling.'"

Her uncollected verses, given in full in the thesis proper are: The Butterfly, Winter Bird, Mother, Sunset, Sacred Flowers, and Oldfashioned widow's Song.

From the time in 1915 when she wrote: "Then I woke up, switched on the light, and began to read Venus and Adonis" until the time in 1922 when she said "I cherish embedded in Twelfth Night a sprig of the mignonette that ran wild", K.M.'s chief reading was William Shakespeare. Nor did she read him "idly". scarcely a month passes in which she does not mention a play or poem that she is studying. She loved especially Twelfth Night, The Tempest, and The Winter's Tale. Her journal contains eight pages of sharp critical comment on Shakespearian

A further note of little words occurs in many of the poems;
this is strange when we consider how perfect is her word choice
in prose. Some of the "little words" which she uses are
"little", "voice of the air", a quiet nature poem, is Harry's
favorite. The final poem, The Wooded Hill, 1919, is the story
of her own tragedy. She was the first who, dying, wrote the
epitaph in her writing, was placed by the Tower's arrow and
was that was his.

While K.M.'s sections come as not on the whole count for
either, she was writing a good deal of poetry. Her Albany and
Journal are full of charming bits of humorous verse such as on
the part of the moment. Her account, the whole history of her

History: "The winter, who called from New England
said: 'Why don't you call me winter?'
'I'll be here and smile at the winter.'"
"I'll be here and smile at the winter."

Her specialized verses, given in full in the book proper are:
The Butterfly, Winter Bird, Mother, Summer, Summer Flowers, and
Obituary of her own.

From the time in 1915 when she wrote: "Then I wrote up,
and then on the night, and then to read Yankee and Abbie" on-
all the time in 1922 when she said "I wanted to be in
Twelfth Night a series of the metaphors that ran wild", K.M.'s
chief reading was William Shakespeare. For this she read his
"life". Soberly a point where in which she does not mention
a play or poem that she is studying. She loved especially
Twelfth Night, The Tempest, and The Winter's Tale. Her Journal
contains eight pages of short critical comment on Shakespearean

plays. Shakespeare became part of her life. She cries: "Oh my divine Shakespeare! Oh most blessed genius!"

The other poets she liked--and her letters are full of snatches of quotations--are Marvell, Wyatt, Chaucer, Cowley, and the romantic poets. The Oxford Book of English Verse was often beside her but much of it seemed to her a mass of falsity. From 1921 on Chaucer intrigued her with his personality and reality. Wordsworth was one of her special ones. His quiet calm life comforted her. She loved Shelley's sad spring poem, The Question, and quoted it often. Of the modern poets her good friend was Walter de la Mare. "But the more poetry one reads, the more one longs to read!" cried K.M. And read on.

Her first book of stories, In a German Pension, appeared in 1911 when K.M. was 23 years old. "It represented to her a phase of youthful bitterness and crude cynicism which she desired to disown forever! It was out of print shortly after its publication because the publisher went bankrupt. K.M. never allowed it to be reprinted while she lived. It contains 13 stories, nearly all dealing with the aloof little English girl recuperating in the German watering place and making sarcastic fun of the food, the baths, the quantities of babies. Almost a fairy tale and better than the blunter German stories is that of the half-witted slavey, The-Child-Who-Was-Tired. The Blaze is a precursor of her later psychological stories. The trouble with the book is that the author's personality intrudes itself, a bit too cocky and very young.

The Little Girl, a collection of stories published the

year after K.M.'s death, is composed of the stories deemed not quite good enough to go into the earlier volumes. But some of them are good and they show the beginnings of what became K.M.'s own remarkable style. The wonderful choice of descriptive detail, the ability to tell the significance of very little things, the power of making fun of people kindly, already belonged to her. Young K. is still a bit fond of stating philosophies in a dogmatic way. Once she conquers this her writing becomes what it later is. The stories are a snapshot of what she had to cope with--flight and hotels and hotels. Some of the pieces are grim and gruesome. As she grew older she wrote, instead, of young girls, children, and flowers. Something Childish But Very Natural, based on Coleridge's poem of that name, and Poison, a story of promiscuous love, are the best in the book. Carnation is the only Queen's College memory put into a story. The book shows tremendous growth from the kind of writing done in In a German Pension.

Bliss (1920) is her most charming book. The work required to produce it exhausted her and yet, in giving her a "purpose" vitalized her. Her technique in shifting the point of view is one of her most original achievements. She does it without upsetting the stories a fraction. Prelude, the shortened and perfected form of The Aloe, was to be the beginning of that unwritten New Zealand novel dedicated to Chummie. In it appear Kezia and the other Burnells, her most famous characters. The aloe is used symbolically. Each word used is scrutinized, polished, handpicked. Je Ne Parle Pas, an autobiography of a

most often M. J. Lewis, is concerned of the writer seemed not
quite good enough to go into the earlier volumes. But some of
them are good and they show the beginning of what became M. J. Lewis
and remarkable style. The wonderful choice of descriptive ad-
jectives, the ability to tell the story in a very little
space, the power of telling the story in a few words, already fa-
miliar to her. Lewis is still a bit fond of stating philo-
sophies in a concrete way. Once she discovers this her writing
becomes what it later is. The stories are a succession of what
she had to come with--light and dark and white. Some of
the pieces are pure and profound. As she grew older she wrote
less, of course, of course, and flowers. Homecoming
United for the Future, based on Tolstoy's story of that
name, and Homecoming, a story of a woman's love, are the last in
the book. Homecoming is the only Lewis's story that is
a story. The book shows the growth from the kind of
writing that is in Homecoming.

Since 1925 is her most charming book. The work remained
to produce it remained her and yet, in writing her a "purpose"
written her. Her technique is to tell the story of how it
one of her most original and beautiful. The book is without ap-
pealing the stories of fiction. Homecoming, the "purpose" and her
lastest form of the story, was to be the last of that un-
written her Lewis's story, called to the world. In it Lewis
tells the story of her journey, her most famous characters. The
book is used symbolically. What words used is established, not-
indeed, established. In the Lewis's, as a bibliography of a

Frenchman in whom passion was overdeveloped in his childhood, is very unusual. Had she lived longer it is certain her works would have been like this, first person, and mixed with philosophy. The Wind Blows is unforgettable.

K.M.'s men are, for the most part, vain, childish, strutting, cross, masterful, fairly good at bottom; her women sly, intelligent, cunning, dreamy, languid. A good man is generally paired with an evil woman or one who drags him down. In this volume K.M.'s art is blowing into full flower. She is not "plotted" but she has thought of such a multitude of curious yet natural situations it seems as if she covers everything that happens.

The Garden Party (1922) shows further mastery. At The Bay, a continuation of Prelude, contains a wonderful description of the dawn of day. It shows K.M.'s way of leaving characters "without killing or marrying them or giving them high adventure."

The Daughters of the Late Colonel is her outstanding story --that of Jug and Con who have spent their whole life caring for their grumpy father, the Colonel. Now he is dead. But it is too late for them. They have no friends, no interests, not even dreams any more. K.M. was not cruel. She did not create the sisters to be amused by them. She respected her characters and pitied them.

The Young Girl, very delicate, is deservedly well known. Ma Parker typifies hopelessness and Marriage a la Mode shows what women really are. There are also virginal schoolmistresses

...is with passion was developed in his childhood.
is very unusual. But she lived under it in certain her work
would have been like this. First person, and mixed with all-
ready. The kind of man is not unusual.

...the new era. For the most part, when, which, about-
line, some, masterful. Let's look at history; her women are
intelligent, cunning, strong, beautiful. A good man is naturally
filled with an evil woman or one who lives all alone. In this
volume W.M.'s are in flowing into the future. She is not
"fiction" but she has elements of such a collection of actions
yet nature, which is better as it also means everything
that nature.

The Garden Party (1911) shows further mastery. At the
end, a continuation of Prose, contains a wonderful descrip-
tion of the town of Wey. It shows W.M.'s way of feeling about
nature without being a description of or about the town.
"excellent."

The Handmaid of the House of the Lord is her outstanding story
-that of the end and she have spent their whole life during
the time of the story. The Handmaid. Now he is dead. But it
is too late for her. They have no children, no interests, not
even friends any more. W.M. was not afraid. She did not create
this story as it was made by her. The reputation for character
and filled her.

The House Girl, very realistic, is deservedly well known.
Mr. Parker (1911) is Realism and Realism is in House again
what women really are. There are also various other characters

like Miss Meadows, old ladies like Miss Brill, and sensitive Mr. Hammonds. "She gives us only the crystallized deposit of a saturated solution of experience. All inessentials are thrown away."

The Doves Nest, published in the year of her death, 1923, contains her remaining completed stories and the fragments of unfinished ones. Yet the unfinished ones tell as complete a story as the others and we see clearly that each one, with its closing sentence, was written out mentally before she touched pen to paper. The Doll's House is a New Zealand memory. The Fly is an achievement. She was often accused of being cruel and unsparing. But she had to tell what seemed to her the truth of life. She always felt, as she wrote, that she had become the person she was writing about. A Married Man's Story shows a new phase of her work. Her acute manner of revealing mental processes astounds.

K.M. felt she had failed, had idled her time away. In July 1922 she ceased writing, not because of physical frailty (though she was dying) but because she wanted to change her attitude toward life before writing more.

Tender and mocking she comes nearest of any writer I know to giving us some of our world as it is. Did the writing of those stories obliterate for the time they took her own agony? Or did they increase it?

Her withering book reviews (1919-20) collected as "Novels and Novelists" are gloriously exhilarating, full of humor, and critical ideas--and prove her possession of brains! She always

picked the most apt passages for quotation. But it is all in the cause of fine writing. She tries to encourage young writers to do better and shows the woefulness of the batches of novels, all tasteless and turned out daily like baker's buns; her unique book of criticism may be called the indictment against the modern novel.

Whereas I think that the writing of Katherine Mansfield was not influenced very much by anybody, there are some of "the Russians" who, like her, have complete insight into the whole world, slight mockery for it, and much love. Their writing is pared down to essentials--nothing superfluous--and is full of implication.

The only German author she mentions often--and his influence on her is negligible--is Goethe. In France, Colette, Stendhal, and Proust are important to her. Colette is too physical and if the truth were known I think that K.M. influenced Colette's later works instead of being influenced by the French woman. Critics believe K.M.'s planned but never written novel would have resembled Proust's A la Recherche du Temps Perdu, which had no bounds of form. This is possible, though her memory was of a different sort from Proust's.

It is the Russian writers to whom K.M. is nearest akin. Their greatest similarity lies in their fulness of implication. They makes us feel rather than think and then think to determine what it is we feel. The faculty for sounding exactly the right tone was innate in K.M. and in a few of "the Russians", especially Tchekov, Dostoevsky and Kuprin. Katherine Mansfield

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...the only one who was not a writer. But it is also in
the sense of the writer. The time to consider your writing
is to follow and show the weakness of the balance of novels.
All literature and culture are built on the writer's hand; but writing
is not of itself but is called the individual against the
modern novel.

...I think that the writer of Katherine Mansfield
was not influenced very much by anybody. There are some of "the
English" who, like her, have complete insight into the whole
world. I think nobody has it, and what force. Their writing is
very good to understand the thing completely--and is full of
emotion.

The only other author who is mentioned often--and his influ-
ence is to be seen in the work of the English. In France, Collette,
Gide, and Proust are important to her. Collette is too sym-
metrical and is the first to be known I think that Y.N. influenced
Collette's first work instead of being influenced by the French
novel. Collette follows Y.N.'s example but never writes novel.
...have considered Proust's Le Temps Retrouve.
...has no sense of form. This is possible. I don't know
very much of a different sort from Proust's.

It is the Russian writer to whom Y.N. is nearest to her.
Her greatest literary lies in their sense of perfection.
...they make us feel rather than think and then think to feel.
The world is as we feel. The feeling for something is
the same as the feeling in Y.N. and in a few of "the English".
...especially in her. ...

had absolute pitch in writing. While K.M. learned from Tchekhov, her method, as Murry explains, "was wholly her own and her development would have been precisely the same had Tchekhov never existed." But Tchekhov was very important to her and is responsible for some of her aims and courage. The difference between Tchekhov and K.M. has much to do with nationality.

She admired Bunin's talent but deplored his lack of tenderness, saying "in spite of everything tenderness there must be." She was not impressed by Gorky and she called Turgenev a poseur; but the venerable and patriarchal Tolstoi she relegated to a place next below Shakespeare and Goethe. Kuprin's delightful stories pleased her so well that she named her beloved Japanese doll for one of his characters. K.M. was fonder of Dostoevsky than most critics are; not blindly fond of him, for she saw in the stories the man who wrote them and it was the man she admired. Perhaps the key to her admiration for Dostoevsky is the complete lack in him of the hardness she hated in others. The endings of some of his stories are almost as perfect as hers.

Tchekhov was in her mind her friend. Often she expressed the wish that she would be were alive and able to talk to her. "I'd like to write a series of Heavens. That would be one."

A critic says that both K.M. and Anton Tchekhov use psychology for artistic ends. "They have shown us that subtlety can be expressed easily and directly." A comparison of their stories shows numerous points of similarity.

But when all is said and done, foreign influences upon her work were not great and her realst knowledge was peculiar to herself alone.

For all the simplicity and refinement of her stories, they are for none but the mature mind. Only by reading slowly and by reading every word can we understand what she means.

She hated indifference and futility. She was continually trying to grow better and to do better work. Her finished work did not satisfy her. Her new aim was to develop a creative attitude toward life; to present virtue as attractive, and evil as unattractive; to make known the loveliness of the world and to drive out the corruption of the world; to defeat the personal and make it part of the universal.

This was what she was planning, "and all
That might have been and now can never be."

But when all is said and done, the only thing that
has been done has been to make the world a better
place to live in.

...

For all the talk of the world being a better
place to live in, the only thing that has been
done is to make the world a better place to
live in. The only thing that has been done
is to make the world a better place to live in.
The only thing that has been done is to make
the world a better place to live in. The only
thing that has been done is to make the world
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has been done is to make the world a better
place to live in. The only thing that has been
done is to make the world a better place to
live in. The only thing that has been done is
to make the world a better place to live in.

This was what the war was about, and all

that might have been and now can never be.

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